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A Monster Unveiled.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

'Poor thing! I do feel for her. Though she is a person I never saw, yet hers seems a case of such oppression on the one hand, and such patient suffering on the other, that one cannot but'—

'Oh, I dare say you'll see her in the morning, for she often steals out then, when the wretch, I suppose, is in bed.'

'But what could have induced a girl to tie herself to such a man?'

'Well, I don't know; the old story, I suppose—false appearances; for no girl in her senses could have married a man with his habits, if she had known of them beforehand. There is sometimes a kind of infatuation about women, I allow, which seems to blind them to the real character of the man they are in love with; but in this case I don't think she could have known how he conducted himself, or she certainly would have paused in time. Oh, the wretch, I have no patience with him!'

This little dialogue took place in one of those neat, bright, clean-windowed, gauzy-curtained houses which form so many pretty districts within a walking distance of the mighty heart of London, and between two ladies, the one the mistress of the said nice-looking cottage villa, and the other her guest, a country matron who had just arrived on a visit to her town friend; and the object of the commiseration of both was the occupant of a larger and handsomer villa exactly opposite, but apparently the abode of great wretchedness.

The following morning Mrs. Braybrooke and her guest, Mrs. Clayton, were at the window of her parlor, which commanded a full view of the dwelling of the unhappy Mrs. Williams, when the door quietly opened and was as quietly closed again by the lady herself.

'There she is, poor soul,' cried Mrs. Braybrooke; 'only look how carefully and noiselessly she draws the gate after her. She appears always afraid that the slightest noise she may make, even in the street may wake the fellow, who is now, I dare say, sleeping off the effects of last night's dissipation.'

Mrs. Clayton, with all the genial warmth of a truly womanly heart, looked over, and followed with her eyes as far as the street allowed, this quiet-looking, broken-spirited wife, investing the whole figure, from the neatly-trimmed straw-bonnet to the tips of the bright little boots, with a most intense and mysterious sympathy; then fixing her anxious, interested gaze on the opposite house, she said: 'And how do they live? How do people under such circumstances pass the day? It is a thing I cannot comprehend; for were Clayton to act in such a way, *I* couldn't endure it a week.'

'It does seem scarcely intelligible,' answered Mrs. Braybrooke; 'but I'll tell you how they appear to do. She gets up and has her breakfast by herself—for, without any wish to pry, we can see straight through their house, from front to back.—About this time she often comes out, I suppose to pay a visit or two in the neighborhood, or perhaps to call on her tradespeople; and you will see her by-and-by return, looking up, as she approaches, at the bedroom window; and if the blind be drawn up, she rushes in, thinking, I dare say, to herself 'How angry he will be if he comes down and finds that I am not there to give him his breakfast!'—Sometimes *he* has his breakfast at twelve—at one—at two; and I have seen him sitting down to it when she was having her dinner.'

'And when does he have his dinner?'

'Oh, *his* dinner; I dare say that is a different sort of thing from hers—poor woman! He dines, I suppose, at a club, or with his boon companions, or anywhere, in fact, but at home.

'And when does he come home, then, generally?'

'At all hours. We hear him open the little gate with his key at three and five in the morning. Indeed, our milkman told Susan that he *has* seen him [illegible]king in, pale, haggard and worn out with his [illegible]igils, at the hour decent people are seated [illegible]st.'

[illegible] if she waits up for him?'

[illegible]for we see the light of her solitary can[illegible]r room, always as we are going [illegible]bed:

and [illegible]a may be sure my heart bleeds for her—[illegible]n solitary thing! I don't know, indeed, that I was ever so interested about any stranger as I am about this young creature.'

'Dear, dear! it *is* terrible,' sighed the sympathizing Mrs. Clayton. 'But does any one visit them?—Have they friends, do you think?'

'I don't think *he* can have many friends, the heartless fellow; but there are a great many people calling—stylish people, too—in carriages; and there is he, the wretch, often with his half-slept look, smiling and handing the ladies out, as if he were the most exemplary husband in the world.'

'Has she children? I hope she has, as they would console her in his long absences.'

'No, even that comfort is denied her; she has no one to cheer her; her own thoughts must be her companions at such times. But perhaps it is a blessing; for what kind of father could such a man make? Oh, I should like to know her; and yet I dread any acquaintance with her husband; Braybrooke, you know, wouldn't know such a man.'

'My dear Mary, you have made me quite melancholy; let us go out. You know I have much to see, and many people to call upon; and here we are losing the best part of the day in something not much removed from scandal.'

The ladies of course set out, saw all the 'loves of bonnets' in Regent street; all the 'sacrifices' that were being voluntarily offered up in Oxford street; bought a great many things for 'less than half the original cost;' made calls; laughed and chatted away a pleasant, exciting day for the country lady, who, happily for herself, forgot in the bustle the drooping, crest-fallen bird who was fretting itself away in its pretty cage in Ridge Road.

The next day, a lady, a friend of Mrs. Clayton, who had been out when she had left her card the day before, called, and after chatting for some time, turned to Mrs. Braybrooke, and complimenting her on the situation of the house, 'I find,' she said, 'you are a near neighbor of a dear friend of mine, Mrs. Williams.'

'Mrs. Williams!' exclaimed both her hearers, flushed with excitement and curiosity—'Mrs. Williams! Oh how very singular that *you* should know her, poor miserable creature! Oh, do tell us about'—

'Poor—miserable! What can you mean? You mistake; *my* Mrs. Williams is the happiest little woman in London.'

'Oh, it cannot be the same,' said Mrs. Braybrooke. 'I mean our opposite neighbor in Hawthorn Villa; I thought it couldn't be'—

'Hawthorn Villa!—the very house. You surely cannot have seen her or her husband, who'—

'Oh, the dreadful, wretched, gambling fellow!' interrupted Mrs. Braybrooke. I would not know such a man'—

'He!' in her turn interrupted her friend, Mrs. Eccleshall. 'He a gambler! He is the most exemplary young man in London—a pattern of every domestic virtue—kind, gentle, amiable, and passionately fond of his young wife.'

'My dear Mrs. Eccleshall, how can you say all this of a man whose conduct is the common talk of the neighborhood; a man lost to every sense of shame I should suppose; who comes home to his desolate wife at all hours; whose only ostensible means of living is gambling, or something equally disreputable; who'—

'You have been most grievously misled,' again interposed Mrs. Eccleshall. 'Who can have so grosely slandered my excellent friend Williams?—He cannot help his late hours, poor fellow. They may safely be called his misfortune, but not his fault!' and the good lady warmed as she spoke, till she had to untie her bonnet and fan her glowing face with her handkerchief.

'His misfortune?' murmured Mrs. Braybrooke. 'How can that be called a misfortune which a man can help any day he pleases?'

'But he cannot help it, poor soul! He would be too happy to spend his evenings at home with his dear little wife, but you know his business begins when other people's is over.'

'Then what, in Heaven's name, is his business?'

'Why, didn't you know? He's the Editor of the Morning Newspaper!'

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[From Sartain's Magazine for February.]

FIRST LOVE.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

Much has been said for and against the first enkindling of this sentiment in the young bosom. All sixteen is for it, much experience, alas! against it. There is certainly something very enchanting in that first love to which all the freshest visions of youth are ministering and subsidiary—which copies its idol in the pure heaven of its own breast without spot or blemish—which fears no change, nor shadow of change—the love while hope has never been cheated, expectation disappointed, or faith broken—the love, that glows in the fire of its own enthusiasm, and is pure as innocence itself and radiant with 'clouds of glory' from our elder home. Most happy—most blessed are those on whose first love the seal of reality has been set, whose summer has developed and ripened the seed sown in springtime, and who worship through life at the altar on which the vestal fire was lighted!

Something of this I said to a friend, who with an equivocal smile, replied that she would tell me a true story of the first love of a friend of hers, I record it here as well as I can remember, in her very words, without exaggeration or change of any kind.

It is only necessary to depart from reality so far as to use assumed names.—'I was staying,' said my friend, (the relator was an English woman,) at Avonside with Lady Anne Harvey, during a vacation at a boarding school. She was of intense sixteen. Lady Anne's education was completely, up to fifteen, the English nursery education. At fifteen she was as ignorant and undeveloped in all that relates to the wonderful relations of man and woman, as the children of your country are at five or six. Her dear, kind papa, was the type of all grown up men, and her teasing, tormenting, noisy but still loving brothers, of the younger portion of that species. Boarding school is a hot bed that develops nature very rapidly and unwholesomely, Lady Anne, in the course of a few weeks, was borne into a new world there. She read, clandestinely, with the rest of us, the romances—they were mere love stories in those days, or the passionate poetry that was smuggled into the institution—an institution of the severest order—of Madam Racine. Her Latin book would lie shut on her lap and her glowing cheek rest on her French theme, while she listened to highly colored descriptions of charming young men, or heard related in still more glowing language, the real or fanciful love passages of her young companions. I was two years older than Lady Anne. But time in enlarging my horrizon, had not chastened my imagination. I conceived almost passionate affection for my charming friend. Feeling very humbly about my own personal charms, my young love's young dreams were for Lady Anne. She was my heroine of romance, and all my romantic lore was lavished upon her; so that precocious sentiment, which as I now think should be developed charily, was nourished into most premature and rank growth.

Sir Guy Harvey's park grounds are some of the oldest in England, with long avenues, loving walks, bosky dells, and sparkling waters. There are points of most beautiful view and many a painter goes there for sketches of that rich old rural cultivation, characteristic of our country. Lady Anne, at her father's request, rose one morning to show me the rising sun from a point of view much celebrated and which Sir Guy thought unrivalled. A window path by a crisp little brook, overhung with flowery shrubs led to it.—It was at the highest point in the park, and crowned with an oak as old and more beautiful than the royal oak at Boscobel. Under this oak tree were rustic seats, and a table; and as we approached it, we observed a rustling of the high shrubbery that screened the seat from us. Some one was, evidently, hastily retiring from the place, and when we reached it there were proofs that a real person, and no ghost had just preceded us. A pencil was dropped by the bench and on it lay a highly finished sketch of my friend as she had sat with me, (I was omitted!) the day before near a lovely rosary, trying her maiden fortune, in the fashion of Margaret, in Faust, by picking off the leaves of a rose. Lady Anne blushed as she perceived the unmistakable resemblance. 'How spirited!' she said. 'How expressive! how like I said. 'But who can have done it? she asked, Some poor old artist,' I replied mischieviously 'who has run down from London for a breath of fresh air. I have known a hundred in my father's studio, who could do it.' My little friend looked disappointed, and I added, 'perhaps it is a young artisit—an amateur—it is charmingly done: but then a mere amateur artist might have done it.'

'I think it was an amateur artist.' Lady Anne said, simply; 'do you think it is right for me to keep it?'

'Certainly; it was designed for you no doubt; and the designer will be very much disappointed if it do not prove an introductory epistle.'

All day we discussed this incident as girls only can discuss such a trifle. We expected from some one of our many daily visitors, to hear of an artist being in the neighborhood; but, though we introduced the subject of painting and artists, and every topic connected with them we obtained no light on our surmises. The next day on a green bank by a path we daily frequented we found another sketch, lying under a stem of lovely roses, of a species that did not grow in Sir Guy's grounds. Here my friend again appeared as she had sat the preceding day under a tree over hung with flowering vines while I read to her. The little brook was curling away beyond us, or rather beyond her for the artist seemed never to take me into his field of vision. Her large black Newfound land was lying at her feet, and her prettiest of poodles lovingly enfolded in its huge paws. 'How very strange!' she exclaimed. How very pretty!' I said, 'but where on the earth or under the earth, does this conjuror hide himself, that we get not a glance of him or a suspicion of his presence?'

It was true, that the labyrinthine walks and dark woodlands of the park afforded abundant hiding places, where one might see unseen. For a whole week, each day these mysterious sketches appeared, each more stimulating to our curiosity, more flattering to my friend's inexperienced vanity.

From the beginning of our recreation, Lady Anne had been learning the art and mystery of driving; and every day attended by a groom, we took a delicious drive in her mother's pony phaeton, within the park. On the Sunday following the week of our artistic intercourse with her admirer, she had ordered the groom to open the park gate; and, tempted by the beauty of the coming evening, and more by the free spirit of youth, that ever longs to get beyond bounds, we sallied forth. We did not return till the last ray of the long English twilight was fading away. Lady Anne dreaded her father's disapprobation, (she had nothing from that good man more severe to dread,) and she drove rapidly. There was a steep bank, and a sharp turn near the park gate, for which she was too inexperienced to calculate; and in bringing the horse round too suddenly, she overset the carriage, and we were thrown down the bank. As soon as we could rally, for we were not much hurt, but palsied with terror, we found ourselves, or rather Lady Anne found herself supported and aided by a young man who had come, Heaven knows whence, to her rescue. The groom was compelled to give his attention to the horses, and the aid of the stranger was indispensable to support the trembling girl to her home. We were met at the door by the father and mother, already apprised of the accident, and amidst exclamations of 'Are you you hurt, my child!'—'nor you, dear Miss ——?'—'Thank God!'—'How could you be so indiscreet, Anne?'—they did not forget civilities to our cavalier, who whatever else he might be, was an unquestionable gentleman. He had lodgings at a few miles distant from Avon-side, 'You will doubtless,' Sir Guy said to him, 'take the trouble to come to-morrow, to inquire after these young ladies, to whom you have done such essential kindness; do us the favor to come over to dinner; we dine at six.' The stranger accepted in a manner that proved him familiar with the offices of good breeding and with a certain modesty that quite won Sir Guy's heart, for like most persons far advanced in life, he deemed that the quality wanting in the young men of the day.

Of course, as soon as we retired to our own rooms, Lady Anne and I compared notes. The stranger could be no other than her artist admirer. There was a glowing expression, a tremulousness of voice, that betrayed an interest beyond that of a stranger; and if other proof were wanting, I had not been too much terrified to observe the paraphanalia of an artist, which he dropped, and left on the bank where we upset. Lady Anne confessed she felt the throbings of his heart, where she was obliged to lean against him; and she remarked that the tone of his voice was musical, or certainly the most expressive she ever heard. Her aristocratic prepossession did not forsake her, even at this romantic adventure. She was sure he was not merely a professional artist, he was well [illegible] that was evident in his fine aristocratic features, his deportment, his voice, his turn of expression.' 'It is quite true,' said my friend, continuing her relation, 'that our English aristocracy have a cast of feature rarely found among the lower classes, though quite common with yours, who however with their straight noses, and thin lips, have an intensely vulgar expression.' I, however, laughed at Lady Anne, and told her that I thought the mind inspired the form, and that beauty and grace were the outward signs of the beauty chartered by Heaven alone.

Basil Astley,—that was the name of our hero,—made rapid advances in Sir Guy's favor. Sir Guy was himself an amateur artist. He had portfolios filled with sketches made in Italy and Switzerland, when he was a young man; his walls were adorned with pictures from his own designs. The dear, good man's perceptive powers were not sharp, and in the indulgences of his own innocent little egotisms, he never dreamed of the passionate love to which he was unwarily giving such opportunity of nurture and growth. He invited Astley to become his guest. He walked with him over his lovely place, suggested sketches, which were executed immediately and charmingly. He little dreamed of the episodes that were enacted in the bowery park, and during the moonlight evenings,—he was sand-blind,—for never did I see two young creatures more passionately in love [illegible] Anne and Astley. It was like nothing but love of Romeo and Juliet. He was not more than one and twenty,—and she not seventeen, which to our cold northern blood is not more than the fourteenth year of the girl of Verona. She was Astley idol's and the idol's love matched his idolatry. No woman's instinct could mistake the bliss that shone in the faces of these young people. The mother saw it, [illegible]

of her discovery. He had looked upon Anne as a child, and she was now caught in toils that no woman's strength is enough to break.

What was to be done! The affair must be crushed, and at once. Astley was a poor artist, of obscure birth. Anne boasted a long line of noble ancestry, and had a fortune in her own right. Justly considered, perhaps, the accidental advantages would have been but a fair offset against Astley's high gifts, and by uniting the two young people, the social equilibrium would have been restored, but, in my country, society is cast in an inflexible mould. Lady Anne must be mated with her equal in social advantages. She was betrothed by by her father for the son of a neighbor, the friend of his youth—of his lifetime. The young man was well born, well educated, well principled, and amiable—the beau ideal, or rather the beau actual of discreet papas, was, at that present time, travelling. Sir Guy, as prudent as Brutus, had not even communicated his secret hope and purpose to his wife.—Sir Guy was not the cleverest man in the world, but he had good sense, and what is better even than that, a good, most kind, most affectionate heart. The inspiration of such a heart's instinct is far better than the subtlest policy. Sir Guy at once asked a private interview with Astley.—He told him that he was aware of the passion into which youth and opportunity had betrayed both him and his child. He did not reproach him, he did not even express a shade of displeasnre—but only sympathy and tenderness. He treated the continuance of their intercourse as simply impossible. He assured Astley that he had never for a moment doubted his honor—that he was perfectly certain he would not for the world, after a half hour's cool reflection, take advantage of the romantic fancies of a child. He expressed great regard for Astley, unbounded confidence in his genius, and hope of his future career; advised his going immediately to Italy, and concluded by saying that, a Astley already knew, he had been enamored of art in his youth—that when he was in Italy, he had set apart a certain sum for their aid and encouragement. That sum, well husbanded, had no become enough to support a young man for four or five years in Rome; and if Astley would go there, and permit Sir Guy to remit to him from time, to time he would give him the great pleasure of effecting a long cherished project.

So much reason and kindness there was no answer but acquiescence.

Before they separated Sir Guy said, "It will be a solace to you, perhaps, to have a parting interview. As you will feel compelled to leave us to-morrow morning, you can have a last moon-light walk in the Park, where the starry influences will be no longer dangerous.' A few more words of the kindest interest were spoken, and they parted. Lady Anne was then summoned to her fathers presence. He communicated to her, with the utmost delicacy, the discovery of her love. He did not reason about or discuss it, but to her, as he had done to Astley, he spoke of its indulgence as simply impossible. He did not utter a harsh or a grating word, but all was love and tenderness, as if it were an inevitable sickness of a little child that he was treating. He told her in conclusion, that Astley was to take his departure in the morning for Italy; and that she would meet him in the Park for a parting interview, where he would be at nine o'clock, awaiting her and her friend. Anne left her father, weeping, trembling, heart-broken, but with not the smallest notion of resisting his will—or of her destiny, which to her it seemed to be.

Astley came to me and remained in my room with throbbing impulses, sighs, drenching tears, and half-uttered sentences of submissive wretchedness, till it drew near nine o'clock. We then went to the park together, and by a sure instinct to the favorite haunt of the lovers, a closely sheltered walk. Astley was awaiting us. I left them, remaining near enough to secure to them the propriety of my proximity. Hour after hour they walked or sat together,—sometimes I heard the murmur of their voices, sometimes intermitted sobs. The day was dawning, and I was obliged to tell them so to dispel the last shadows of their lovely dream. Ah! I never witnessed such a parting. They both seemed rooted to the ground. 'Eternity was in their lips and eyes.' I was at last obliged to take Anne away, and to half drag, half carry her, more dead than alive, to her own apartment. Poor Astley was left on the ground. I heard dear Sir Guy still pacing his room as we passed his door.

* * * *

This all happened fifteen years ago.—Last summer I was was a week with my friend, Lady Anne, now Mrs Charles Wyndham. A charming little matron she is after the most approved model, fair and fat,' though not yet forty. She has four or five lovely children, and is surrounded by the contentments that are in such perfection in affluent country life in England. We were one day at dinner, when her husband a sensible, good humored man, and a right minded member of parliament said, 'Anne, my love, I saw in the London Times this morning the death of Basily Astley.'

'Did you, indeed! she replied, as she would to the announcement of the death of any other man. *I* involuntarily turned my eyes to read her soul in her face; but there was no writing there—not the movement of a muscle—not the change of a shade in her color. After one minute she asked 'A litttle more soup, Charles?'

The *'first love'* was forgotten.

Who are the best Boys!

"The eye that mocketh at his Father, and despiseth to obey his Mother, the ravens shall pick it out and the young eagles shall eat it."—[Bible.

A gentleman of this city, a few weeks since, advertised for a boy to assist in the work of a store, go of errands, &c. But a few hours after the morning papers announced the fact that such a boy was wanted, we were informed his store was thronged with applicants for the situation. Boys of every grade, from the neatly dressed, intelligent looking youth, down to the ill bred and loaferish poor, came either in hope of a situation, or to see if an opportunity offered for speculation.

The advertiser, at a loss to decide among so many, concluded to dismiss them all, and adopt an expedient which he thought might somewhat reduce the number, and aid him in the difficult decision.

On the morning following, an advertisement appeared in the papers to this effect:—"Wanted, to assist in a store, a boy, who *obeys his mother*." Now, little friends of the Advocate, how many boys think you, were found inquiring for situation, after this advertisement? If I am rightly informed, among all the lads in this great city, who are wanting the means of earning a living, or getting a knowledge of business, there were but *two* who could fearlessly come forward, and say "I obey mother!"

To drive away Rats.—Mr. Charles Pierce of Milton, pomilled up potash and strewed it around their holes, threw some under their holes and rubbed some on the sides of the boards and under part where they came through. The next night he heard a squeaking among them, which he supposed was from the caustic nature of the potash that got among their hair, and on their bare feet. They disappeared, and he has not been troubled with them since that time, which was nearly a year ago.—[Boston Cultivator.

A POOR WOMAN'S APPEAL TO HER HUSBAND.

You took me, Johnny, when a girl,
Unto your home and heart,
To bear, in all your after fate,
A fond and faithful part;
And, tell me, have I ever tried
That duty to forego—
Or pined there was not joy for me,
When you were sunk in wo?

No!—I would rather share your grief
Than any other's glee:
For though you're nothing to the world,
You're all the world to me;
You make a palace of my shed—
This rough-hewn bench a throne;
There's sunlight for me in your smile,
And music in your tone.

I look upon you when you sleep,
My eyes with you grow dim;
I cry, "O Parent of the Poor!
Look down from Heaven on him;
Behold him toil from day to day.
Exhausting strength and soul—
Look down with mercy on him, Lord,
For thou canst make him whole."

And when, at last, relieving sleep
Has on my eyelids smiled,
How oft are they forbid to close
In slumber by my child!
I take the little murmurer,
That spoils my span of rest,
And feel it as a part of thee
I lull upon my breast.

There's only one return I crave—
I may not need it long;
And may it soothe thee when I'm where
The wretched feel no wrong!
I ask not for a kinder tone—
For thou wert ever kind:
I ask not for more frugal fare—
My fare I do not mind:

I ask not for more gay attire—
If such as I have got,
Suffice to make me fair to thee,
For more I murmur not:
But Johnny, I would share some hours
That you at clubs bestow—
Of knowledge that you prize so much,
May I not something know?

Substract from meetings among men
Each eve an hour for men—
Make me companion of your soul,
As I may surely be?
If you will read, I'll sit and work;
Then think when you're away,
Less tedious I shall find the time,
Dear Johnny, of your stay.

A meet companion soon I'll be
For e'en your studious hours,
And teacher of these little ones
You call your cottage flowers—
And, if we be not rich and great,
We may be wise and kind,
And as my heart can warm your heart,
So may my mind your mind.

A Slip of the Tongue.—A short time since an aged lady who resides in Cambridge, Mass was with the garrulity peculiar to some old people, relating to a company who had assembled at a "quilting," some reminiscences of her youthful days, and among other stories was one of the pranks of the college boys when she "was a gal."

Says she—"O, them college chaps was orful wild fellows, and they was always cuttin' up their shines. Don't you think one night some of 'em got a young gal in their room, and kept her there most all night. Towards morning, they wanted to let her out, but they darsn't let her go down the stairs because they was watched; so they put her in a basket, and hitched a rope to it, and lowered her down from the third story window; but don't you think, when the basket got down about half way, the rope broke and *I fell out!*"

A Race for a Wife.—In Lapland when a man expresses his affection for a virgin, and asks her parent's consent to marry her, a day is at once appointed for her friends to behold the two parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid outrun her suitor, the matter is ended, it being penal for the man to renew the mention of marriage. But if the virgin hath an affection for him, though at first running hard to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atalanta's golden ball to retard her speed) pretend some casualty and make a voluntary halt before she come to the mark or end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own will; and this is the cause that in this country the married people are richer in their own continent than in other lands where so many forced matches make feigned love and real unhappiness.

In the name of God, Amen,

I Zacheus Macy of Nantucket considering the uncertainty of this mortal life, and being of sound and perfect mind and memory, blessed be Almighty God for the same, do make and publish this my last will and testament, in manner and form following:

Viz.

I give and bequeath to my six Children Sarah Hussey, Mary Macy, Richard Macy, Judith Macy, Zacheus Macy, & Lydia Macy, and to their heirs and Assigns forever, All my Estate both Real & Personal, wherever it may be found on the Island of Nantucket, or else where, to be divided among them, part and part alike — reserving to my Wife Judith Macy the sole use and Improvement of the aforesaid Estate as long as she shall remain my Widow — And I do hereby appoint Judith Macy sole Executrix of this my last will and testament; hereby revoking all former wills by me made.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the fourth day of the fourth Month in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fourteen.

Signed, Sealed published & declared by the above named Zacheus Macy to be his last Will and Testament in the presence of us, who have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses in the presence of the testator.

Zacheus Macy (Seal)

Job Macy
Coffin Macy
Simeon Macy

Making an Appearance.

"What do you intend to bring your son Charles up to, my dear madam?" said Dr. Turner to Mrs. Watkins, whose husband, an old friend of the doctor's, had died recently.

"I am quite undecided," she answered; "Charles does not appear to have a preference for any thing in particular, and I should rather prefer a profession for him; but as that will be attended with considerable expense, I fear quite beyond my means, I must be content that he follow some genteel occupation ——"

"Writing in a lawyer's office, or serving behind a druggist's counter, for instance," interrupted the doctor impatiently. "Genteel occupation! nonsense. Give him a trade, my dear madam; give him an occupation at his fingers' ends, and then he will be independent of that spirit-destroying misery, *keeping up an appearance*."

"But surely, doctor," exclaimed Mrs. Watkins, "you do not disapprove of people making a genteel appearance in the world! Trade is so *low*—and I must say, as his dear father was a respectable chemist, I should not like to see Charles descend below that."

"Descend, indeed!" returned the doctor; "now Jane," for in his anxiety to set the good lady right, he threw off his ordinary formality, and addressed her in a style that his long friendship for her husband might warrant—"Now Jane, how can you talk such nonsense? Does a tailor or a shoemaker descend by practising his handicraft to earn *his* bread, any more than I descend by visiting my patients to earn *mine*?

"You have known me many years, it is true, but you never heard, perhaps, the hard struggles I had to make before I was enabled to rise in my profession. It is not ability alone ensures success to the professional aspirant; without patronage, talent is almost a dead letter. It takes a little fortune to educate a youth for any of the professions, and another to start him fairly in the world. Without money and influential connexions, one had better be a common laborer than a professional man.

"When I left college and entered on my worldly career, I had all the ardor of a youthful and sanguine mind, added to a real love for the healing art. I married a young and beautiful girl. She was good also—but she had not a penny, and my own fortune was small. As I felt my inability, with the limited means I possessed, to compete with doctors long established in the metropolis, I decided on trying my fortune in one of the provincial towns. I took a good house, and furnished it in a handsome style, put a brass plate on the door engraved with 'Doctor Turner' in large letters, engaged a pew at church, hired a tall boy whom I put in drab livery, and was only withheld from setting up my *Pill-box* by the conviction that my finances would not stand it.

"Well, during the excitement of making these preparations, our spirits kept pace with our exertions; but when all was completed, and the circulars distributed, we found abundant leisure to calculate the deep inroads we had made on our slender means.

"We kept up a good heart, however, and every morning I left home regularly at ten o'clock, not to visit my patients, though I would fain have my neighbors think so. Week after week passed away; these at length grew into months, and still I could obtain no practice. I had made a grand mistake in commencing where I was an utter stranger, and in a provincial place, too. I should have had a far better chance in London: and I could now easily foresee that should have to wait until some lucky event might bring my capabilities into notice.

"Wearily and drearily passed the time. My poor wife, (I should have sunk without her,) soothed my disappointment with unabating tenderness. She was never tired of prognosticating ultimate success.

"As for me, I was sometimes well nigh frantic. Oh, the wearisomeness of having nothing to do. I envied the daily laborer as he went forth to his toil, and felt that I would willingly have changed places with the baker or the butcher, as they went their morning rounds. I was worse off than the apothecary over the way, because, being a physician, my fee was an obstacle to my being consulted by any but gratis patients, to whom I gave audience every morning from eight till ten.

"And then the imperative necessity of maintaining servants of whom we had little need, and of incurring the thousand expenses of keeping up an appearance, and which we could ill afford, drove me nearly to despair. Our means were fast diminishing, and we began to contemplate making some reduction in our establishment, which would have infallibly been the death-blow to all our hopes and wishes.

"Six months had passed since we had launched our little bark on the stormy ocean of the world, and never yet had my hand tingled at the touch of a fee, when one evening the waiter from the head hotel came hastily to my door, and inquired for 'the doctor.' You may be sure I did not keep him waiting, and he begged me to come as quickly as possible to a lady who had been taken suddenly ill, as, in company with her husband she had been passing through the town.

"I accompanied the man on the instant, and on being ushered into the bed-room, perceived that my patient was suffering under an attack of influenza. Her husband, who was in a state of extreme excitement, besought me to exert my utmost endeavors to restore his wife to health quickly, as their journey was one on which much depended, and great evil might arise from their delay. I assured him that I would do my best, but that the disease was one which required good management and patience, as, if it were improperly treated, it might terminate fatally.

"This complaint had been making sad havoc among our town's people, and the doctors had reaped golden harvests from their method of treating it, in some instances contriving to keep their patients for weeks and even months on their list, while many invalids exchanged the sick bed for the grave.

"The means I adopted with my patient were altogether different from those generally pursued in similar cases, so that on the next day the lady was much relieved, while her husband shook my hand with warmth, and protested that the effects of my skill were absolutely magical.

"In a few days the travellers were able to continue their journey, leaving me weighty proofs of their satisfaction.

"But these were light compared to the benefit I derived from this successful cure. The story spread abroad with inconceivable rapidity, my reputation was established at once, and patients innumerable flocked to my consultation room.

"Our troubles were at an end; one lucky chance had rent the cloud that had hitherto obscured our horizon, and the tide of wealth and fame set in with a rapid current. But it was a mere chance. Had it not occurred vain had been all our efforts, fruitless our struggles—we must shortly have sunk into poverty and obscurity.

"I am now independent; but I declare that were my time to come over again, I would choose some handicraft by which to obtain a livelihood, rather than encounter the horrors of being compelled to keep up an appearance on insufficient means."

---

abeth Folger Widow

of Henry Folger late

self with the
Inventory $ 120 47

the same
of Court after
7275

ted Inventorying 12 07

carried forw$ 205 29

following

to herself by order of the Judge $ 4 03

me & expense in administering
it account 10 —

assistance in settling Estate
first account 15 —

3 appraisers 3 —

fees paid 3 —

aid for Petitioning Court to sell
state 1 70

for attending to d° —

aid Peter Macy one of the Committee
widows dower 1 —

id Charles Folger Esqr. one of
sioners & Committee to set of dow 7 —

id James Coffin Esqr for d° 10 50

id Uriah Pinkham for Town
tax of the deceased 12 81

Amount Carried forw$ 118 04

By amount of Credit brot forward $ 205-29

To amount of Charges brot forward —— 1804
" expence pr writing & acknowledging Deed of Real Estate sold —— 1—
" Doct Roland Gelston's Bill —— 1250
" Attorney's fees at Court —— 3—
" Additional Probate fees —— 250
$. 137 04
Balance to be distributed —— 68 25
Nantucket September 7th 14th 1814. —— $. 205 29
Errors Excepted per Benjamin Gardner

At a Probate Court holden at my Dwelling House in Nantucket on the First day of December in the year of our Lord one Thousand Eight Hundred and Fourteen. The above and within account was presented to me for allowance and after duly examining the same, I do hereby approve, approve, and allow the same, and I do hereby order the same to be Recorded. Isaac Coffin Judge of Probate
Nantucket December 1st 1814

Errors Excepted per Elizabeth Folger
By Benj Gardner
Nantucket December 7th 1814.

Inventory of the Estate of Lydia Cary Taken by us the Subscribers by Virtue of a Warrant from Isaac Coffin Esqr Judge of Probate for the County of Nantucket

	$		$
6 Silver Table Spoons —	15.44	brought up —	124 41
6 do do —	13.78	1 China Bowl — No 4	1—
1 Soup Spoon —	2.89	1 do do — No 5	075
10 Do Tea Spoons —	3.33	1 Do Do No 6	050
6 Do Do —	2.78	1 Do Do No 7	020
1 pr Sugars Tongs —	1.17	1 glass Globe —	1—
1 do porringer —	10.44	11 China Dish No 1 —	150
1 Do Do	10.28	1 pair do — No 2 —	225
1 Do tea pot —	16.11	1 Do Do — No 3	2—
1 Do Duck bill —	2.22	6 China plates No 1 —	3—
1 Do knee buckles	0.75	6 Do do No 2	3—
1 Do watch —	20—	6 do do No 3	1—
1 Gold do —	15.—	11 blue edg'd plates No 1	060
1 China Bowl No 1 —	2.—	6 Do do No 2 —	050
1 Do Do No 2 —	1.66	6 do do — No 3 —	075
1 Do Do No 3 —	1.56	$	142 46
$	124.41		

brought up — $142.46

6 blue edged plates No 4 — 0.75
5 do do No 5 — 0.30
6 green edged do No 1 — 0.80
6 do do No 2 — 0.80
3 do do No 3 — 0.30
9 cream colour'd plates No 1 — 0.50
7 do do — No 2 — 0.60
1 cream col'd Dish No 1 — 1.50
1 do Do No 2 — 1.50
1 do do No 3 — 1.50
1 do do No 4 — 0.75
1 do do No 5 — 0.50
1 Do Do No 6 — 0.30
1 pudding dish No 1 — 0.75
1 do do No 2 — 0.50
2 do do No 3 — 0.50
3 do do No 4 — 0.35
1 pitcher — No 1 — 2.—
1 Do — No 2 — 0.40
1 Do — No 3 — 0.20
1 Do — No 4 — 0.15
1 Do — No 5 — 0.6
1 Do No 6 — 0.6
1 platter No 7 — 1.50
1 Do — No 8 — 1.—
1 Do — No 9 — 0.33
12 Cups & Saucers No 1 — 3.—
1 Tea Set 41 pieces & waiter No 2 — 10.—
26 pieces & waiter basket No 3 — 3.—
6 China Saucers & 4 Cups No 4 — 0.50
6 Cups & Saucers No 5 — 1.—
4 Cups & 5 Saucers No 6 — 0.80
9 Cups & 10 Saucers No 7 — 1.—
26 pieces & waiter No 8 — 1.50
2 butter boats green edge No 1 } 0.40
3 do with Covers — No 2 — 0.50
1 wash Bowl & 6 pieces No 3 — 1.—
1 Terreen & 8 pieces — No 4 — 1.25

$ 184.31

brought up — $ 184.31

5 pint mugs No 5 — 0.75
1 quart do No 6 — 0.50
1 pitcher No 7 — 0.50
1 Coffee pot No 8 — 1.—
1 broken Crockery No 9 — 0.25
1 Carter — 5.—
4 pieces Crockery No 10 0.50
8 pint bowls No 11 — 1.33
5 bowls — No 12 — 1.—
1 Urine Glass — 0.33
1 Glass Funnel — 0.25
12 pieces glass ware No 13 0.33
11 Tumblers & waiter No 14 1.—
1 pr decanters — No 15 1.—
3 do decanters — No 16 1.25
7 wine glasses — No 17 0.50
12 do do — No 18 — 1.—
6 pieces glass — No 19 0.75
3 Glass Sconces & Sockets No 20 1.—
1 Set trays — No 21 0.12
1 Set do — No 22 0.50
1 Do Do — No 23 1.—
1 black Teapot — No 24 0.12
1 Tea Caddy — No 26 1.—
1 Canmister & Tea No 27 0.50
8 Iron Spoons — No 28 0.40
1 Mahogany knife case No 29 2.—
1 Set Sundrys — No 30 1.—
Cash — 101.08
Note of hand Jr 529.18
do — 750.—
United States Stock 2657.—
Cash in the Bank 650.—
1 Silver Nipple — 0.50
3 Church Books 6.—
1 Large Bible — 5.—
1 four feet Mahogany Table & Covering 8.—
1 Small do — 3.—

$ 4918.95

brought forward $4915.35

1 Four foot old Table — 4.—
1 Desk & Book Case — 20.—
4 pictures Hunting Match — 10.—
1 Looking Glass — No 1 — 10.—
4 window blinds — 8.—
1 Easy Chair — 6.—
1 Night Chair — 8.—
1 floor Carpet — 20.—
1 China Basket — 0.50
1 Umbrella Cotton 1.—
1 pair Brass hand Irons 3.—
Shovel & Tongs — 1.50
1 Iron Crane & hooks — 1.—
1 bed Quilt — No 1 — 10.—
1 Do — Do — No 2 — 7.—
1 Do — Do — No 3 — 7.—
1 Do — Do — No 4 — 5.—
1 Do — Do — No 5 — 4.—
1 Do — Do — No 6 — 6.—
1 Do — Do — No 7 — 3.50
1 Counterpane No 1 — 7.—
1 Do — No 2 — 7.—
1 bed spread — No 1 — 5.—
1 — Do — No 2 — 1.50
1 blanket — No 1 — 4.—
1 do — No 2 — 3.—
1 do — No 3 — 3.—
1 do — No 4 — 3—
1 do — No 5 — 3.—
1 do — No 6 — 2.75
1 do — No 7 — 2.50
1 do — No 8 — 2.50
1 do — No 9 — 2.50
1 pair Linnen Sheets No 1 — 6.—
1 Linnen do No 2 — 1.50
1 pair Cotton & Linnen Do No 3 — 4.—
1 do Cotton — No 4 — 3.33
1 do do — No 5 — 3.50
1 do do — No 6 — 3.50
1 do do — No 7 — 4

$5127.19

brought forward $5127.19

1 pr Cotton Sheets No 8 — 4.—
1 Do Do No 9 — 3.—
1 Do Do No 10 — 3—
1 Do Do No 11 — 4—
1 Do Do No 12 — 3 50
1 Do Do No 13 — 4 50
1 pr Linnen pillow Cases No 1 — 1 50
1 Do Do No 2 — 1 25
1 Do Do No 3 — 1 25
1 Do Do No 4 — 1—
1 Do Linnen No 5 — 1—
1 Do Cotton No 6 — 1—
1 Do Do No 7 — 1—
1 Do Do No 8 — 0 80
1 Do Do No 9 — 0 80
1 Do Do No 10 — 0 75
1 Do Do No 11 — 0 80
1 Do Do No 12 — 0 90
1 Do Do No 13 — 0 75
1 Do Do No 14 — 0 90
1 Do Callico No 15 — 0 75
1 Do Do No 16 — 0 50
1 Do Do No 17 — 0 25
1 Single Do No 18 — 0 16
1 bolster Case Linnen No 1 — 0 75
1 do do Cotton No 2 — 0 75
1 do do do No 3 — 0 90
1 do do do No 4 — 0 80
1 do do do No 5 — 0 75
1 do do do No 6 — 0 75
1 do do No 7 — 0 75
1 do do No 8 — 0 75
1 Cotton Tablecloth No 1 — 2—
1 Diaper Do No 2 — 4—
1 Do Do No 3 — 3—
1 Cotton Do No 4 — 3—
1 Cotton Do No 5 — 3—
1 breakfast Cloth Cotton No 1 — 1 50
do do No 2 — 1 25

$5158 50

brought forward	$	5188.50	brought foward	5307	87
1 breakfast Cloth Cotton	N°3	1.25	1 Doz.n knives & forks & tray green hand.	2.	50
1 do Linnen	N°4	1.—	Old knives & forks & box	1.	—
1 Linnen Napkin	N°1	0.25	1 brass Lamp	—	075
1 Cotton do	N°2	0.25	1 pair Lock & Trunks & Sundries	0	50
1 do do	N°3	0.25	1 pair Snuffers	—	025
5 Do Do @ 25 Cts		1.25	1 pair old Tongs & Shovel	0	50
1 Linnen Table Cloth	N°6	0.80	6 hair bottom table Chairs	2	50
1 Do Do	N°7	0.80	6 Leather bottom do	1	50
1 Do Do	N°8	0.80	Sundries in the passway & Closet	1	—
7 Coarse Towels	—	1.16	1 bearo	N°4	2 —
2 Large do	—	0.50	1 Dun John	—	050
3 Linnen Napkins		0.50	6 pewter plates	—	125
½ Sheet	—	0.80	3 do platters	—	2 —
5 Window Curtains	Callico	1.25	2 do basons	—	1 —
1 press bed Curtain & Valiant		2.50	1 do turreen	—	1 —
1 Large Close basket	—	0.25	1 do Cover large		2 —
2 yards bed ticking		1.25	1 do Cheese platter		150
1 Small basket & waiter		0.16	1 do Tea pot	—	025
1 Clothes brush	—	0.25	1 bellmetal Skillet		2 —
1 key Spring	—	0.25	1 do do	—	150
1 pair fire Buckets		5.—	5 milk pans	—	1 —
1 Mahogany Card Table		10.—	1 Small Tin kitchen		1 25
2 Leather Roundabout Mahogany Chairs		4.—	Sundries in the milk room		3 —
2 hair do do	—	4.—	2/3 of a bbl of Flour		10 —
12 Table Chairs	N°1	9.—	1 village of Pork	—	6 —
2 Round green Chairs	N°2	1.50	1 do of rice	—	050
1 Rocking Chair	N°3	1.—	1 Jug & Molasses	—	020
1 Round Chair	N°4	1.—	Sundries in the Cellar		1 —
1 Eight Day Clock		40.—	Lot in the back kitchen	N°1	2 —
1 Stand	—	0.50	Lot in do	N°2	2 —
1 Looking Glass	N°2	15.—	Lot in do	N°3	2 —
1 Chimney Glass	N°3	5.—	Lot in do	N°4	2 —
3 pictures Royal Family		3.—	1 Large Cast pot	N°1	2 —
Family Record	—	2.—	1 do do	N°2	150
2 waiters Straw	—	0.20	1 do do	N°3	1 —
1 Large Tea Board		1.—	1 Iron pug	—	050
Sugar & Barley	—	2.—	1 bake pan	—	050
	$	5307.87	1 Lot Sundries in the pump Room		75
				$	5370 57

Amt brt forward $5370.54

2 Rainwater Casks 2.—
1 Iron goose & Sundries 1.50
1 warming Jan —— 2.—
1 pr flat Irons & Ironing Box 1.25
1 Sieve —— —— —— 0.66
1 Tin Stove —— —— 0.75
1 High Candlestick & Coffee Teakettle
1 pair Small Iron Dogs 0.50
1 Chafing dish —— —— 2.—
Shovel tongs bellows & Sundries 3.—
Dripping pan peck & Sundries 1—
1 pair brass Candlesticks 0.75
1 pr do & Lamp Lead 0.75
1 Candlestick & 2 Lamps 0.25
1 Iron Crane & hooks in the kitchen
1 Lignumvitæ Mortar 2.50
1 Cleaver — Nº 2 — 5.—
1 Do table 50 one Do 25 0.75
1 Round Table —— 3—
1 Coffee Mill —— 0.50
6 Baskets —— —— 1.—
1 old bedstead — Nº 4 0.50
1 Rug —— —— —— 1.—
9 kitchen Chairs Nº 5 3.50
1 bedstead —— Nº 2 0.60
1 bed & two pillows Nº 1 16.00
1 Do bolster & pillows Nº 2 20.—
1 Do Do Do Nº 3 20.—
1 bed bolster & pillows Nº 4 16.—
1 Do Do Do Nº 5 25.—
1 Looking Glass — Nº 4 5.—
1 Small Trunk 0.50
1 Chest —— —— —— 1.—
1 Looking Glass — Nº 5 10.—
1 Do Do Nº 6 15.—
3 white window Curtains 6.—
1 bed bolster & pillows Nº 6 25.—
1 Do Do Do Nº 7 12

$ 5581.33

Amt brt forward $ 5581.33

1 Suit of bed Curtains — 30.—
1 high post Mahogany bedstead — 10.—
1 old Trunk Nº 1 0 20
1 Iron Crane 0 50
1 Trunk —— Nº 2 0 25
1 Trunk — Nº 3 0 50
1 Lot of Sundries —— 2—
1 Cleaver — Nº 1 3—
1 Large Cover & basket 1—
1 Lot of Sheep's wool 5—
1 Large meal Chest 2—
1 Lot Curtain Rods 2—
1 bedstead & Quilt &c Nº 3 1 25
1 Lot of Sundries in the Garret Nº 1 — 3—
1 Do do do do Nº 2 — 1 50
1 Lot old Iron &c &c 4—
Pine & oak Wood 4 25
1 Lot of Iron Hand Cart & wheels 2—
1 Lot in the Oathouse 2—
344 Sheep after Shearing at $3 —— 1032—
4 Cows at $25 — 100—
1 Horse —— —— 40—
1 Horse Cart —— 25—
1 old Chaise —— 10—

6862 78
Deduct 3 Cranes & hooks 6—

$ 6856 78

James Coffin
Thad Coffin
Robt Folger
} Appraisers

Appraisers fees — $6—

Nantucket June 27th 1814

In the name of God Amen. I George Folger of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket & Common-wealth of Massachusetts Marina being sick and weak in body, but of sound disposing mind and memory, having the free use of my understanding, and calling to mind the uncertainty of this Life, and considering that all men are mortal; do make this my last Will & Testament in manner and form following, hereby Revoking, disannulling and disallowing all former last wills by me heretofore made and signed, hereby rendering them Null and Void ——

My Soul I Recommend to God that gave it, and my Body to be decently buried at the discretion of my Executors hereafter named, and as for such Worldly Estate as it hath pleased God to Intrust me with, I give devise and dispose of in manner & form following. I Will and order that all the just Debts that I shall owe to any person or persons at the time of my Decease shall be well and truly paid and discharged out of my Personal Estate, by my hereafter named Executors, which I hereby enjoin them to do within convenient Time after my Decease. ——

Item. I give and bequeath unto my well beloved Wife Rebecca Folger the use & Improvement of one Third part of my Real Estate in possession and Reversion wheresoever the same may be found for and during the term of her Natural Life; and one Third Part of all my Personal Estate, to her and to her Heirs and Assigns forever.

Item. I will and order that such a part of my Estate as my Executors shall think and deem sufficient for the Income thereof to be enough for the support & maintenance of my Daughter Dinah Folger be set off and reserved for her, and the said Income to be applied for her support & maintenance for and During the Term of her Natural Life. ——

Item. After the above is performed I give, devise and bequeath to my Four Sons Namely George Folger Junr. Barnabas Folger, Clement Folger, and Alexander Folger, Each of them Two Ninth parts of my Estate and at the decease of my Wife I give Each of my Sons Two Ninth parts of what I have given to her my said wife: also at the decease of my said daughter Dinah Folger I give to each of my Sons two ninth parts of what shall be reserved for my said Daughter Dinah to them the said George, Barnabas, Clement, and Alexander

Alexander and to their several heirs and Assigns forever in fee Simple.

Item After my Wife Rebecca Folgers Third Part of my Estate is set off and the part that my Executors shall sett off for my Daughter Dinah Folger's support and maintenance, I give, devise and bequeath unto my Daughter Rebecca Bunker One Ninth part of the said Residue or Remainder of my Estate also at the Decease of my Wife I Give to the said Rebecca Bunker One Ninth part of what I have given to my said Wife; also at the decease of my Daughter Dinah Folger I Give to my said Daughter Rebecca One Ninth Part of what shall be reserved for my said Daughter Dinah to her the said Rebecca Bunker and to her heirs and Assigns forever in fee simple

Lastly. I hereby Nominate Constitute & Appoint my Friend Walter Folger Junr. and my Son Alexander Folger Jde Executors Jointly, or Severally, to this my last Will and Testament.

In Witness where of I the said George Folger have hereunto these presents set my hand and affixed my Seal at Nantucket this Fifth day of the Ninth Month in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Four

George Folger Seal

Signed, Sealed, Published, Pronounced, and Declared by the said George Folger to be his last Will & Testament in presence of us whom he Requested to sign the same as Witnesses: this fifth day of the Ninth Month in the year of our Lord 1804.

There is three Erasures in this Instrument in the front Page, and one Erasure in this page above; which were made before the signing of this Instrument and only one word Erased in each place

also all the words after Alexander Folger in that line and in the next line in this page which was done by the Express order of the said George Folger

Attest. Isaac Coffin

Robert Gardner
Jedediah Fitch
Isaac Coffin

An Inventory of Joseph Brown's Furniture, Goods, and Effects taken by Isaac Coffin Esqr. September 30th 1814
At the request of Ebenezer Dunham it was Taken

	£		£	
1 Cherry Tree Table Pembroke	3	00	1 Tongs & Shovel	1 —
1 Dining Table Cherry Tree	5	—	1 Pair Bellows	0 75
1 Secretary Cherry Tree	20	—	1 pair Flat Irons	1 —
1 Looking Glass	4	—	2 Wash Tubs	1 50
1 Burich Square Stand	1	50	1 Basket for Cotton	1 —
8 Chairs very Good	10	—	2 Common Chairs	1 —
1 Holy Bible	3	—	1 Common Table	1 —
1 Muff & Tippet	3	—	1 Pair of Brass Candlesticks	1 —
1 Pair of Sheets	5	—	A Set of China Ware	1 25
1 Pair of Pillow Cases	0	75	1 Fruit Basket	0 50
1 New Bed Quilt	6	—	1 Dozen Plates	2 —
3 Towels at 1/	0	50	2 Platters	1 —
1 pair of New Stockings	0	50	½ Dozen Spoons	1 —
6 knives & Forks	1	—	3 Pint Bowls	0 25
6 Small tea knives	0	50	½ Dozen Tea Spoons	1 25
1 Bed Bolster & Pillows	30	00	2 Tea Pots Common	1 50
1 Bedstead & under bed	3	—	1 Tea Kettle	0 50
1 pair Sheets & Bolster Case & 1 Pair Pillow Cases	4	—	1 Dish Kettle	0 50
			1 Cook Pot	0 50
5 Gowns one with one	8	—	1 Small Kettle	0 25
1 Shawl 1 Shirt 1 Pocket Handkerchief & Two Womens Shifts	3	—	1 Decanter	0 75
			6 Wine Glasses	0 75
			1 pair of Pitchers	1 —
3 Petty Coats	3	—	1 Decanter Glass	0 50
1 old Quilt	2	—	4 Glass Tumblers	0 50
1 Good Blanket	4	—		£ 21 : 50.
1 Baking Pan	0	75	Foot Opposite	154 : 00.
2 Diaper Table Cloths	3	—	Added up	£ 175 : 50.
1 New Shawl	2	—		
2 Shirts	4	50		
2 Neck Handkfs	1	—		
1 pair Stockings	1	—		
1 Coat Waistcoat & one pair of Pantaloons	20	—		
1 pair of Dogs	1	—		
	£ 154	00		

An Inventory of Joseph Brown's Property, Furniture, Goods, Effects and things taken by Isaac Coffin September 30th A.D. 1814. Taken at the Request of Ebenezer Dunham and left by me in his Possession — Isaac Coffin —

Francis Swain's Last Will.

I Francis Swain of Nantucket in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts Yeoman,— being in health of body, and of sound mind, and disposing memory, do make and ordain this my last Will in manner and form following.—

1st.— I Will and order that such debts as I may owe at the time of my decease, be fairly discharged, by my hereafter named Executors, according to Law, in such manner as may suit their convenience.

2nd.— To my Wife Lydia Swain, I give the use and Improvement of all my estate both real and personal, during her widowhood, with liberty to execute deeds of conveyance for any part thereof, for her support as she and my Executors may think proper or necessary

3rd.— I give to my daughter Margaret Coffin, One Cow Common which I bought of Andrew Swain, that came to him by his Mother from the Estate of his Grandfather Richard Coffin, with all the priviledges I bought with it, I also give her the Salt meadow at Swains Neck, which I bought of said Andrew Swain, to her, her heirs and assigns forever.

4th.— To my daughter Jedidah Lawrence, I give the use and Improvement of the West part of my Dwelling House — that is the front room, Kitchen west bed chamber, and one half of the West garret, together with Sufficient priviledge in the back yard to lay her wood, during the term of her widowhood; after which it shall become the property of my sons, Robert and Seth Swain, their heirs and assigns forever.

5th.— I also give my said daughter Jedidah Lawrence, two Acres of Land in my Tetaukemmoo lot in the West part of that I bought of Grafton Gardner, I also give her one third part of my household goods and furniture, which together with the Land before mentioned shall be to her, her heirs and assigns forever.

6th.— To my Grand Daughter Mary — the daughter of Barnabas Russell, I give my lot at Ashimoo, being all that is Included within the fence as it now stands, and is adjoining the lot that was George Swains, If my said Grand Daughter should live to the age of a Woman, the lot shall be to her, her heirs and assigns forever, if otherwise it shall be to my Sons Robert and Seth Swain, their heirs and assigns forever.

7th. To my Daughter Sally, the Wife of Charles Coleman, I give three Acres of Land in the West part of my Tetaukemmoo lot that I bought of Grafton Gardner, and I also give her one half of my Household Goods and Furniture the gift both of Real and Personal to be to her, her heirs and assigns forever.

8th. All the residue of my Estate both Real and Personal not here-to-fore mentioned or disposed of, I give to my two Sons Robert Swain (and)

Seth Swain part and part alike to them their heirs and assigns forever. excepting my Clock — which I give to my Son Robert Swain — In every ca the right given to my Wife it excepted. ——

9th — Lastly. I hereby constitute and appoint, my two Sons Robert Swain, and Seth Swain, to be jointly or severally, Executors to this my last Will and Testament, hereby making void all former Wills by me Executed, declaring this to be my last. —— In Testimony whereof: I have hereunto placed my Hand and Seal, at Nantucket, this Ninth day of July One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fourteen. ——

Signed Sealed and pronounced by the said Francis Swain to be his last Will and Testament in presence of us. ——
Benjamin Whippey ——
Isaac Coffin ——
Isaac Folger ——

Signed Francis Swain — Seal

A true Copy of the Original
Attest. Isaac Coffin Justice of Peace

Nantucket July 9th A.D. 1814. ——

Francis Swain's Will was proved the 3rd day of November 1814
Recied July 26th 1814.
Francis Swain —

$	9	79
	47	31
	2	48
	0	95
	0	69
	4	50
	1	05
	1	48
$	68	25

The Estate of Henry Folger Deceased ——

			$	
Edward Nussey	21	71	9	79
Joseph & Daniel Austin	104	89	47	31
Nathaway & Swain	5	50	2	48
Joseph Macy	2	10	0	95
Nathaniel Nathaway	1	52	0	69
Sarah Clasby	9	97	4	50
Daniel Peare	2	33	1	05
Daniel Coleman	3	29	1	48
	$151	31	$68	25

Nantucket November 24th 1814. $68 25
Errors Excepted per Isaac Coffin $.00 0
Judge of Probate

45 Cents and 1 Mill are the Dollar.
45 Cent Mill
45:1 — I payed on the Dollar
Henry Folger's Estate
Nantucket November 24th 1814.

The Estate of Henry Folger proved to be Insolvent He Owed the Sum of $151:31. and had Lent $68:25. to pay the same with; so that all must fall short in the following proportion The Estate pays on the Dollar 45 Cents and One Mill which comes to the Whole Sum

One to Isaac Coffin	$ 1 70
The Counts dues	1 70
My part of Deed	0 50
My Attorney fees	3 00
My Probate fees	2 50
	$ 7 70

Isaac Coffin

Dr. Nathaniel Coleman's Estate in account with

			$	cts
1810				
4mo 5	To Cash paid Wm Coleman	———	20	82
5mo	" do Josiah Barker & James Coffin		2	6
	" Cash paid the Cashier of Nantucket Bank for Hepzibah Colemans Note & Interest	}	135	20
6mo 7	" Cash paid H Coleman	———	20	—
7mo	" do for use of Cous Comman	———	4	—
	" do do	———	2	—
10mo 6	" 2 Cord Wood @ 31/ Carting & Sawing do	———	11	33
11	" Sugar & Wine 10/6 1 Cord Wood 32/	———	7	8
11mo 23	" Cash paid H Coleman $10 Wine 4/6		10	75
12mo	" Cash paid John Coffin Tax for Comman			64
1812	" balance due Soloman Macy for his Acct		143	73
7mo 24	" S Macy's bill of Sundries for H Coleman		49	24
	" S Macy's bill of 70 1/2 Weeks board of Hepzibah Coleman @ $2 per week	}	141	—
11mo 26	" Cash paid H Coleman for provisions		7	30
12mo 16	" H Coleman's board 15 Months @ $2 per week	}		
1813	with H Coleman widow of A Coleman	}	130	—
5mo 26	" Board 23 weeks do	———	46	—
8mo 24	" Soloman Macy for 26 lengths of fence and 1 post for Cata Lot	}	26	25
	" S Macy's bill in repairing pump ———		3	64½
8mo 13	" H Coleman board & expences ———		34	75
	" Cash paid Elisphalet Paddack	———	2	—
	" Rowland Gelston's bill ———		19	91
	" Barnabas Colemans bill ———		4	—
	" 1/2 Sugar of Peter Hussey omitted	———	7	75
1814 2mo 18	" Cash paid Jared Gardner repairing pump ———		3	25
	" a deed & acknowledging ———		1	—
	" Sundries dld Abraham Coleman	———	48	79
	" and Cash for his Legacy as per the will	———	51	21
	" two quarters rent for Robert Gardner Coleman retained by the Executors for him ———	}	10	—
	" Wm Coleman for Services ———		15	—
	" Probate fees when the will was proved and when the acct was allowed the whole was Six Dollars	}	6	—
			$ 964	70½

Tristram Shupey ——— Cr.

1810 5th M	By Cash of David Mitchell for half of the Cato Lot	$	330 —
7th "	" use of Cow Common ———		4 —
	" bal[e] of Charles Coffin's acct ———		2 —
1811 to 24	" 2 years 4 m[o] & 12 days rent of House S M ———		142 —
	" 2 years rent of Pasture at $20 ———		40 —
	" 1 year do Cow Common ———		— 75
10th 24	" 1 quarter house rent S Macy ———		15 —
11th 24	" Silver Porringer		7 30
	" half of the Cato Lot		330 —
1813 3 Mo 25	" S Macy for 5 Mos house rent . . .		25 —
6th 25	" Peter Easton 1 quarter House rent . . .		5 —
9th 25	" do . . . do . . .		5 —
12th 25	" do . . . do . . .		5 —
	By sundry Furniture and Cash dld to Abraham Coleman out of the Furniture		51 21
1814 3d 3	By the Balance paid this day ———		248 1/2
		$	964 70/2

Nantucket 3d of 3m 1814.
Errors Excepted per
Tristram Shupey
Wm Coleman
——— Executors

Nantucket ss. Nantucket March 3d 3. 1814.
At a Probate Court held at my dwelling House
this day, the above account was presented
for Probate Acceptance and Allowance
I do prove, Approve, and allow the same.
Isaac Coffin Judge of Probate

An Inventory and appraisement of the Estate of Richard Macy late of Nantucket deceased —

	$		$
1 Clock or time piece	25 —	Amount brot forward	208 75
1 Desk	5 —	1 Clothes Horse — —	1 50
1 Square Brick Table	3 —	1 Reel — — — — —	" 50
1 Looking Glass in South room	5 —	No 3 1 Bed, Bedstead & furniture & in North room	60 —
6 Frame back chairs	3 —	No 4. 1 Bed, Bedstead & furniture in North room	30 —
2 Armd Chairs & 1 Cushion	2 " 50		
2 pair Iron Dogs — —	1 " 75	Black Smith Tools	20
6 frame bottom & back Chairs	3 " —		320 75
1 Shovel & tongs . . .	1 " —	Farming Tools . — . —	44 —
1 Low chair & cushion	1 " 25	Calash Wheels	5 —
2d Vol. Pennington Works } 1 Barclay's Apology — } books	1 " —	2 Oxyokes . — — —	4 —
	1 " —	2 Large Hogs . . . . —	50 —
Iron Ware . . .	15 " —	6 Shoats — — — —	60 —
Pewter Ware . . .	6 " —	Red Mare	70 —
	73 " 50	Black Mare — or Brown	30 —
Tin brass & Copper Ware	10 " —	1 Yoke of Oxen Bot of Beachey	80 —
Earthen & Stone Ware .	5 " —	1 pair of Steers — —	50 —
Wooden Bowls, dishes, Tubs, baskets	12 " —	2 yearling Heifers — —	30 —
Leguimvita Mortar . .	1 " 50	1 Two years old — —	20 —
7 Large Silver Spoons	10 " —	1 yearling Steer 1 yearling Bull	25 —
Knives & Forks — —	" 50	2 Cows — — — — — —	50 —
2 round Colts foot table ..	1 " 50	2 Calves	12 —
1 pair of Bellows . .	" 25		$ 850 75
1 two Armd Chairs & 1 Low one & Cushion	1 " —	155 Sheep at $3 each — —	465 —
1 Chest, table & warming pan	3 " 50	60 Lambs at $2 each ...	120 —
2 pair of Steel yards . .	3 " 50	15 Tons English Hay at $20 per Ton	300 —
1 pair high drawers .	5 " —	10 Tons Salt Hay at $15 per Ton	150 —
2 Trunks	3 " 50	210 Bushels of Corn at $1/25 —	262 50
1 Small looking Glass . .	1 " —	8 Bushels of Rye at 1/50	12 —
3 Frame Chairs in South Chamber	" 50	50 Bushels Oats at 1/67	33 50
1 Small Table in South Chamber	" 50	100 Bushels of Potatoes at 1/50	50 —
	132 " 75	100 Bushels Turnips at 1/50	50 —
No 1. Bed, Bedstead & furniture in South Chamber —	50 " —	17 Sheep at Tookoonook at $3	51
1 Quilt green —	6 " —	4 Lambs at " — " —	2 8
No 2 1 Small bed, Bedstead & furniture	10 " —	Amount Carried forward	$ 2352 75
1 winnow & Cloth — —	4 " —		
3 Chairs in Back Chamber	6		
	$ 208 75		

Real Estate

	$	cts
Mansion House, Shop, Pump & the Land under & adjoining the Same together with all the out buildings & Fences, thereon Standing. —	1500	—
Black Smith Shop, Barn & the Land under & adjoin g the same & fences & other outbuildings thereon Standing; on the west side of the high way. —	650	—
316 Sheep Commons at 4/0 pr Eight	1975	—
Marshet Salt Meadow	60	—
Boat Meadow Salt Meadow	5	—
Moodow a Meadow Salt & Fresh	30	—
1 Acre more or less mowing Land at the south side of the long Lane	160	—
5 Acres more or less mowing Land at the northward of Jethro Folgers House	1000	—
All the Showkemmo Lot being 20 Acres more or less @ 50 ₰ per Acre	1000	—
1/8 of a Share of the Straight wharf	50	—
Small Piece W. Monamoy East of Josiah Bunkers	4	—
one — " — W Monamoy — by @ John Russells house	2	—
Monamoy South & Shimmo	10	—
	6986	—
55 1/2 Shells Commons at Tookoonoke @ 25 ₰	173	44
The dwelling House together with the Land under & adjoining occupied by Job Macy	1000	—
Amount of Personal Estate brot forward	2357	75
Carried forward	10512	19

	$	cts
Amount brought forward	10512	19
Cow & Calf in Jobs hands	30	—
Waggon — — — — —	40	—
	1058	2 19

We the Subscribers being appointed & duly qualified to take an Inventory & make an appraizement of the Estate of Richard Macy late deceas'd, have performed that service agreeably to the warrant hereto annexed & do this 22d day of the 10th m 1814 make returns thereof accordingly

Charles Folger
Abisha Bunker
Obed Macy

Appraisers fees £6 received of Gideon Folger 3d - 11 mo - 1814. by Obed Macy

An Inventory of the Estate of Peleg Easton Late of Nantucket Cooper Deceased taken by us the Subscribers the first day of the Eleventh Month called November 1814. —— by a virtue of a Warrant from Isaac Coffin Esqr. Judge of Probate of Wills &c. for the County of Nantucket

	$		$
1 Bed & Furniture ——	25 " —	1 Cradle ——	" 20
1 High post bedstead & Curtains	5 " —	2 Forks ——	1 25
1½ dozen Curtains ——	6 " —	2 hoes & Stubbing hoe —	1 25
3 Great Chairs ——	3 " —	1 Corn plough ——	2 50
3 Low Chairs ——	" 75	1 Cork harrow ——	2 —
1 Case Draws ——	2 " 50	1 Cow 7 years old ——	25 —
1 Dressing Table ——	" 75	1 Do 9 years old ——	16 —
1 Looking Glass ——	4 " —	1 Calf ——	8 —
1 Bracket Table ——	" 50	57 Sheep ——	171 —
2 pair Iron Dogs ——	1 " 50	26 Lambs a $2 ——	52 —
1 Clock ——	40 " —	6 Iron pots & 3 kettles —	8 50
1 Mahogany Desk ——	10 " —	1 Brass kettle ——	2 —
1 Birch Table ——	2 " 50	2 Iron Skillets ——	" 50
1 do ——	4 " —	2 Bake pans ——	1 —
1 Stand ——	" 50	1 Tea kettle ——	— 50
1 Looking Glass ——	5 " —	1 Frying pan ——	— 25
1 Floor Carpet ——	3 " —	1 Silver Spoon ——	6 —
1 do 19 yards ——	19 " —	1 Silver Table spoon —	1 50
Sundries of Crockery 8½ dozen of Plates	4 " 25	6 Tea do ——	1 50
8 platters ——	2 " 50	Shovel & Tongs ——	1 25
Cups & Saucers ——	1 " —	1 Tin kitchen ——	1 —
Teapots milk pots & bowls Pitchers ——	3 " —	2 Iron Spits ——	— 50
1 Clothes Chest ——	1 " 50	Knives & Forks ——	— 25
12 Linen Sheets ——	12 " —	1 Dozen Tea knives ——	1 —
7 homespun Blankets	13 " 50	60 Gallons whale oil	51 —
3 Counterpanes ——	9 " —	1 Birch Table ——	3 —
2 Blue and white Coverlids	6 " —	1 Sheep Mark ——	10 —
1 Bed quilt ——	1 " 50	1 do	2 —
1 Clothes Chest ——	" 50	1 Floor Carpet & Entry do —	5 50
2 Beds & Bedding ——	30 " —	Warming pan ——	3 —
3 Bedsteads ——	4 " —	1 pair Steel yards ——	3 —
10 Sheets ——	10 " —	2 pair flat Irons ——	1 25
1 Small Bed & pillows —	7 " —	1 pr Brass Candlesticks	3 —
2 Turnip Claws & Pitch fork	1	60 Gallons whale oil 85 pr Gall.	51 —
Over	$ 239 " 75	30½ Gallons Sperm oil a 1 " 50	156 —
3 Chests & Back Chambers	6	30 of English hay ——	80 —
	$ 245 " 75	4 of Meadow hay ——	3 50
		1 Cheese wheel ——	2
		Cash on hand	300
		Over	$ 979 " 50

Inventory of the Real Estate of Peleg Easton Deceased

	$	cts
1772 Sheep Commons with the Privileges as ye Deeds	110	25
Mowing Meadow Lot S W of the Ropewalks 440 Rods @ 1-50	660	
Mary Lot upper Town 431 Rods @ 1-50	646	50
Folger Lot upper Town 320 Rods	160	
Brant Point Meadow Lot	390	
60 Rods of Swamp near Wm Ellis	15	
Salt Meadow Bought of James Tupper by deed	50	
Coopers Shop & Two Rods of Land to the eastward of the Dwelling bought of John Elkins	50	
Dwelling House Barn outhouses and Twenty Rods of Land	1200	
	4277	75

Personal Estate { 239-75 / 929-20 }

1168 25

5446 00

Charles Folger
Abisha Bunker
Joseph Austin

Appraisers fees $4-50

An Inventory of the Estate of Eunice Easton late of Nantucket Widow deceased taken by us the Subscribers this Seventeenth day of the Tenth Month Called October 1814 by virtue of a warrant from Isaac Coffin Esqr. Judge of Probate of Wills &c for the County of Nantucket

A piece of Fresh & Salt Meadow at Moodoways — —	$ 10	
80 Rods of Land in the old Hussey Lot at Newtown —	30	
The privileges belonging to Eighty Four Sheep Commons in Squam in Reversion —	52	50
Seven & one half Sheep Common in Reversion with the privilege	37	50
1/8 of a Share in New North Wharf in Reversion — —	38	
Note against George G Hussey with Interest about —	95	
Note against Joseph Austin	34	57
$	297	57

Abisha Bunker
Charles Folger
Joseph Austin

Appraisers fees $ 1.50

Be it remembered that I Peter Rangue of Cherbourg in the Kingdom of France now residing in Nantucket in the County of Nantucket & Commonwealth of Massachusetts Mariner being weak in body but of sound mind and memory blessed be Almighty God for the same — do and publish make this my last Will and Testament in manner & form following, that is to say — first I give and bequeath unto my friend John Green of Nantucket aforesaid Cooper the whole amount of wages or prize money due & coming unto me from the Owner or Agent of the Privateer Brig called the Prince of Neufchatel Captain John Ordronaux — which said sum or amount of prize money I will and order to be paid to the said John Green immediately after my decease — I give & bequeath all the rest residue & remainder of my Estate Real & Personal wherever the same may be found to my Son Louis Rangue to him his Heirs & assigns forever — And lastly I do hereby appoint the said John Green sole Executor of this my last will & Testament hereby revoking all former wills by me made — In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand & Seal at Nantucket this seventh day of November in the year

$120.15

Dr Rob[t] Cary to the Estate of Lydia Cary deceased

1814 June	To Cash due him	5"-	
	" 6 Silver Spoons	22"78	
	" 11 plates	1"10	
	" 7 Soup plates	"65	
	" 1 large dish	1"50	
	" 2 ditto	3"-	
	" 1 pudding dish	60	
	" 1 d[o]	20	
	" 1 mug	40	
	" 1 Tea Caddy	1"75	
	" 1 " Cannister	30	
	" 1 mahog Table	9"-	
	" 1 Small d[o]	6"50	
	" 1 hunting watch	12"-	
	" 1 night Chair	9"25	
	" 1 Counterpane	4"50	
	" 1 blanket	5"50	
	" 1 pr pillow cases	2"25	
	" 1 pr d[o]	1"2	
	" 1 Table Cloth	4"35	
	" 1 d[o]	3"55	
	" 1 Breakfast Cloth	1"80	
	" 1 ditto	1"40	
	" 1 napkin	"25	
	" 1 d[o]	40	99 15
	" 1 Clothes basket	50	
	" 1 pr fire buckets	6"-	
	" 1 Tea table	14"-	
	" 12 Table Chairs	10"-	
	" 1 arm Chair	1"25	
	" 1 Stand	1"60	
	" 1 Clothes basket	2"10	
	" 1 Cut Wool	9"10	
	" 1 Lot of Sundries	7"50	52 05
			$ 151 20

To Amount brot over			151	20
" 1 New Bed	60	—		
" 1 do	17	50		
" 1 Bedstead		60		
" 1 Candlestick & lamps		75		
" 1 Bureau	10	25		
" 2 Tables	1	—		
" 1 lot of Sundries	2	50		
" 1 Tin Kitchen	1	25		
" 1 lot of Sundries	3	—		
" 2/3 bbl of flour	12	—		
" 1 lot of Sundries	2	—		
" 1 book pros	1	50		
" 1 jug		70		
" 1 Table spoons &c		50		
" 1 warming pan	4	—		
" 1 chafing dish	3	—		
			120	95
			271	25
" 1 lot of articles from Cellar	2	35		
" 1 — of Wood	4	25		
" Sheep Mark	3	—		
" 54 lbs Wool @ 75 ℔	40	87		
" 43 Sheep @ $1 —	129	—		
" Certificate of 6 Stock				
295 22/100 dol @ 80 pr ct	236	18		
			415	65
Aug 22 " Cash to balance pr rec'd			95	5 1/9
			781	95 1/9
Supra				
By 1/9 of Lydia Cary's Estate			781	95 1/9

year of our Lord Eighteen Hundred & fourteen.

Signed, Sealed, published & declared by the above named Peter Ranger to be his last will & testament in the presence of us who at his request & in his presence have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses to the same

his
Peter + Ranger Seal
mark

Reuben Starbuck
Brown Coffin
Matthew Jones Interpreter

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Nantucket ss. The Honorable Isaac Coffin Esq. Judge of the Probate of Wills &c. &c. in said County of Nantucket.

Seal

To Benjamin Bunker, Obed Macy, and Gideon Folger Gentlemen within the County of Nantucket being all of you sufficient freeholders. Greeting

Pursuant to the Power and authority to me given, in and by the laws of the Commonwealth aforesaid, I do hereby appoint and authorize you a Committee to appraise all the real Estate whereof Lydia Baxter widow of Benjamin Baxter late of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket mariner, died seized and possessed, in said Commonwealth of Massachusetts, excepting what may have been legally sold for the payment of the just debts of the said deceased, each piece and parcel by itself at the present true value thereof in dollars & Cents, all expressed in words at full length; and if the said estate, or any part thereof, lie in common & undivided Land with the real estate of any other person you are first to sever and divide the estate of intestate from the estate with which it lies in common as aforesaid giving timely notice to all persons interested to be present if they see cause.

When you have perfected your inventory, you are faithfully and impartially to divide and make partition of the Estate therein appraised, among the Mother, Brothers, and Sisters, of the said deceased, and their Legal representatives, they being the lawful heirs of the said Lydia Baxter deceased.

Moreover

Moreover if it shall appear that any messuage, tract of Land, or other tenement, shall be of greater value than either parties part or share in said Estate, and cannot be subdivided, or part thereof assigned to one & part to another, without great inconvenience; then you may settle or assign the same to one of the parties, and award that the party to whom you shall assign, pay such sum or sums of money to the other party or parties, as by means thereof may have less than their Shares. —

When you go about your work let all parties concerned have notice; and if any dispute arise about the quantity of any parcel of Land, you may procure an artist for the Survey thereof; and if all parties are satisfied with your proceedings let them signify the same by Countersigning this Warrant. —— ——

You are to be under Oath or Affirmation faithfully & impartially to perform the said service, and when it is completed, you are to make return of this Warrant, with your doings therein, into the Probate Office for the County aforesaid, as soon as may be. —

Given under my hand and seal of Office at Nantucket in said County of Nantucket this sixth Day of October in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fourteen. —

Isaac Coffin Judge of Probate
for the County of Nantucket

Nantucket ss. Nantucket October 7 A D 1814. Then Personally appeared the above & within named Benjamin Bunker, Obed Macy, and Gideon Folger and made Solemn Oath and solemn Affirmation that they would faithfully and Impartially perform all the services assigned them by the foregoing warrant. —— Before me.

Isaac Coffin Judge of Probate.

Jemima Burnell 1/5
Jonathan Burnell Junr
two Lon Las — } 1/5
Samuel Burnell 1/5
Susanna Elkins 1/5
Deborah Meader 1/5
The Whole 0.00

We the subscribers being appointed and duly qualified by Isaac Coffin Esqr Judge of Probate of Wills for the County of Nantucket, to appraise all the Real Estate whereof Lydia Baxter Widow of Benjamin Baxter late of Nantucket aforesaid, died seized and possessed of, (which appraisal is hereunto annexed), and also, to divide, make partition, and assign the said real Estate to, and among the Mothers, Brothers, and Sisters of the said deceased or their legal representatives Viz to Jemima Burnell widow of Jonathan Burnell Junr one fifth part of said Estate, to Jonathan Burnell and Barker Burnell children of Jonathan Burnell 3^d one fifth of said estate, to Samuel Burnell one fifth of said Estate to Susanna Elkins wife of Ammiel Elkins one fifth of said Estate to Deborah Meader wife of Thomas Meader one fifth of said Estate to which service we have faithfully and impartially attended accomplished, in the manner hereafter described, having due regard in the said division not to lessen the value of s^d Estate thereby.

The aforesaid Real Estate lying in one tract, and being situated in that part of the town called New Town, and is the same which Daniel Barney formerly owned.— Firstly Susanna Elkins aforesaid begins at the Northwesterly corner of said tract, and runs on a line with the East side of the Street, on the west side of the premises South 42° - 45^{m} East Sixty one feet four Inches, thence North 78° - 45^{m} East twenty two feet two Inches, thence North 11° - 15^{m} West fifty two feet, thence South 78° - 45^{m} West fifty one feet one Inch to the first bound, containing Seven rods and sixty five hundredths of a rod, together with all the buildings and fences thereon standing; and also, the said Susanna Elkins shall have and own one third of the Pump and Well of Water standing on the premises, with the privilege to pass and repass to & from said Pump and to fetch Water therefrom, without any let or hindrance, which with paying to Deborah Meader thirty two Dollars and twenty cents, as awarded by us, is her proportion or one fifth part of said Estate. —

Next the aforesaid Jemima Burnell shall have, beginning at the North East Corner of the last described piece, and running thence on the North Line of said Land North 78° - 45^{m} East twenty feet Seven Inches thence South 11° - 15^{m} East Sixty eight feet two Inches, thence South 78° - 45^{m} West out to the Street on the West side of the premises thence on a line with the Street North 42° - 45^{m} West Nine feet four Inches thence North 78° - 45^{m} East twenty two feet two Inches; thence North 11° - 15^{m} West (fifty

fifty two feet to the first bound, containing Six rods and twenty three hundredths of a Rod; together with all the buildings and fences there standing; and also the said Jemima Burnell shall have and own one third of the Pump and Well of Water with free liberty to fetch Water therefrom at all times, the said Pump standing on the said Jemima's part of the premises, she is to quietly & peaceably surrender up to Susanna Elkins all the privileges in said Pump and Well as is heretofore mentioned; and also, she is to surrender up peaceably and quietly all the privileges hereafter mentioned to Samuel Burnell in said Pump & Well; the west part of the great House being included in the last described piece of land, be it understood that the fire place & chimney leading therefrom through the ridge of the East, and adjoining to the chimney of the east part of said house, is hereby meant to be included in said Jemima's part of said house, and also, that the said Jemima has free and undisturbed liberty at all times to pass & repass in and out at the front door, and up and down the front stairs, to and from her said west part of the house, and also to have free liberty to pass and repass, and to own one half of, the road or passway, assigned for that purpose at the front of said house, it beginning on the East side of the front door, and running upon a right angle line from the house eight feet three Inches, and extending South $\frac{d.}{78.}\ \frac{m.}{45}$ West, upon a parallel line with the front of the house forty two feet three Inches or quite out to the West Street; all which, together with her paying to Jonathan and Barker Burnell fourteen dollars and twenty cents, as awarded by us, is her proportion, or one fifth part of said Estate. ——————

Next, the aforesaid Samuel Burnell shall have, beginning at the North East corner of the East described piece, and running thence on the North line of the tract North $\frac{d.}{78.}\ \frac{m.}{45}$ East twenty two feet eight Inches thence South $\frac{d.}{33.}\ \frac{m.}{30}$ East seventy three feet five inches, thence South $\frac{d.}{78.}\ \frac{m.}{45}$ West forty feet three inches, thence eight feet three inches on a right angle line to the house included within the lines, which comes to the East Side of the front door, thence on a line with the front of the house to the South West corner of the East part of the Great house thence upon a streight line directly through the house North $\frac{d.}{11.}\ \frac{m.}{15}$ West Sixty eight feet two inches to the first bound, containing Nine rods and sixteen Hundredths of a rod, together with all the buildings and fences thereon standing; and also, the said Samuel shall have and own one third of the Pump & Well of Water, standing on the premises, with free liberty to pass & repass to and from said Pump and fetch

Water therefrom, without any let or hindrance, and also the said Samuel is to quietly surrender up the privileges of the front door and front stairs, and also of the Chimney, as abovementioned to Jemima Burnell, and the Sd Samuel is to have and enjoy the same privilege in the passway at the front of the house as is assigned to Jemima Burnell, all which, together with his paying unto Deborah Meader Eighty Nine Dollars and Sixty cents, and unto Jonathan & Barker Burnell twenty dollars & sixty cents, as awarded by us, is his proportion, or one fifth part of said Estate. ———

Next the aforesaid Jonathan and Barker Burnell shall have part and part alike, beginning at the North Easterly corner of Samuel Burnells piece, and running thence on the North line of the tract N 78° 45m East forty feet seven inches, thence South 36° 45m East one hundred and twenty seven feet nine inches, which line is on the West side of the main road or high way, that leads from the main street through Newtown Gate, and is as the said road or highway runs thence South 72° 15m West forty three feet one inch, thence North 37° 30m West fifty five feet five inches, thence North 33° 30m West seventy three feet five inches to the first bound, containing eighteen rods and seventy eight hundredths of a rod, together with all the buildings and fences thereon standing, and also they are to receive of Jemima Burnell fourteen dollars & twenty Cents, and of Samuel Burnell twenty dollars & sixty cents, which as awarded by us, is their proportion, or one fifth part of said Estate. ———

Next the aforesaid Deborah Meader, shall have, beginning at the Southwesterly corner of the last described piece, & running thence South 72° 15m West seventy feet eleven inches, as the South Line of the whole tract runs. — Thence North 42° 45m West Sixty seven feet eight inches, which is on a line with the street on the west side of the premises, thence North 78° 45m eighty two feet six Inches thence S 37° 30m E fifty five feet five Inches to the first bound, Containing fifteen rods & forty eight hundredths of a rod, together with all the buildings & fences thereon standing, and also, she is to receive of Susanna Elkins thirty two dollars and twenty Cents, & of Samuel Burnell Eighty Nine dollars & Sixty Cents which as awarded by us is her proportion, or one fifth part of said Estate. —

The foregoing being a description & division of all the Real Estate of Lydia Baxter deceased as shewn to us by the heirs, we have hereunto annexed a Plat of the same, for further illustration, & submit the whole to the decision of the Judge. Nantucket 7h 11m 1814.

Benj Bunker
Oleb Mayo
Gideon Folger

We the Subscribers being appointed and duly qualified by Isaac Coffin Esqr. Judge of Probate of Wills &c. agreeably to the warrant hereto annexed, to appraise all the Real Estate of Lydia Baxter late of Nantucket deceased, have attended to that service, & present the following as our returns. Viz —

The dwelling House wherein the deceased lived to live, together with the Land under & adjoining the same, containing fifty seven rods and thirty hundredths of a rod, Fifteen Hundred and Seventy Nine dollars.

The following is the acc^t. of the settlement of the aforesaid Real Estate & the balances that each have to pay & receive as awarded by us —

D^r the Real Estate of Lydia Baxter to the heirs as named — C^r.

Real Estate as appraised --- 1579	Jemima Burnell one fifth	315 80
	Samuel Burnell one fifth	315 80
	Susanna Elkins one fifth	315 80
	Jonath^n & B Burnell one fifth	315 80
	Deborah Meader one fifth	315 80
		1579 00

Dr Jemima Burnell

	$	ct.
To the west end of the house ---	330	00

C^r.

	$	ct.
By her part of the Estate	315	80
" — pay'd Jonath^n & B Burnell	14	20
	330	00

Dr Samuel Burnell

	$	ct.
To the east end of the house —	426	—

C^r.

	$	ct.
By his part of Real Estate —	315	80
" pay'd Deborah Meader	89	60
" — " Jonath^n & B Burnell	20	60
	426	00

Dr Susanna Elkins

	$	ct.
To the North West House	348	—

C^r.

	$	ct.
By her part of Real Estate	315	80
" pay'd Deborah Meader	32	20
	348	00

Dr Jonathan & B Burnell

	$	ct.
To the East piece of Land	281	—
" receive of Jemima Burnell	14	20
" receive of Samuel Burnell	20	60
	315	80

C^r.

	$	ct.
By their part of Real Estate	315	80

Dr Deborah Meader

	$	ct.
To the South west piece of Land	194	—
" receive of Susanna Elkins	32	20
" receive of Samuel Burnell	89	60
	315	80

C^r.

	$	ct.
By her part of Real Estate	315	80

Nantucket 11th. 7^m. 1814

Benj^a. Bunker
Obed Macy
Gideon Coffin

Dr the Estate of Lydia Baxter deceased to the Committee to divide said Estate

To our Services in Measuring, platting setting of and dividing s[d] Estate $ 15

Nantucket 7th 11[mo] 1814. Errors Excepted

Ben[n] Bunker
Obed Macy

We the Subscribers heirs to the Estate of Lydia Baxter late of Nantucket deceased do hereby acknowledge that we were duly notified at the time of the division and partition of s[d] Estate as within named

Nantucket 8th of 11[mo] 1814

Jemima Burnell
Peleg Mitchell
Guardian to the heirs of
Jonathan Burnell the 3[d]
James Bunker
as being the owner of the
within Estate assign[d] to
Susanna Elkins as p Deed
on Record
Sam[l] Burnell
Billy Burnell
Thomas Meader
Deborah Meader

N 78° 45 W 8 42/100 feet 3 84/100 feet

feet 8 in 18

South West House

feet 18 in 18

feet 31.4

feet 4 in 11.6

feet 4 in 11.6

feet 4-2

feet 4-2

feet 4 in 11.6

feet 4 in 12.6

feet 4-2

feet 4-2

feet 4-6

feet 20 in

feet 4-6

feet 4-2

feet 4-2

feet 4-2

rod 3 72/100

ft 61.4

feet 9.4 ft 9.4

rod 4 10/100 feet 67.8

S 22° W 31.27

N 36° 8 W 96/100

Dr The Estate of Lydia Cary (deceased) in ac with

				$	Cts
1814					
Jn	4	To Cash paid	J Halls bill	1	64
		" "	A Hussey	1	60
	6	" do	Simeon Coffin	1	—
		" do	J Hussey's bill	4	17
	9	" "	J Maxeys dr	2	—
	17	" "	H Gardner 3d	8	
	22	" "	W Hero		50
		"	N T Mortons ac	43	61
	27	" "	Proprietors Tax	62	52
	28	" "	Appraisers fees	6	—
July	1	"	Notary for a power to transfer Stock	1	75
		"	Labour in removing rubbage —		50
	9	"	Cleaning House	4	—
	11	"	Sam[l] Cary's bill	37	52
	23	"	N Pinkham Town Tax	40	—
		"	Ingraham Stones	25	—
	28	"	dist[t] on U States Stock	53	40
			Postage on Letters respecting Stock —		75
	30	"	Elisha Raymonds bill	1	95
Aug	9	"	Postage on certificate		50
		"	Cash reserved to pay U S Tax & if not used to be divided	45	—
		"	Judge of Probate fees	11	—
		"	Commission —	50	—
	22		discount made on a note not due till 3d dec[r]	8	88
			Balance — — —	703	56
				$ 791	28 85

The Administrators Cr

June 4	By Cash of R Cary		$ 5 —
	" d^o rec^d for Clothes Pins		" 25
	" Sale of Sheep Marks		58 —
	" 1 Bible not Inventoried		1 —
	" Estate at the Appraisal		6856 78
	" 490 ℔ Wool	75 ¢	367 87
	" Advance on furniture		575 10
	" Interest rec^d on U S Stock		39 85
	" 4 Sheep not Inventoried		12 —
	" Interest on S Cary's Note		11 —
			$ 7926 85

Nantucket 22^d August 1814. —

Nantucket ss. Nantucket December T: 15th A.D. 1814. At a Probate Court held at my Dwelling House this Day the above Account was Presented for Probate, Acceptance, and Allowance, I do Approve and Allow the same and do order the same to be Recorded —

Isaac Coffin —
Judge of Probate —

Errors Excepted —
James Athearn —
Administrator. —

Nantucket 22^d August 1814. —

The undersigned, having examined the above acc^t of administration find it correct and allow the Same. —

Edwd Cary
Saml Cary
Martin J. Morton
Robt Cary —
For Betsey & James Cary } Betsey Cary Guardian
Lucinda Gardner —
For Chas^t Cary } Rob^d Gelston —
For The^s Cary } Benj^a Coffin Atty. —

Dr. Lucinda Gardner to the Estate of Lydia Cary

			$	¢	
1814 June	To 6 Teaspoons			7.	28
	" 1 pr Sugar Tongs			3.	42
	" 1 Silver porringer		24	"	3
	" 1 China bowl		3	"	91
	" 6 China plates		6	"	50
	" 6 Muffins				75
	" 6 plates		1	"	—
	" 5 do				40
	" 6 do		1	"	15
	" 6 do		1	"	10
	" 3 do				50
	" 1 66 dish				55
	" 1 doz Coffee Cups &c		6	"	—
	" 1 pudding dish				90
	" 1 6 6 platter				80
	" 26 pc China		3	"	25
	" 6 Cups & Saucers		1	"	55
	" 1 Wash bowl		1	"	30
	" 1 Coffee pot		1	"	25
	" 1 Castor stand		7	"	25
	" 3 decanters		2	"	30
	" 6 Glasses		2	"	—
	" 9 Iron Spoons				50
	" 1 pr hand Irons		4	"	50
	" 1 pr Tongs & shovel		2	"	25
	" 1 Bed quilt		7	"	—
	" 1 do		3	"	25
	" 1 do		6	"	55
	" 1 Bedspread		6	"	55
	" 1 Blanket		3	"	55
	" 1 do		4	"	75
	" 1 do		4	"	60
	" 1 pr Sheets		6	"	50
	" 1 do		4		8
	" 1 do		4	"	70
			58	"	94

77 19

58 94

13 58 3

July 2
aug 2

	Amount brot up		135.98	
1	1 pr Sheets		7.55	
"	1 " pillow Cases		2.15	
"	1 " do		1.85	
"	1 " do		1.30	
"	1 pr do		1.85	
"	1 " do		1.80	
"	1 " do		95	
"	1 bolster Case		1.35	
"	1 do		1.10	
"	2 do		1.60	
"	1 Table cloth		6.25	
"	1 do		1.85	165 53
"	1 Cotton Napkin		40	
"	1 do		40	
"	1 Table cloth		95	
"	1 do		90	
"	7 Coarse cloths		1.71	
"	1 umbrella		1.65	
"	5 Calico curtains		2.5	
"	1 Cloths brush		45	
"	1 pr Green Chairs		1.75	
"	1 rocking Chair		2.—	
"	1 Tea board		1.40	
"	knives forks & tray		4.75	
"	1 Bureau		3.50	
"	1 Night Chair		2.50	
"	1 looking Glass		13.—	
"	1 Bed		35.—	
"	6 Chairs		6.15	
"	1 Bureau		2.25	
"	1 Bake pan		1.25	
"	1 Pot		2.25	
"	1 Lot of Sundries		1.55	
"	2 pr Dad irons &c		1.85	
"	1 Sieve		1.21	
"	1 high Candlestick		6.35	
"	1 Stove		85	
"	1 Lot of Sundries		2.50	
"	1 hearth brush		75	
"	544 lb wood @ 4/6		40.87	140 34
July 2	" Cash twice			10 —
aug 22	" Cash in full price			466 8/9
				781 95
	By 44 A Eden Cary ⁊ Estate			781 95

Nantucket 22d August 1814 Errors Excepted
James Athearn Administrator

Dr Mr Edward Cary to the Estate of Lydia Cary deceased

1814 June	1 China dish		2.75	
	1 Lot of damaged ware		3.50	
	1 China dish		.75	
	Cups & Saucers		1.60	
	Sundries in a lot		1.40	
	W Mards divinity		50	
	1 Bible		6.—	
	1 desk & book case		24.—	
	1 looking Glass		15.—	
	1 Bed quilt		10.65	
	1 do		3.50	
	1 Bed spread		1.50	
	1 pr Sheets		7.—	
	1 pr do		3.85	
	1 pillow cases		1.5	
	1 Table cloth		3.10	
	1 napkin		.30	
	1 do		.35	
	2 Table Cloths		.80	
	3 linen napkins		1.5	
	1 leathern bottom Chair		4.—	
	1 Clock		45.—	
	3 small looking Glasses		1.50	
	1 Bed		13.—	
	1 Chest		1.—	
	2 lamps		.35	
	6 pewter plates	2.65		156 15
	1 lot of sundry articles	6.25		
	1 lot of do	4.25		
	4 Cows		100.—	
	1 horse		40.—	
	1 do Cart		15.—	
	1 Chaise		10.—	
	54 ℔ Wool	@ 4/6	40.87	
	43 Sheep	18/	129	
				345 37
Aug 22	To Cash in full of all demands			280 43 ½
1814	Signed C			$ 781 95 ½
Aug 22	By ½ of Lydia Cary's Estate			781 95 ½

Dr Sam Cary in Joint Stock Estate of Lydia Cary deceased

1814 June	To	6 Silver Spoons		17.44	
	"	6 plates		1.—	
	"	1 Lot of crockery		1.75	
	"	8 bowls		1.58	
	"	1 Glass tunnel		.50	
	"	1 Tumblers		2..5	
	"	1 Jr Lions		1.5	
	"	Virgin		1.70	
	"	1 pipe Case		5.30	
	"	1 blanket		3.80	
	"	1 do		1.—	
	"	1 Jr Sheets		10.50	
	"	1 pillow case		1.75	
	"	1 do do		1.22	
	"	1 do do		.25	
	"	1 Table Cloth		.65	
	"	1 Napkin		.40	
	"	2 yds Bedticking		2.—	
	"	Basket & waiter		.26	
	"	Family record		2.50	
	"	2 Straw waiters		.47	
	"	1 lot of Sundries		2.50	
	"	1 pr Tongs & Shovel		.50	
	"	1 Chimney glass		55.—	
	"	1 lot of Sundries		2.50	
	"	1 lot of Curtain rods		1.50	120 17
	"	1 demijohn		.50	
	"	1 pewter Cover		3.50	
	"	1 bell metal Skillet		6.75	
	"	1 lot of pork		8.—	
	"	1 lot of rice		1.—	
	"	1 lot of Sundries		2.—	
	"	1 lot of Iron		4.—	
	"	1 lot of Sundries		2.—	
	"	2 bottles		.6	
	"	54 ½ D wood	4/6	40.87	
	"	43 Sheep	18/	129.—	197 68
22	Cash to balance				4 4 10
					£ 78 1 95

Supreme Ct

1814 August 22d By ½ of Lydia Carys Estate 78/95/4

Nantucket 22d day 1814 Errors Excepted

Jane Allearn Administrator

Dr the Heirs of James Cary to the Estate of Lydia Cary decease

1814 June	To 1 Silver porringer		26.19	
	" 1 China bowl		1"75	
	" 1 pr d° dishes		8.25	
	" 1 China pitcher		6"25	
	" 1 Small pitcher		17	
	" 4 Cups & Saucers		80	
	" damaged China		25	
	" do Glass		48	
	" 1 blanket		4.25	
	" 1 do		4.90	
	" 1 pr Sheets		4.50	
	" 1 pillow Case		1.—	
	" 1 do		30	
	" 1 bolster Case		1.22	
	" 1 Napkin		35	
	" 1 Mahogany chairs		3.25	
	" Lot of Sugar & barley		4.45	
	" knives & forks box &c		1.75	
	" 1 brass Lamp		12½	
	" large chest		2.75	
	" 1 bedstead		1"35	
	" 1 Lot of Sundries		3.50	
	" 6 Mahogany Chairs		27.50	
	" 5 Pewter plates		2.39	107 72½
	" 1 Cheese plate		1.50	
	" Sheep mark		15"—	
	" 54 ℔ Do wool @ 75¢		40.87	
	" 43 Sheep	18/	129"—	
	" Certificate of United States Stock for 295 22/100 at 8 pr Cent		236.18	
			422 55	
Augst —	Cash in full proved		$ 530 27½	
			251 68	
			$ 781 95½	

Supra £

22d Dy 1/9 of Lydia Cary's Estate 781 95½

	Amount brot over			118	32
"	1 pr Small dogs		50		
"	1 Lanthorn		60		
"	Sheep Marks		40	—	
"	54 ℔ Wool	75 ¢	40	87	
"	43 Sheep	3 $	129	—	
"	295 23/100 dols United States Stock @ 80 $ ℘ ct		236	19	
				447	16
August	Cash in full to balance			216	47½
				$781	95½

Supra Cr

By ½ of Lydia Cary's Estate ℘r a/c rendered 781 95½

Dr Charles Cary To the Estate of Lydia Cary

1814 June	To 1 Silver Teapot		61	11	
"	1 Goldwatch		25	—	
"	1 looking glass		24	—	
"	1 Bed		54	—	
"	1 Set of Curtains		50	—	
"	1 Bedstead		10	—	
"	1 Trunk		1	30	
"	54½ ℔ Wool	75 ¢	40	87	
"	43 Sheep	1 $	129	—	
"	Certificate of U S Stock 295 23/100 dols @ 80 ℘ ct		236	18	
				631	46
Aug 22	" Cash in full			150	49½
				$781	95½

Supra Cr

By ½ of Lydia Cary's Estate 781 95½

Dr Thomas Cary in Acct with the Estate of Lydia Cary

1814 June	To 1 Soupspoon		9.89
	" 1 pr 3 pence buckles		2.—
	" 1 Watch		22.50
	" 1 China bowl		2.25
	" 4 do dishes		—.50
	" 1 pitcher		.25
	" 1 do		.18
	" 1 China Teaset		12.—
	" 4 do cups		1.—
	" 1 Tureen		1.55
	" 5 bowls		1.40
	" 1 Urine Glass		.78
	" 1 pr decanters		1.40
	" 1 pr Toys		12
	" 1 bible		1.—
	" 1 basket		65
	" 1 Umbrella		1.—
	" 1 pr Sheets		6.50
	" 1 pr do		7.—
	" 1 pr pillow Cases		85
	" 1 Table cloth		5.—
	" 1 Suit of fresh curtains		2.65
	" 1 Chimney Glass		11.25
	" 1 pr Snuffers		25
	" 1 Trunk		30
	" 6 mahog chairs		1.50
	" 1 do arm do		5.—
	" 1 Bedstead		60
	" 1 Coffee mill		1.5
	" 1 pewter tureen		8.5
	" 1 pr Scales		1.—
	" 1 bell metal Skillet		4.55
	" 1 Lot of Sundries		2.—
	" 2 Rain water Casks		2.30
			118 32

Dr Martin T Morton to the Estate of Lydia Cary

1814 June	To 11 Teaspoons		4.33	
	" 1 Silver Nipple		75	
	" 1 China bowl		3.56	
	" 1 L bowl		25	
	" 6 China plates		6.25	
	" 1 C C dish		32	
	" 1 dish		75	
	" 1 C C platter		25	
	" Cups & Saucers		1.30	
	" 1 pitcher		65	
	" Wine Glasses		50	
	" 1 Tea pot		14	
	" 2 Books		1.—	
	" 1 Table		2.—	
	" 1 Easy Chair		9.—	
	" 1 Bed quilt		1.75	
	" 1 Counterpane		7.50	
	" 1 pr sheets		6.—	
	" 1 pr pillow cases		1.—	
	" 1 ditto		30	
	" 1 bolster ct°		80	
	" 1 Table Cloth		90	
	" 1 Key spring		25	
	" 1 Mahog^y chair		4.60	
	" 3 Curtains		5.10	
	" 1 Trunk		1.90	61 15
	" 1 Bed		26.—	
	" 1 Rug		1.15	
	" 1 pr Candlesticks		1.10	
	" 1 Mortar		4.—	
	" 1 lot of baskets		1.—	
	" 1 Tea pot		25	
	" 5 milk pans		1.10	
	" 1 Jug		25	34 85
				96 00

	To Amount brot over				96
	" 1 pot			1 " 35	
	" 1 Chamber mug			14	
	" 1 lot of bottles			2 " —	
	" 54½ ℔ Wool	75 ¢		40 " 87	
	" 43 Sheep	3$		129 " —	
	" Certificate of U S Stock				
	295 22/100 dols 2 80 pr Ct			236 " 18	409 54
Aug 22	To Cash to balance				276 41½
				$	781 95½

Supra E

By 1/9 of Lydia Cary's Estate . . $ 781 95½

Nantucket 22d August 1814.

Errors Excepted

James A Thearn

Administrator

Dr James Athearn To the Estate of Lydia Cary

1814					
June	To	1 Silver duckbill		4 " 72	
	"	1 China bowl		4 " —	
	"	1 ditto		60	
	"	1 Glass globe		1 " 50	
	"	1 pr China dishes		8 " 50	
	"	9 & Col d plates		70	
	"	1 pitcher		70	
	"	1 pr Sauceboats		50	
	"	3 ditto		75	
	"	5 pint mugs		80	
	"	12 Wine Glasses		1 " 20	
	"	3 Glass Sconsers		1 " 5	
	"	1 Set of window blinds		8 " —	
	"	1 Carpet		22 " —	
	"	1 Bed quilt		8 " 10	
	"	1 Blanket		5 " 50	
	"	1 pr Sheets		2 " 50	
	"	1 ditto		4 " 50	
	"	1 pr pillow cases		1 " —	
	"	1 d° d° d°		55	
	"	1 Bolster case		85	
	"	1 looking glass		21 " —	
	"	3 pictures		3 " 60	
	"	3 Window curtains		12 " 50	
	"	1 Trunk		1 " 25	
	"	1 Bed		25 " —	
	"	1 Table		4 " 50	
	"	3 pewter dishes		3 " 55	
	"	2 d° basons		2 " —	
	"	1 Chamber		" 25	
24	"	54 pr D° Wool —	75 ¢ —	40 " 87	
		43 Sheep ad $3 — — — —		129 " —	
Aug		Cash in full —		460 " 41 1/9	781 95 7/9

Supra Cr

By 1/9 of Lydia Cary's Estate pr account rend d $ 781 95 7/9

Copy of Settlement of Richard

		$
To Timothy Folgers bill		17 36
" Prince Gardner's "		48 00
" Isaac Coffin "		5 —
" Josiah Barkers "		3 50
" Obadiah Coffin "		12 —
" Owen Wyer "		4 —
" Postage of Letters from London		1 64
" Timothy Folger's Expences to New York	26 "	
" Balance	1707 70	
	$ 1979 80	

Settlement with Mary Chadwick

		$
To Cash of Timothy Folger		250 —
" postage		1 23
" powers to transfer Insurance Stock		2 —
" Commiss^{r}		2 50
" Exchange on New York	313 50	
	$ 569 23	

In the hands of Timothy Folger Guardian to

Chadwicks Estate

By Cash Received of Abraham Barker	$ 789 35
" Dividends at the Insurance Office . .	64 —
" Sales of Insurance Stock . . .	163 80
" Amnt of Exchange Sold by Comstock & Sawyer	962 65
	$ 1979 80

Widow of Richard Chadwick —

By one third of the above balance $ 56923

Phebe Chadwick . . . . . $ 1138 47

Nantucket November 16th 1814. —

Errors Excepted for

Timothy Folger by his Attorney Benjn Coffin

Nantucket ss. Nantucket December 15th 1814.

At a Probate Court held at my Dwelling House this day, the above Account was Presented for Probate, Acceptance, and Allowance I do Approve and Allow the same and do order the same to be Recorded — Isaac Coffin Judge of Probate.

I Richard Coffin of Sherbourn in the County of Nan-
-tucket In the province of Massachusetts Bay in New England
yeoman being sick & weak of body but through the great goodness and
mercy of God having the free use of my understanding & being of
sound disposing memory & calling to mind ye uncertainty of this life
and knowing it is appointed unto all men once to die do make
& ordain my last will & testament in manner & form as following.—
Imprimis my Soul I recommend to God that gave and my body to be
decently buried by the directions of my hereafter named Execu-
tors — as for such wordly Estate as it hath pleased God
to intrust me with — I will that all the debts that
I shall owe to any person or persons at the time of my decease
shall & truly be paid and discharged within convenient time
by my hereafter named Executors. ———
Item I Give the use of my Dwelling house & other buildings
and all my lands & stocks except what is hereafter excepted
or otherwise disposed of unto my beloved wife Ruth Coffin —
for & during the terms of her natural Life. I also give her all
my household Goods & furniture Except the Clocks. ——
Item I give my Son Barnabas Coffin four Cows Commons upon the
Island of Nantucket with all the privileges to ye Same belonging
after his mothers decease to have to hold to him his heirs
and assigns forever except ye Proportion of my homestead I
also give him one quarter part of all my Shipping or Vessels
with their appurtenances I also give him one quarter part of my share in
ye North wharf. ——
Item. I give to & amongst my three Sons Richard Coffin, Francis Coffin,
& Silvanus Coffin all ye remaining part of my Lands that is
not herein after disposed of or otherwise to be equally divided
among them part & part alike not preferring one before the
other to have & to hold ye Same to them & their heirs & assigns
forever I also give them three quarters of a share in ye North Wharf
and all the remaining part of my Shipping or Vessels & their appurtenances
not herein before disposed of to be equally divided among them
as aforesaid. ——

Item I give my Son Francis Coffin the one half of my homestead & the house he lives in and one half the outhouses shops and Barn one quarter at my decease & the other Quarter at the decease of his mother to have & to hold the same to him his heirs and assigns forever.

Item. I give unto my Son Silvanus Coffin my Dwelling house one half at my decease and the other half at the decease of his mother I also give him one quarter part of my homestead Shops Barn & all other Buildings at my decease and one quarter part of said homestead Shops Barn and Buildings at my decease of his mother to have to hold the same to him his heirs & assigns forever I also give him my Clock and my will is that my Stock shall go with my Land in the Same Proportion as I give my land.

Item I Give unto my Daughter Lydia Anthony one Quarter of an Acre of Land whereon the Dwelling house of my son in Law James Anthony now stands to have and to hold the Same to her her heirs and assigns forever. I also give her one Cows Common upon the Island of Nantucket to have and to hold the same to her her heirs and assigns for ever. I also give her ten pounds Lawful Money to be paid within one year after my decease by my Executors.

Item. I Give unto my daughters Judith Macy Abigail Worth Ruth Folger and y Children of my deceased daughter Phebe Swain allowing them to make an equal with my other daughters to Each of my said daughters I give one Cows Commons on the Island of Nantucket after their mothers decease to have and to hold the Same them their heirs & assigns forever. I also give Every one of my said Daughters Ten Pounds Lawful Money in the Province aforesaid to be paid by my Executors hearin after named within one year after my decease allowing as aforesaid the Children of my said daughter Phebe to Equal with one of my other daughters that their part or what I give them to be equally divided to and amongst said Children of my said deceased daughter Phebe.

Item. All the remaining part of my Estate of what Name & Nature Solver

soever it be I give & bequeath unto my hereafter Named Executors Equally part & part alike not preferring one before the other — And Lastly I Constitute and appoint my three Sons Richard Coffin Francis Coffin and Silvanus Coffin Executors jointly of this my Last will & testament — In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and Seal this Twenty Seventh day of ye second month Called February in ye Eight year of the Reign of George the third of Great Britain & King Annoque one thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty Eight. ——————————

Signed. Sealed Published Pronounced Declared
To be the said Richard Coffin to be his Signed
Last Will & Instrument in presence of us.

Benjamin Coleman
Caleb Stratton Richard Coffin
Benjamin Coffin Seal

A True Copy of ye said Will

Isaac Coffin
Peter May

An Inventary of the Real and Personal Estate of John Gardner Esquire late of Nantucket Sheriff Deceased

	£	s		£	s
o One Silver Tankard	24	00	Boat below brought up	10	5 00
o One Desk	8	—	One Silver Watch	4	00
One large Round Table	1	—	12 Old Flag Bottomed Chairs	1	50
1 Turn down Table	0	50	1 Tin Kitchen	2	00
1 Small Round Table	1	50	1 pair of Tongs Shovel and Bellows	1	00
6 Framed back Chairs	3	00	1 Iron Crane and Hooks	2	00
1 Round back Chair	1	00	o1 pair of Iron Dogs	0	75
1 Feather Bed Bedstead			1 pair of Hand Irons	0	50
Beding and Curtains	45	00	1 Small Homespun Carpet	1	50
1 Feather Bed small	3	00	Iron Pots and Kettles	4	00
1 Looking Glass	1	50	5 Pewter platters 5 Basons 12 Plates & 2 Porringers	4	00
6 Silver Table Spoons	12	00	Crockery Ware	1	50
3 Silver Tea Spoons	1	00	Tin ware	1	50
o1 pair of Shoe Buckles			Scales and Weights	1	00
o Knee Buckles and Stock Pr.	3	50	Boat Carried up	13	025.
Boat Carried up	10	5:00			

	$	.
Boat below brought up	130	25
2 Iron Trammels	1	00
1 Gried Iron	0	50
1 Desk Up Chamber	5	00
1 Looking Glass	1	50
1 Pair of Law draws	0	25
2 Old Bedsteads	1	50
1 Small Table	0	75
Wearing Apparel	10	00
4 Blankets	4	00
2 Coverlets	2	00
2 Quilts	2	00
$.158:75.	$.158	75

An Inventary of the Whole Estate of John Gardner Esqr late Sheriff Deceased taken March 9th & 11th 1812.

He Died January 23^{d} 1812. Aged 89 Years and 2 Months He being the Oldest Man living at that time 89 Years & 2 Months

	$	.
1 Bed & Bedding &c &c	45	00
1 Pair of Large Chest & Bellows	1	00
1 Iron Grate and Hooks	2	00
1 Pair of Hand Irons	0	50
The Crockery Ware	1	50
1 Gried Iron	0	50
1 Looking Glass	1	50
1 Pair of Law Drawers	0	25
$.52.25.		

	Dollars	Cents
Boat below brought up	158	75
1 Bed $20 One Bolster & Pillow (= $12)	32	00
1 Tea Chest and Canister	0	50
1 Case and 5 Bottles	1	00
2 Large Canisters	0	33
Farming Utensils	1	50
1 pair of Calash Wheels	12	00
1 Horse $.20:00	20	00
50 Sheep Common with the priviledges of Squam and South East Chanter at $.50 per Head Common	306	25
20 Acres Meadow in Maxcy	20	00
Seventeen Sheep	42	00
Dwelling House Barn and Land they stand on and Adjoining the Homestead	1000	00
	$.1594	33.

Nantucket March 11th 1812.

Charles Folger
James Coffin
Peter Macy
} Appraisers

Fees $.3:00.

A True Copy Attest Josiah Barker Register

6 Old flag bottomed Chairs
1 Small Round Table 1 50
1 Iron Pot and Kettle
3 plates and 2 Porringers

Copy 25 Cents

6 Plates to J:G: Junr:
1 Silver Spoon

Recorded here by
Isaac Coffin Judge of Probate

I John Gardner of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket and Commonwealth of Massachusetts Cordwainer being of sound mind and disposing memory do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following Viz:

Firstly. I Will and order that all my Just debts shall be paid by my Executors hereafter named: within convenient time after my decease

Item. I give and bequeath unto my beloved wife Jedidah Gardner the whole and Intire use and Income of all my Real and Personal Estate, Excepting such parts as I may hereafter dispose off for and during the time she shall remain my Widow.

Item. I give and bequeath unto my daughter Prisscilla Gardner the use and Improvement of the North West Chamber in my Dwelling House and the privilege of passing to and from the same in and at the front and back doors and a privilege to fetch water from the Pump or Well belonging to the House, and a Convenient place round the House to put her Wood for and during the time that she shall remain Single Woman on Condition, that she shall not rent it to any one, or have it Improved by any other family except it be for the Accommodation of my Wife and Son John Gardner. I also give her Six Chairs I bought of John Woodbury deceased. Also One Bed Bolster and Pillows and Bedding which she now has in her possession, also one looking Glass to her and to her heirs and assigns forever.

Item. I give and bequeath unto my Son John Gardner Junior the Whole of my Dwelling House and Barn, with the Land on which they stand and adjoining the same which belongs to me together with all the fences and out buildings standing thereon and the Pump all of which to be taken into possession at the decease of my Wife, except the North West Chamber which I have before given for my Daughter Prisscilla Gardner as above until her time or right therein shall expire, I also give him my Silver Tankard, and one Silver Spoon, marked with his Initials, I also give him one Bed bolsters and pillows with sufficient bedding to furnish the same, Also one Desk that stands up Chamber, also a privilege to live in the House to him and to his heirs and assigns.

(above)

Item. I give and bequeath unto my Daughters Mary Gardner, Abigail Fitch and Priscillai Gardner, Three fifths of all my ~~Estate~~ Real and Personal Estate that I have not heretofore disposed off to them and to their Heirs and Assigns forever.

Item. I give and bequeath unto my son John Gardner Junior two fifths meaning the whole of my Estate that is the Remainder of my Estate that I have not disposed off as above to him his heirs and Assigns forever.

Lastly. I nominate ordain and appoint my Wife Jedidah Gardner and my Son John Gardner Junior Executors to this my last Will and Testament. In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and Seal this fifth day of May in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Nine.

Signed Sealed and Acknowledged in presence of us by the said John Gardner to be his last Will and Testament.

William Caffin
Paul Mitchell
Josiah Barker

Signed
John Gardner Seal

Taxes $.5:65.

$.7:38

A True Copy from the Probate Record of the Last Will and Testament of John Gardner Esquire Sheriff or Conservator Deceased

John Gardner Esq. Sheriff
Died January 25:: 1812.

An Inventory of the Estate of Andrew Gardner late of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket and Commonwealth of Massachusetts Mariner Deceased, appraised upon Affirmation by us the Subscribers, duly appointed to that Service by the Honourable Isaac Coffin Esquire Judge of the Probate of Wills &c. &c. for the said County of Nantucket. Viz.t.

	Dollars Cents
2/3 of a Dwelling House and 2/3 of about 18. Rods of Land, Barn, and Fences, thereunto belonging situated in said Nantucket, near the Dwelling House formerly owned and occupied by Silas Jones late of Nantucket aforesaid Trader Deceased under the Incumbrance of Dower.	2000 00
1/2 Acre or thereabouts of Meadow Land near the Gardners Burying Ground without fences under an Incumbrance of the Widows Dower	32 00
One Canes Commons with the Priviledges thereunto belonging Under the Incumbrance of the Widows Dower (Phebe Coffin)	38 00
In the Whole	$. 270 00

Andrew Gardner's Estate

Nantucket December 28: 1814.

Appraisers Fees $. 3:00.—

Salaman Coffin
Stephen Chase
Josiah Nutter
} Appraisers

Walter Brock's Last Will and Testament

In the name God Amen. I Walter Brock of Nantucket considering the uncertainty of this mortal life, and being of sound and perfect mind and memory, blessed be Almighty God for the same, do make and publish this my last Will and Testament, in manner and form following Viz.t— I give and bequeath to my son in Law Lindsey Riddell and to his heirs and assigns forever; All my Real Estate, and Personal Estate, wheresoever it may be found on the Island of Nantucket and Elsewhere, and in whatever it may consist. ——— Reserving however to my Wife Judith Brock the use and improvement of the whole of the Estate above mentioned, for and during her Natural (Life)

And I do hereby appoint Lindsey Riddell sole Executor of this my last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former Wills by me made. In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and Seal the Twenty Second day of December in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fourteen. (Signed.) (Signed)

Signed, Sealed, Published and Declared, by the above named Walter Brack, to be his last Will and Testament in the presence of us who have hereunto subscribed our names as Witnesses in the presence of the testator.

Walter Brack L.S.

(Copy)

Josiah Hussey
Gilbert Folger
~~Griffen Barney~~
William Barney

Proved January 5th 1814.

I Francis Gardner of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket and Commonwealth of Massachusetts Yeoman considering the uncertainty of this Life, and that it is ordained for all men once to die and being of sound mind and disposing memory do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following.

Viz. and first I will and order that all the debts that I shall owe to any person or persons, at the time of my decease shall be well and truly paid and discharged within convenient time by my Executors hereafter named, and after my just debts are paid I give and dispose of my Estate and property as follows — I give and devise unto my beloved wife Lucretia Gardner the use and income of all my estate both real and personal during her natural life.

Item I give and devise unto my wife Lucretia Gardners heirs all the household furniture that came to me at the time of our (marriage

marriage after my said Wife Lucretia Gardners decease

Item. I give and devise unto my Children the whole of my estate both real and personal after my said wife Lucretia Gardners decease; part and part alike equally; to wit, Hepsibeth Fosdick Anna Smith, Francis Gardner, Love Whippy, Isaac Gardner and Uriah Gardner, to them their heirs and assigns forevs. and lastly I make, constitute and appoint my my beloved wife Lucretia Gardner my sole Executrix to this my last will and testament; in witness whereof I the said Francis Gardner have hereunto set my hand & seal this twenty second day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and four. —

the day and year above the said Francis Gardner Signed, Sealed and declared the above Instrument to be his last will and Testament. In presence of us. ——————

Francis Gardner (Seal)

Isaac Coffin
Job Chase
Gideon Worth

Be it remembered

That I Tristram Gardner of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket and Commonwealth of Massachusetts Mariner; considering the uncertainty of this mortal life and being of sound and perfect mind and memory blessed be Almighty God for the same do make and publish this my last will and testament in manner and form following that is to say. First. I give and bequeath unto my beloved wife Avis Gardner all my Estate both real and personal during her natural life, to her and to her disposal; Secondly, that any Estate remain after the decease of my said beloved wife Avis Gardner, I do hereby give and bequeath the same equally to & among my Children viz Tristram Gardner,

William Gardner, John Gardner, Avis Gardner, and Sally Gardner; part and part alike, to them & their assigns forever.

And lastly I do hereby appoint my said beloved wife Avis Gardner Sole Executrix of this my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by me made. In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the twenty first day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand Eight Hundred & seven.

Signed, Sealed, published, and declared by the above named Tristram Gardner to be his last will and testament in the presence of us, who at his request and in his presence have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses to the same

Tristram Gardner Seal

Wyer Swain
Charles Hussey
Benjamin Bery Gardner

Benjamin Swift

Benjamin Swift

Benjamin Swift's Children

Dr: The Children of Benjamin Swift to Elizabeth Swift

To Board of Alexander S Swift from July 18th 1803. To October 18th 1815. at $1 Dollar per Week 63 Weeks	$ 63 00
To Boarding Ann Swift from July 18th 1803 .. To October 18th 1815. 63 Weeks at $1:00 pr Week	63 00
To Boarding Eliza Ann Swift 63 Weeks at $1:00	63 00
To Cloathing and Shoeing Alexander S: Swift Ann Swift and Eliza Ann Swift Twelve Years at 150 Dollars per Year	1800 00
To Cloathing and Outfits for Alexander S: Swift to fit him out Round Cape Horn for a Whaling Voyage and for Sundries	80 00
Contra	$ 3791 00
Nantucket October 30th 1815.	
Cr: By Cash Received of Isaac Coffin	$ 150:00
By Cash Received of Isaac Coffin	11:48
Nantucket October 30th 1815.	$ 161:48 161:48
Cr: Errors Excepted Elizabeth Swift	

An Inventory of the Estate of Zacheus Macy late of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket & Commonwealth of Massachusetts Yeoman deceased — Appraised upon oath by us the Subscribers duly appointed to that Service by the Honble Isaac Coffin Esqr Judge of Probate of Wills &c. for s^d County — viz

Personal Estate

1 Chevy Desk	$ 7.00	Amount brot forward	105 45
1 d^o round Table	2.00	~~1 Tea Kettle & Coffee Pot~~	~~1 50~~
1 black walnut Stand	.50	~~1 Tea Pot~~	
1 d^o large round Table	2.00	1 large pewter platter	2 40
1 Pine Table square	.50	3 d^o d^o basons	2 00
1 Looking glass	2.00	6 pewter plates	.80
6 Green round back chairs	3.00	18 green edged plates	1 50
6 flag bottom Chairs	1.00	12 small blue edged d^o	60
1 feather bed Bolster & Pillows		6 plates Phil^a ware	50
bed stead & bed furniture	50.00	½ doz cups & saucers	2 00
1 feather bed bolster & pillows	12.00	3 pint bowls earthen	.25
2 blankets 1 Coverlid & 2 Quilts one d^o	8.00	½ doz small plates	30
1 Bed stead	.50	1 pr small brass candlesticks	75
1 Small homespun Carpet d^o	.50	2 Tea pots (earthen) 1 pitcher	1 50
1 pr hand Irons, Shovel, Tongs & 1 pr bellows	2.00	2 glass salt cellars	.25
1 Crane & hooks	1.50	½ doz wine glasses	25
2 low flag bottom Chairs	.25	3 small Pots	25
1 large round Mapple Table d^o	.75	1 Tin Cullendar 2 Coffeepots & Tea pot	1 50
1 Small d^o d^o	.20	5 pewter sporingers	.50
1 Sink	1.00	1 Small Tin Kitchen	2 00
4 Pots (Iron) & 1 bake pan	5.00	3 Tin Pans	50
1 Small Iron kettle 1 Iron Ladle & one ring	1.50	6 d^o Plates	25
1 large Kitchen Grain	2.50	2 d^o Porringers	12
1 Toasting Iron 1 pr Steelyards	1.25	3 large silver Table spoons	3 00
1 Lanthorn	.50	9 small d^o Tea d^o	2 00
Amount Carried forward	$ 105.45	Sundry milk room furniture Tubs boxes &c &c	2 00
		Amount Carried forward	$ 129 67

Amount brot forward	$ 129 67	Amount brot forward	319	17
2 doz knives & forks	2 00	Sundry farming utensils	28	50
1 Floor brush	25	1 Calash & Ladders	35	00
1 large brass kettle	8 00	1 dc	15	00
1 Tin Pail	25	1 dc	30	00
1 green armed Chair	50	3 Sets of Harness	6	00
½ doz bough back dc	4 50	1 Horse	45	00
½ doz square back dc	6 00	1 dc	50	00
1 Square Cherry Table	3 00	1 dc — sold	39	00
1 Stand dc	2 00	1 Cow — sold	40	00
1 Case drawrs	3 00	1 do old	10	00
1 flag bottom Chair & cushion	1 00	1 dc young	25	00
		1 Calf	8	00
1 small homespun carpet	2 00	45 Sheep	135	00
2 blue & white Coverlids	14 00	Corn	55	00
1 Checked Coverlid	2 00	3 Hogs	30	00
4 Calico Quilts	35 00		$ 872	67
1 Cotton Counterpane	5 00	Sundry old Books	1	00
4 homespun blankets	10 00	Amount of Personal Estate	$ 873	67
1 Small English dc	1 50	Real Estate viz		
7 prs Sheets	12 00	Dwelling House & eighteen rods Land under & adjoining the same with outhouses standing on said Land	500	66
5 dc Linen Pillow Cases	3 75			
3 dc Callico dc	1 50			
1 dc Bolster Case	1 00			
9 Napkins	2 25	one mow lot about 560 rods	420	00
1 Diaper Tablecloth	2 50			
1 prs Iron Dogs	75	a piece of salt meadow at the head of manomoy meadow	15	00
1 large feather Bed, Bolster & Pillows	40 00			
1 Bed spread, Bedstead & under bed	7 00	whole amount	$ 1875	33
1 Small Feather bed & Bed Furniture	15 00	Nantucket Jany 11th 1815.—		
1 Trunk	1 00	George Pollard		
1 Spinning Wheel & Reel	1 00	James Barnard		Appraisers
1 Small Bedstead	25	Benj[n] Gardner		
1 prs Dress bed Curtains	1 50			
	$ 319 17			

We the Subscribers being appointed by the Honourable Isaac Coffin Esq.r Judge of Probate for the County of Nantucket to Inventory and appraise the Estate of Joseph Brown late of Nantucket Decear.d Reports as follows Viz.t

	$
The New Store with the Land it stands on and adjoining being the 24.th Share called Bochdchico	250 00
a Tract of Land in that part of the Town called Egypt containing about Two hundred & Ten rods whereon stands three Dwelling Houses & other buildings	315 00
The New House on the East Side of s.d Land	1300 00
the d.o House and s.d Tract Barn and Cist	1500 00
the Western House unfinished	500 00
one half the the Twine factory & all the Tools belonging	180 00
The dwelling House bought of Brown Coffin	600 00
one hundred & Sixty rods of Swamp near Wm. Ellis bought of Valentine Hussey	8000
one share in the New South wharf	
forty sheep common	200 00
Six Shares in Union Insurance Office	600 00
1/16 of the Ship Rebecca	800 00
one Clock	40 00
one desk $6 one looking glass $12	18 00
one square Table $3 Pembroke d.o $3	6 00
one stand $2 Easy Chairs $8	10 00
brass handirons $8 . Seven Table Chairs Mahogany $5	13 00
Six green chairs $3.50 Bible $1.50	5 00
five books $4 Bed Bedding & Bedstead $35	39
large square Table $2.50 high candlestick $1	3 50
Crockery in Milk room	5 00
Tin ware $2.50 Small looking glass $2	4 50
Dressing Table $1 Iron handirons $1	2 00
	$ 11556 00

Tongs & Shovel $1.50 bellows $0.50 — 2 00
2 Trammels $1 Looking glass in the west room $7 8 00
1 Desk $7 one Pembroke Table in the west room $3 10 00
1 Dining Table $3 Six Table Chairs 2 arm do — 8 00
1 Soffha $5 Floor Carpet $12 Two Sewers $3 20 00
China $5 Glass ware $2 — — 7 00
12 large Silver Spoons $18 6 do $12 30 00
1 Silver Soup Spoon $3 2 pepper casters $10 13 —
12 Silver Tea Spoons & Sugar Tongs 7 —
1 Plated Tea Pot $4 One round Mahogany Table $2 6 —
12 Fiddle back chairs $6 one bureau $2 8 —
1 bed bedding curtains & bedstead in west chamber $10 — — 50 —
4 Calico bed quilts $18 — Two blue & white Coverlets $16 — — — 34 —
4 homespun blankets $8 — 8 —
Small bed, bedstead & bedding — — 15 —
1 Chaise $120 one Horse $35 — — 155 —
1 Cow $10 — 10 Sheep & seven Lambs $48 50 —
1 Calash & Tackling $35 one do Calash $11 46 —
Hoe, rake, Shovel & Pitch forks — 1 —
2 pots 2 bake kettles, Dish kettle one brass kettle — — 6 —
490 —
11556 —
Nantucket August 13th 1811 120460

Appraisers fees $4.50

James Coffin
Silvan Coleman
Charles Folger

Copy of Inventory

Memorandum of property belonging to Lucretia Stratton
and carried into the house of Francis Gardner

Six boxes of sugar weighing at least 22 Cwt. which sold at 17 pr Cwt ——— $374.00

two good feather beds, with pillows, bolsters, and bedding answerable
one high post bedstead with curtain
one low post bedstead
one dining table
one tea table
one large looking glass
one Desk
twelve dining chairs
two, armed chairs
one large easy chair
one low chair and cushion
one pair of new brass hand irons
one do — do shovel & tongs
one do — do brass spout bellows
one new warming pan
one pair brass candlesticks
two Iron pots
one baking pan
one gridiron
three Iron candlesticks
one tin kitchen, with spit &c
one doz. table knives & forks
half doz. tea knives & forks
one pewter (half gallon) bason
one milk pot — Brittania metal
one good silver watch
two silver table spoons
eight silver tea spoons
one doz. China teacups & saucers
one China teapot
" " water pot
" " sugar pot
" " milk pot
" " slop bason

4 doz. large dining plates
one doz. do Soup plates
eighteen small pudding plates
one doz. coffe cups and saucers
half doz. teacups and saucers
two large wash basons
two large water pitchers
one large blue & white meat dish
two other large meat dishes
one large pudding dish
six basons — pint & quart
one block tin tea pot
one earthen tea pot
two tin tea cannisters
two coffee pots
One large earthen tureen & soup spoon
two Jappan'd servers
one doz. wine glasses
one doz. glass tumblers
two large quart tumblers
two glass salt cellars
two decanters
four square bottles
six canna do
one large earthen pot
one pair scales and weights
two cedar washing tubs
one do keeler
two kegs
two clothes baskets
one large meal trough
two clothes trunks

one large clothes chest
two good diaper table cloths
two common table cloths
six good napkins
six do towels
one good axe
one hammer
one Iron bason
one do Jug kettle
two flat irons
one coffee mill

John Starbuck's Commons Cows 9 2/3 Sheep

No.

Cows Commons with the usual Privileges
House Lot only excepted

8	1	Ditto	To Charles Folger Junr	at	$ 41.00
8	1	Ditto	To Charles Folger Junr	at	41.00
8	1	Ditto	To James Bakes	at	42.00
8	1	ditto	To Shuball Coffin	at	41.00
8	1	ditto	To Shubael Coffin	at	42.50
8	1	ditto	To Shubael Coffin	at	45.50
6	6 2/3	Sheep	To James Bakes	at	40.00
54 2/3					
8	1	Cows Commons with the Planting Lot			
10		Stocking right only Zaccheus Hussey			33.50
72 2/3		10 Sheep Commons with the Usual Privileges in Reversion to Uriah Folger			29.00
					$ 355.50

Nantucket June 23d: 1812.— Posted to Sales Book June 23d: 1812
Samuel Coffin's Deed to Jonathan Burnell
is recorded in the County Records in Book No 8
and Page 287.

Sold at Vendue by Benjamin Gardner Auctioneer
Sold June 23d: 1812.

Memorandum of the Property belonging to the Estate of Edward Cary Senior late of Nantucket Ropemaker Deceased which was set off to his Widow Lydia Cary Deceased —

N.o 1. Half the Farm at Squam and half the Salt Meadow at the Head of the Harbour and half the Salt Meadow at Pocomoo with the Buildings and Fences; & 4 Sheep Commons — 32 Dollars 1725 Dollars 1757 —

for Edward Cary

N.o 2. Half the Farm at Squam, half the Salt Meadow at the head of the Harbour and half the Salt Meadow at Pocomoo with half the Barn Buildings and Fences; And Four Sheep Commons $.32

for Robert Cary $.1725 1757 —

N.o 3. North Half of the House, with the North Garden and Half of the Out buildings and Fences Dollars 1500

for Charly Cary Thirty Two Sheep Commons at $.8 $ 256 1756 —

N.o 4. South Half of the Mansion House and one Half of the Out buildings and Fences — $.1200

70. Sheep Commons at $.8 per Sheep — 560 1760 —

N.o 5. for Samuel Cary

5. South [illegible] Garden and Fences $.1160

75 Sheep Commons at $.8:00 — 600 1760 —

For James Atheans Wife

N.o 6. West Garden and Barn and Fences $.740

127 Sheep Commons at $.8:00 — 1016 1756 —

For Betsey Cary and James Cary —

N.o 7. 1/3 of the Ropewalk and Land $.750

The New Lane Lot and Fences $.1100 1850 —

For Martin L. Morton and Wife

N.o 8. For Thomas Cary 209. Sheep Commons Dollars 1672 1672 —

Thomas Cary $. $.14068

	Dollars		
Land & Mansion House	4600	N.o 4. Exceeds	1:50
Farm & Salt Meadow	3450	N.o 5. Exceeds	1:50
New Lane Pasture	1100	N.o 7. Exceeds	91:50
Ropewalk & Land	750		$.94:50
521. Sheep Commons	4168		
	$.14068		

	Dollars Cents
N.o 1. Short	$.1:50
N.o 2. Short	$.1:50
N.o 3. Short	$.2:50
N.o 6. Short	$.2:50
N.o 8 Short	$.86:50
	$.94:50

Reconciled 16th January 16: 1815. One Eighth is $.1758:50

16th January 1815. Reconciled here

A Copy of a Paper which was produced in the Supreme Judicial Court in Boston in the Twelfth month in the year of our Lord one Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirteen.

December A:D. 1813.

We the subscribers proprietors in the common and undivided land on the Island of Nantucket beg leave respectfully to represent that it is with regret we are informed, that the report of the committee on the petition of Richard Mitchell and others for partition, will be opposed by a certain number of persons whom we are fully convinced are not well informed, on the subject, and others are actuated from ill founded prejudices, and a deep spirit of party, we lament that such a spirit, prevails, but we trust it will never be permitted to impede the current of justice; we would furthermore beg leave respectfully to state that the measures which have been adopted to obtain subscribers remonstrating against said report are quite incompatible with our ideas of consistancy or propriety— we would further add that the committee appointed to make partition have had sufficient time and opportunity to make themselves fully acquainted with the quantity as well as the quality of the common and undivided lands.

And that in dividing and setting off the same they have acted with a due regard to justice and impartiality, and we are fully persuaded that the committee acted judiciously in setting off the land in a remote place where it will less interfere with the subscribers and the remaining proprietors than any other spot which they could have selected;— The above statement and representation is respectfully submitted to the consideration of the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court to whom the report above named is made returnable.—

Nantucket 11th m: 27th 1813. here follows a list of the signers.—

George Brown — Paul Coggeshall — Josiah Barker
Tristram Bunker — John Brock Junr. — George Mynick
Charles Gardner — Obed Fitch — James J. Coffin
Matthew Mynick — Nathaniel Barnett — Samuel Riddell
David Hyham Giles — James Athearn
George Russell — John Swain
This Paper Recorded here January 16th A:D. 1815.— Thomas Miller — Henry Riddell
David Mynick — Elisha Starbuck
Owen Folger — Robert Folger
William Cobb — Francis Jay & Son

Seal

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. ——

Nantucket ss. To Edward Brawn one of the Administrators on the Estate of Joseph Brawn late of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket Sailmaker deceased. —— Greeting. —

You The said Edward Brawn is hereby cited to appear before me the subscriber Isaac Coffin Esquire Judge of the probate of Wills &c. &c. within and for the County of Nantucket, at my Dwelling House in Nantucket aforesaid on Thursday the Fifteenth day of December, In the year of our Lord one Thousand Eight Hundred and Fourteen. At Two of the Clock in the Afternoon; then and there to Render an account of your administration on Oath; and the said heirs of the said Joseph Brawn Deceased and all others concerned are also hereby cited likewise to appear before me, at the same time and place to hear the Accounts or Accounts, which may be then and there exhibited and to offer what they may have to object against the same. —— Given under my hand and seal at Nantucket aforesaid the Twelfth day of December in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fourteen.

Nantucket December 12th 1814. —— (Signed) Isaac Coffin Judge of Probate for the County of Nantucket

(Copy) To Jeremiah Lawrence Esquire Sheriff of the County of Nantucket —— Greeting.

You will serve the above citation on the above named Edward Brawn, and make due return of this precept to me the subscriber as soon as may be Given under my hand and seal at Nantucket aforesaid the Day and year above written. —— Isaac Coffin Judge of Probate

Nantucket ss. Nantucket December 14th 1814. By Virtue of this precept to me directed I have notified the within named Edward Brawn to appear at the time and place and for the purposes above named by reading this precept to him in his presence and hearing per.

Fees for Service 0:25 — (Signed) — Jeremiah Lawrence Sheriff —

Mr. Edward Brown —— Nantucket January 7th: 1815. ——

Present. ——

Sir.— You did not appear before me on the fifteenth day of last month agreeable to my citation duly served on you by Jeremiah Lawrence Esquire Sheriff of the County of Nantucket, neither did you appear at the Probate Court held at my Dwelling House in Nantucket on Thursday last, the fifth day of January Instant A:D. 1815. And shew cause why you should not be discharged neither did you render your accounts to me nor did you make any excuse to me why you did not, therefore your not complying in any part of the orders decrees and sentences of this Court is sufficient cause for my discharging you

You are therefore hereby discharged from being an Administrator on the Estate of your Father Joseph Brown late of Nantucket Sail maker deceased, and your Mother Susanna Brown hath been duly appointed in your place and stead, and you are hereby ordered and directed to deliver up to her or to her order, all the Books, Papers and Documents in your possession, belonging to the Estate of the said Joseph Brown dec'd, from Sir, your most obedient servant. ——

Mr. Edward Brown } Isaac Coffin Judge of Probate
Present. Nantucket. } for the County of Nantucket.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. ——

Nantucket ss. To Mrs. Susanna Brown Widow of Joseph Brown late of Nantucket within the County of Nantucket Sailmaker deceased and Lawful Administratrix on the Estate of the said Joseph Brown Deceased. Greeting.

Seal

You are hereby directed to receive and keep to yourself for your own use out of the Personal Estate of the said Joseph Brown Deceased all your wearing apparel, Jewels, and Trinkets, which you have been in the habit of wearing or using and five Hundred Dollars amount you to take your choice at the Appraisment thereof in the Inventory of said Estate, which shall not be considered as Assets in your hands, but shall be allowed you in your Account of Administration, and this shall be your sufficient Warrant for so doing. Given under my hand and seal at said Nantucket the Fourteenth day of January, In the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifteen. ——

1815. Also January 14th 17th: 1815.. Isaac Coffin Judge of Probates of Wills
Nantucket January 14: 1815. ——— for the County of Nantucket.

An Inventory and Appraisal of the Real Estate whereof Joseph Brown late of Nantucket died, seized and possesed of — Viz —

The Store standing on Number twenty four of the Bocachica Shares, together with Land under and adjoining the same, belonging thereto —	$ 2000 00
A tract of Land in that part of the Town called Egypt containing one Hundred & eighty eight rods and an quarter, whereon Stands three dwelling houses and other buildings —	360 —
The new house on the east side of said Land, together with twenty one rods and three quarters of a rod of Land	91 75
The old mansion house on sd Tract, Barn & Cribs	1000 —
The western house on said Tract not finished —	350 —
One half the twine factory standing on sd tract —	140 —
One hundred and sixty rods of Swamp near Wm Ellis's	80 —
One Share in the new south wharf —	30 —
Forty Sheep Commons, with the privileges of 8 Equarters Squam, Coetue, Maddekit swamp, Peat Swamp, & Beach Shares laid out —	275 —
	5752 50

We the subscribers being appointed and duly qualified by Isaac Coffin Esqr Judge of Probate of Wills &c to Inventory & appraise the Real Estate, whereof Joseph Brown late of Nantucket died seized & possesed of have performed that service according to the foregoing as set forth.

And also to set off to Susanna Brown the said deceased's widow her right of dower or thirds, which we have performed agreeably to the warrant hereto annexed, in the following manner — Viz —

the said Susanna Brown shall have beginning, at the North East corner of the tract of land whereon the mansion house of the deceased now stands, and running westerly as the street or highway runs, on the North side of the territory two rods and one half of a rod, thence southerly on a right angle with the north line seven rods and ten elevenths of a rod, thence on a right angle line

three rods or to the line on the East side of said tract, together with the dwelling house, fences & other buildings thereon standing, containing twenty one rods and three quarters of a rod, be the same more or less. — And also one half the Store which belonged to the deceased, standing on the Boţachia Share number twenty four, together with one half the Land under and adjoining belonging thereto

Frans. Macy
Obed Macy
Charles Folger

Nantucket Eleventh day of the first month One thousand Eight Hundred and Fifteen

Fees $4-50

Nantucket January 11th 1815.

Nantucket ss. At a Probate Court held at my Dwelling House this Twenty Sixth day of January A. D. 1815. I have examined the foregoing report of the Committee who were appointed by me for to set of the Widows Dower in the Estate of Joseph Brown late of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket Sail Maker Deceased, and I do approve allow and accept of the Same and I do direct that a Record be made thereof on the Probate Records. —— Isaac Coffin Judge of Probate for the County of Nantucket

Nantucket January 26th A. D. 1815.

We the Subscribers being duly appointed by the Hon.ble Isaac Coffin Esq.r Judge of the Probate of Wills, &c. to appraise the Real Estate of William Macy late of Nantucket deceased, and set off to Jedidah Macy widow of said deceased her right of dower therein, Do Inventory & appraise the same in the following manner.

Viz.t

	$	¢
Three quarters of the Dwelling House & land adjoining, with the buildings thereon, appraised & valued at Two hundred & fifty dollars	225	00
Barth & Six rods of land, with hogs pen & fence &c Valued at Three hundred & Six Dollars	306	00
Stove & eight rods of land, valued at Seven Hundred Dollars	700	00
Swamp lot, One Hundred & Twenty rods, One Hundred & Eighty Dollars	180	00
Swamp lot, Twenty rods, valued at Sixty Dollars	60	00
Burnt Swamp lot, Seven Acres, Four Hundred & Twenty Dollars	420	00
Lot by Sheep pen Two Acres, Three Hundred & Eighty dollars	380	00
One hundred and fifty Sheep's Commons, One Thousand & Sixty Dollars	1060	00
Half a Share in the do South Wharf, Two hundred dollars	200	00
One fifth of a Share in Straight Wharf, One hundred dollars	100	00
One sixth of a Share in do North Wharf, One hundred & twenty dollars	120	00
Meadow at Malaket, Ninety three dollars Seventy five cents	93	75
Fifty two & half rods meadow land, between the two rope walks Valued at One Thousand & Ninety two dollars	1092	—
Fourteen rods of land by James Carter Lights, Three hundred & fifty dollars	350	—
Meadow or house lot by Benj.a Gliders, One hundred & sixty five dollars	165	00
Half the lot by John Worths, Valued at one hundred dollars	100	—
Half the lot at Capaum, Valued at Eighteen dollars, Seventy five cents	18	75
One hundred & fifty Sheep's Commons in Beach Shares laid out in 1805 Seventy five dollars	75	—
Dollars	7670	50

The whole amounting to Seven Thousand Six hundred & Seventy Dollars and

and fifty cents, the one third of which is Twenty five hundred fifty
Six dollars & eighty three Cents, widows dower or third part therein, and
out of the above Real Estate we assign & Set off to Jedidah Macy her
share or dower as follows. Viz^t. The East half of the Dwelling house
and land that the deceased by Will had of Seth Macy with all
the privileges & appurtenances to the same belonging. The west
front room, back room, Porch & porch Chamber, the porch cellar,
three quarters of the Cistern, three quarters of the Pump & Well,
all the land in front of the house, saving that part which is hereafter set
off to Lydia Macy, also we set off to her all the land to the westward of
the house the said deceased by Will had of Seth Macy, with the fences,
and buildings standing thereon, also, One half of the Garden which derived to
the s^d William Macy & Lydia Macy from their father, all which is not
set off to the said Lydia, also all the fire places Closets, (fire place in
the cellar) in that part of the house assigned & set off as above with
the privileges & appurtenances to the same belonging, also the front
entry, front entry Stairs, the Chamber entry over them, the back chamber
Stairs, with a privilege to pass up & down the Garret Stairs & through
all the passage ways leading to them, up & down the Scuttle Stairs to the
top of the house, also a privilege to pass from the Porch door round the house
at the West end, to & from the pump & well, also to the Cistern, Necessary, Wood
House & Garden, also a privilege to pass from the front door on the land adjoining the
House, to & from the pump, also a privilege to pass up & down the Cellar Stairs
to the porch cellar, & through the west cellar to the cellar fire place, also
all the north roof for the purpose of catching rain water — Reserving in the
above premises, the rights and privileges assigned to Lydia Macy; all of
which Premises and Privileges we value & appraise at Two Thousand,
two Hundred and fifty dollars ——————
Also we assign and set off to Jedidah Macy, the Barn & land under round
and adjoining the same, with the hogspen, fences, privileges and appur-
-tenances to the same belonging & standing thereon, which we value at Three
hundred and Six dollars, also reserving the right of conveying the Smoke
from the boiler into the Chimney or fire place in the Cellar, also reserving
the Iron Stove in the west front room, it belonging to Anna Mitchell
-also the manure in the Barn yard — making in the whole Two Thousand
five

five hundred and fifty six dollars, being her full third of dower therein.

Nantucket 1mo 23. 1814

Abisha Bunker
Gilbert Coffin
Josiah Barker

We the Subscribers appointed & impowered by the annexed warrant to sever the Estate of William Macy deceased, from others Interested with him, in an undivided situation, having found that Lydia Macy is part owner of the dwellinghouse & land under & adjoining it to the westward of the said House, lately occupied by the said deceased, & having made division & partition between them, do assign and set off to Lydia Macy her share or part therein in manner & form following; after giving timely notice to the parties. Viz.t

The west front chamber, the west middle chamber, the North west chamber the chamber or passway leading to the Garret Stairs, the West part of the Garret as far East as the West side of the chimney, also the west Cellar, one quarter of the Cistern, one quarter of the Pump & Well, also a piece of land in front of the House, beginning at the South West corner of the House extending to the Eastward by the same Ten feet, from thence on a right angle line to the Street, from thence on the line of the Street as far West as the East side of the pump casing, from thence to the corner of the House, on Condition that she nor her heirs & assigns shall not ever place or put any thing on the said piece of land which will tend to or obstruct the light of the South front window in the Smallest degree, also we set off to her a piece of land adjoining & to the Eastward of the Wood House, beginning at the South East corner of the said wood house, extending to the Eastward on a parallel line with the North Street, Thirteen feet, and to be Twelve feet four inches wide the whole distance, also one half of that part of the Garden which came to them from their father, beginning at the South East Corner of the Garden extending to the Northward on the East line of the same Thirty five feet, from thence to the Westward on the division line agreed to by their Mother and Uncle as will appear by Deed executed in 1765,

Twenty

Twenty two feet Six Inches, from thence on a parallel line with the East line to the South main Street, from thence to the first mentioned bound, also we assign and set off to her the privileges of passing in and out of the front door to the pump & street through the front entry up & down the front Stairs, into the West front Chambers, up & down the back chamber Stairs, Garret Stairs, Scuttle Stairs to the top of the house, through the porch in & out of the West porch door, with a privilege to pass to & from the pump from the porch door round the West end of the house, also a privilege to pass to the Garden and piece of land set off to her at the east end of the Wood house also to & from the cistern, also to pass through the porch, back room to the cellar Stairs, up & down the Cellar Stairs, also we set off to her all the fire places & closets in the Chambers allotted ~~to~~ her, also one half of the South Roof to catch rain water with the Spouts thereto belonging - Also all the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging - reserving to Jedidah Macy the right & privileges assigned and set off to her in the above premises - we also assign and set off to Lydia Macy the use of the boiler in the West Cellar - it is to be understood that the said Lydia is to have the use of the west half of the whole of the South front roof - the above is considered by us as being her full right or share therein - five words Interlined before Signing -

Nantucket 1mo 23d. 1815 -

Abisha Bunker
Gilbert Coffin
Josiah Barker

Nantucket ss. At a Probate Court held at my Dwelling House this Twenty Sixth day of January A.D. 1815 - I have examined the foregoing report of the Committee and do approve and Accept the same, and direct a Record thereof to be made on the Probate Records -

Isaac Coffin Judge of Probate -

Nantucket January 26th 1815. - for the County of Nantucket -

An Inventory of the Estate of Francis Gardner late of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket yeoman deceased — appraised under oath by us the Subscribers appointed by the Hon.ble Isaac Coffin Esq.r Judge of Probate of Wills for s.d County.

Personal Estate viz

		$	¢
1	Maple Desk	3	00
1	d.o Turn down Table	1	50
1	large Looking Glass	10	00
1	Maple Table	2	25
6	dining Chairs	4	50
1	green armed Chair		75
1	old flagbottom armed do & Cushion		75
1	Easy Chair	7	00
2	low flag bottom Chairs		50
1	small Square Maple Table		75
1	Warming Pan	1	50
1	fire set brass	7	00
1	pr bellows		75
1	crain & hooks	1	50
1	old Silver watch	6	00
1	homespun Carpet	8	00
1	Pipe box		6
1	bed, bed furniture curtains & bedstead	53	00
1	pr window curtains		33
1	Looking glass large	4	50
1	d.o d.o small	2	00
1	black walnut desk	3	00
1	large round Table d.o	1	50
9	red flag bottom Chairs	3	00
6	brown do do	1	50
6	black d.o d.o	2	00
1	high Candlestick	1	50
1	old warming pan		75
1	pr d.o bellows		33
1	Iron fire set	1	50
1	Crain	2	00
Amount Carried forward		$ 132	72

		$	¢
Amt brought forward		132	72
1	Glass Lanthorn	1	00
1	old maple Table		75
1	old Carpet	3	00
1	do flagbottom Chair & Cushion	1	00
4	pewter platters, 6 Pewter plates & d.o Basin	2	00
10	Tin pans & Tinware	6	00
1	Bellmetal Skillet & Copper Tea Kettle	2	00
	Sundry earthenware	1	00
1	Dish John		50
	Sundry Wooden Ware	1	00
	do Iron hollow ware	7	00
1	large Copper Sea kettle	1	50
1	pr old hand Irons		75
2	Trammels	1	00
1	pr Flats		75
2	do Iron Candlesticks		50
1	do brass do	2	00
1	old Table		15
1	Clothes Horse		25
1	Toasting Iron & Chopping knives		40
1	Tin Candle Box		5
	Sundry Crockery	8	00
	Sundry Glass ware	3	00
4	Silver Table Spoons	5	00
13	do Tea	2	50
1	milk pot sugar tongs		25
1	Looking glass	1	00
1	Case of Draws		75
Amt Carried forward		$ 185	82

Amt brot forward		185.82
1 Chevy Table	3.00	
1 Bed Bedfurniture & Bedstead	30.00	
Sundry old Tools	1.00	
1 half Bushel Peck &c	1.00	
Sundry farming utensils & horse tackling	4.00	
1 old bedstead & under bed quilt &c.	1.50	40.50
1 old Calico quilt	2.00	
1 old do.	1.50	
1 do do	1.50	
1 homespun Coverlid	3.00	
2 Blankets	3.00	
1 Chest	.50	
1 red Chest	1.50	
1 Quilt	2.00	
20 Bushels Corn	25.00	
1 pr Quilting Bars	.75	40.75
1 pr Calash wheels	2.00	
1 Grain Harrow	3.00	
2 do Ploughs	4.00	
2 Ox Chains	1.50	
1 two wing Plough	1.25	11.75
Pitch Forks, Rakes & muck forks &c	1.50	
4 Tons Hay	80.00	
Rough Fodder	10.00	
1 Horse	5.00	
1 Cow	30.00	
1 do white face	20.00	
1 do young	25	171.50
1 Bull	10.00	
1 Calash & wheels	2.00	
3 Diaper Table Cloths	4.00	
5 linen Sheets	10.00	
3 fine Cotton do	4.00	
2 Cotton & linen do	4.00	34.00
Amount carried forward		$ 484.32

Amount brought forward		$ 484.32
5 Cotton & linen Table Cloths	9.00	
2 Tow old do	1.00	
8 pr Pillow Cases	7.00	
15 Sheep	37.50	
Sheep mark	20.00	74 50
Amount of Personal Estate		$ 558 82

Real Estate

viz Dwelling house & homestead Lot	$ 460.00	
Swamp Meadow adjoining Heirs of Stephen Barnard's Land	320.00	
a piece of Land east side of flag root pond	80.00	
a piece of Salt Meadow in Monomoy Meadows	50.00	
5 Cows Commons & 1/4	210.00	
Amount of Real Estate		$ 1120 00
		$ 1678 82

Nantucket Jan 12th 1815.

$
fees 3

Charles Folger
Shubael Coffin
Benj'n Gardner
Appraisers

The Estate of Robert Clasby —

			$	Cts
1812 July 22	To Cash p^d	Judge of Probate	5	00
	To d^o	Josiah Hussey	10	00
	To d^o	Appraisers	3	00
Septr 18	To d^o	for Carting furniture to Auction	0	50
May	To d^o	Benj^a Gardner	2	00
	To d^o	Elphalet Paddack	2	00
1813 Novr 22	To d^o	A Mitchell	41	55
	To d^o	Rowland Gelston	6	75
	To d^o	Jon^a Swain	10	75
	To d^o	O & C Bartlett	0	58
Dec^r	To d^o	Commissioners	12	00
	To d^o	for advertising in Bedford Papers	2	50
	To d^o	John Wilbur	9	65
	To d^o	Benj^a Bunker	0	75
	To my	Services as Administrator	25	00
	To my	bill allowed by the Commissioners	144	77
	To cash	paid Isaac Coffin and Josiah Barker	8	00
	$3-00	and 2 $5-00		
			$. 284	80

Nantucket ss. At a Probate Court held at my Dwelling House this Twenty Sixth day of January In the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifteen. I have examined the within Account or above Account and do approve and allow the same, and do Decree that the same shall be Recorded on the Probate Records. —— Isaac Coffin Judge of Probate —

Nantucket January 26th A.D. 1815.

To Rowland Pollard Dr.

Contra Cr.

		$	cts
1812			
July 25th	By Sundry furniture at the appraisal	10	45
Aug 1	By Cash from David Ray	18	38
Sept 20	By amount of Sales of furniture	15	37
1813			
Nov 22	By Cash of O Mitchell	20	00
	By the amount of Sales of House & land & one Cows Common	181	30
Dec 30th	By the Amount of Sales of the Garden		
1813	Spot 25 rods	3	77/100
		$ 283	28
	Balance due to Rowland Pollard	1	52
		$ 284	80

Nantucket January 26th A.D. 1815 Errors Excepted per Rowland Pollard Administrator

Account of Francis Macy Executor to the last Will & Testament of Abigail Macy late of Nantucket widow deceased. (Widow of Benjamin)

The s[d] Accountant charges himself with the Personal Estate of s[d] deceased which remains undivided viz

Cash received of s[d] deceased		$18.00	
d[o] d[o] Silv Coleman 2[d] House rent		10.00	
d[o] " Elijah Cash d[o]		4.50	
d[o] " Amount of Note & Interest	434.00		$466 50

And prays allowance for the following Charges — viz

To Cash paid Stephen Chase for fencing		$5.00	
" d[o] " Phebe Coleman Bill Board		57.50	
" d[o] " Register of Probate		3.00	
" d[o] " Appraisers fee		3.00	
" d[o] " Funeral Expences		5.50	
" d[o] " Board & Nails & Posts for fence		15.00	
" d[o] " Silv[r] Coleman bill of board		18.50	
" d[o] " Isaac Coffin Esq[r]		9.25	
" d[o] " Benj[a] Brown		59.69	
" d[o] " Expence of Administration		10.00	
" Interest on Cash paid		17.33	$203 77
Balance to be divided among the Heirs			$262 73

Heirs of Joseph Brown viz

Edward Brown	16.42
George Brown	16.42
Daniel Folger wife	16.42
Isaac Myrick wife	16.43
Francis Macy wife	65.65
Phebe Coleman widow	65.65
Joseph Cartwright wife	65.65
	$262.73

Real Estate to be divided viz[t]

Dwelling House & home lot

Joseph Brown's heirs pr 1/4
Francis Macy's wife 1/4
Phebe Coman widow 1/4
Joseph Cartwright's wife 1/4

Nantucket Feb: 26th: 1815.

For Francis Macy Executor
Sam'l H Macy

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Allowance by the Judge of Probate of Wills &c. &c. &c. &c.

Nantucket ss. At a Count of Probate for the County of Nantucket holden at my Dwelling House in Nantucket, in said County of Nantucket, on Thursday the Twenty Sixth day of January In the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifteen.

The within and above named Francis Macy Esquire Lawful Executor of the last Will and Testament of the within Named Abigail Macy Deceased personally appeared and made solemn Affirmation to the truth of the within account and said Estate, the same being first examined by me the subscriber, Judge of the Probate of Wills &c. &c. &c. for the County of Nantucket aforesaid.

Whereupon I do decree that the same be, and it is hereby allowed and ordered to be recorded in the Probate Records.

Nantucket January 26th: 1815. — Isaac Coffin Judge of Probate.

Isaac Coffin's bill Remember
In P. 9: 25. cent never was paid
yet as I believe

Francis Gardners Widows Dower

Pursuant to the warrant hereto annexed, to us directed by Isaac Coffin Esq.r Judge of Probate of Wills &c. for the County of Nantucket. ——

We the subscribers, having been qualified agreeably to the said Warrant, have appraised all the Real Estate, whereof Francis Gardner late of Nantucket, died seized and possessed within this Commonwealth — as follows. Viz.t ——

	$	¢
Mansion House of the deceased, three hundred dollars	300	—
Barn near said House, ... twenty five dollars	25	—
Four Hundred & eighty rods of Land under & adjoining s.d house three hundred & sixty dollars	360	—
Swamp Meadow, adjoining the heirs of Stephen Barnard's meadow two hundred & sixty rods — three hundred & ninety dollars	390	
Forty two Sheep Commons with the usual privileges except Squam —— Two hundred & ten dollars	210	—
Price of Salt Meadow at Monomoy — Eighty dollars	80	—
One third of which is ——	1365	—
	455	—

We then set off to Lucretia Gardner the Widow of said deceased, for her dower or thirds thereof — — —

	$	
The Mansion House & Barn above named — three hundred & twenty five dollars	325	—
One hundred & seventy three rods of Land under & adjoining said house, bounded as follows, beginning at the S E corner of said tract, and extending Northerly as the East line runs, fifteen rods and two thirds of a rod, thence on a right angle line to the West side of the premises, thence Southerly as the West line runs, quite out to the S W bound of s.d tract thence to the first mentioned bound — One hundred & thirty dollars	130	—
Amounting to the Sum of ——	455	—

Nantucket 4th day 2.m 1815.

Fees. 3. $

Isaac Coffin
Charles Folger
Obed Macy

1815
Feby.

An Inventory of the Estate of David Pinkham the Second late of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket and Commonwealth of Massachusetts Mariner Deceased taken by Jethro Pinkham of Nantucket Cordwainer February 4th 13th A.D. 1815.

		$	¢
1815. Feby: 13th.	A Mowing Pasture by the New Guiney Gate Containing One Acre of House Lot Land together with the Fence Inclosing the same towards Weaweder by the Road	130	00
	A Note of hand against Hezekiah Barnard and William W. Macy the Interest already paid up,	500	00
	Cash Received of Charles Gardner for Money over Paid for a draught on Captain Paul Pease In London The Mistake having been Rectified by said Gardner	66	00
		$.696	00

Nantucket February 4th 13th A.D. 1815.

A Watch worth Thirty Dollars given to his Sister Ruth Pinkham Provided that he never should Return home $.30:00 Also all his Property which he left in England, having not obtained a list of the same it could not be Inventoried and Appraised as yet — Errors Excepted per Jethro Pinkham Nantucket Feby. 13th 1815. — Administrator

		$	¢
1815. Feby. 16th.	To Cash paid Isaac Coffin Esquire the Probate fees	5	00
16th.	As per Receipt Dated February 16th 1815.		

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Nantucket ss. At a Court of Probate for the County of Nantucket Holden at my Dwelling House in Nantucket on Thursday the Second day of March In the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifteen.

The within being presented as the Power of Lucretia Gardner Widow of Francis Gardner late of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket Yeoman Deceased; I do thereupon decree that the same be and it is hereby Accepted as such; That is to say, as her Third of the Real Estate of said Deceased; And Ordered to be put on Record

Incorporated Attest. Isaac Coffin Judge of Probate for the

Nantucket March 2nd 1815. — County of Nantucket.

In the Name of God Amen. I Ebenezer Dunn of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket and Commonwealth of Massachusetts Ship Carpenter considering the uncertainty of this Mortal life and being of sound and perfect mind and memory, blessed be Almighty God for the same, do make and publish this my last Will and Testament, in manner and form following: Viz.— Firstly. I will and order that all the just debts which I shall owe to any person or persons at the time of my decease shall be well and truly paid and discharged out of my Personal Estate, by my hereafter named Executrix, within convenient time after my decease, which I hereby enjoin on her to do and perform.— Also. After my Just Debts are paid and discharged, I hereby give devise and bequeath to my Well beloved Wife Hannah Dunn, all the whole of my Estate, both Real, Personal, and Mixed, on Nantucket, and every where else, wheresoever it may be found, both in possession, and in Reversion, of every kind and nature whatsoever, without Reserve, to her, and to her several Heirs and Assigns forever in fee simple. ——

Lastly. And I hereby appoint My said Wife Hannah Dunn sole Executrix of this my last Will and testament; hereby revoking all former Wills by me made and signed. ——

In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and Seal the Thirtieth day of May in the year of our Lord One Thousand eight Hundred and Fifteen. —— (Signed)

Nantucket ss. Nantucket May 30th: 1815.— Eben'r: Dunn (Seal)

Signed Sealed Published and Declared by the above named Ebenezer Dunn to be his last Will and Testament in the presence of us who have hereunto subscribed our names as Witnesses in the presence of the Testator, and in the presence of each other. —— (Copy) —

Isaac Coffin ——
Enoch Barnard
Theodate Russell
Ruth S: Gifford

Proved August 3: 1815.—

I William Folger of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket and Commonwealth of Massachusetts Cooper considering the Uncertainty of this life and that all Men are born to die do make this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following—Firstly I will and order that all the Just debts which I shall owe to any person or persons at the time of my Decease shall be well and truly paid and discharged out of my Personal Estate by my hereafter named Executors within convenient time Also. I hereby give devise and bequeath to ~~[illegible]~~ my Grand Daughter Maria Folger daughter of my deceased Son William Folger Junior One Hundred Dollars to be paid to her by Executors within Convenient time after my Decease to her and to her Heirs and Assigns forever.

Also. I hereby give devise and bequeath to My Grandson William A: Folger Son of my deceased Son William Folger Junior the Sum of One Hundred Dollars to him his heirs and assigns forever.

Also. All the Residue and Remainder of my Estate both Real and Personal wheresoever it may be found both in possession and in Reversion I Hereby give devise and bequeath to my Seven Children Equally; Namely; Judith Bunker, Sarah Nupey, Lydia Nupey, Elizabeth Barker, Phebe Nupey, Anna Coffin, and Mayhew Folger, to them and to their Jeveral Heirs and Assigns forever, in fee Simple. That is after my Just Debts are paid and Discharged and the two Legacies above mentioned are paid, out by my hereafternamed Executors.

Lastly. I hereby Nominate Constitute and Appoint my Two Sons in Law, Tristram Nupey, and Zaccheus Nupey, to be Sole Executors of this my last Will and Testament jointly and Severally, hereby Revoking all former last Wills and Testaments by me heretofore made and Signed, hereby Rendering them Void.

In Witness whereof I the said William Folger have hereunto set my hand and Affixed my Seal at Nantucket, this Twenty third day of the Twelfth Month, in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fourteen.

Nantucket December ye 23d: 1814.
Then William Folger above named—Signed Sealed and Acknowledged the above written Instrument to be his last Will and Testament in the presence of us.—Shubael Coffin
Micajah Gardner
James Gwinn

(Signed)—(Copy)—

W: Folger Seal

(Copy)

We the Subscribers being duly Appointed by the Honourable Isaac Coffin Esquire Judge of the Probate of Wills and for granting Letters of Administration Commissioners on the Estate of Francis Gardner late of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket Yeoman Deceased agreeable to the Warrant hereunto Annexed, — Do Report as follows Viz:- That We find on examining the Demands against said Estate, that the several Sums affixed to the Names below stated are agreed to by us as being due to them. ——

	℔.	℈	ʒ
George Mynick		8	75
William Cobb		5	41½
Hiram Folger		3	75
Jonathan Hall		3	21
Phillips Fardelich's Estate		49	49½
Benjamin Swain		1	00
Oliver C: Bartlett		6	83½
Valentine Swain 2nd: Estate		2	17
Lydia Gardner Widow		22	00
Joseph Chase		4	71
Nicholas Meader		2	50
	℔.	109	79½

	Dollars	Cents
Amounts brought up	109	79½
Matthew Pinkham	2	42
John Beard	2	50
Solomon Smith	36	57
Paul Gardner	6	00
Uriah Gardner	314	55
William Folger	7	58
Peleg Macy	1	45
Jared Gardner 2d:	1	25
	℔. 482	11½

Nantucket October 5th: 1815. — Charles Folger } Commissioners
Commissioners fees ℔ 7:50 Each is ℔ 15:00 — Josiah Barker }

Nantucket ss. At a Probate Court holden at my Dwelling House this day Nantucket October 5th: A:D. 1815. The foregoing list of Claims being this day presented to me as above, — I do hereby Recieve and allow the same, and Order it to be Recorded. — —— Isaac Coffin Judge of Probate

The Last Will and Testament of Christopher Starbuck

I Christopher Starbuck of Nantucket and Commonwealth of Massachusetts Yeaman, being as well in health as Usual and Considering the Uncertainty of this Life, do make this my Last Will and Testament.

First.— I Will that all the Just Debts which I may decease be paid as soon as may be by my Executors hereafter named out of what Money I may leave, if Sufficient, if not, then out of my Land, Stock, or other Real Estate, as they may think best.—

Next. I give to my beloved Wife Mary Starbuck the Income, Use, and Improvement, of all my Estate, both Real and Personal upon the Island of Nantucket, or where ever else any may be found, during her Natural Life, and after her decease I dispose of it in manner following.

First. I give to my Daughter Miriam Starbuck while she remains Unmarried, the Use of the East Great Chamber in my Dwelling House, during her natural Life, with liberty to pass at each Stairway, and to have Water at the Pump as she may need also I give her one Half of my Household Furniture my Clock Excepted, and one Fourth part of my Printed Books at her Mothers Decease, and after her decease the East Chamber above mentioned to go to my Two Sons Tristram Starbuck, and Nathaniel Starbuck equally between them

Next. I Give my Daughter Judith Mary One Half of my Household Goods, my Clock Excepted, and one Fourth part of all my Printed Books. Next I give to my Son Tristram Starbuck the Swamp Lot, or Meadow, which my Father Tristram Starbuck deceased, bought of Daniel Coleman deceased, which was formerly owned by Isaac Coleman deceased;— The Remainder of my Estate both Real and Personal I give to my Two Sons Tristram Starbuck and Nathaniel Starbuck, Equally between them except my Clock, which I give to my Son Tristram Starbuck.

Lastly. And Lastly; I Appoint my two Sons Tristram Starbuck and Nathaniel Starbuck to be Joint Executors to this (Copy) my last Will; this Twenty Second day of the Seventh Month in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Five.—

Signed and Sealed in the presence of us (Copy) Signed Christopher Starbuck (Copy) (Seal)

Elihu Coffin
Gideon Coffin
Simeon Macy

Nantucket 11 : mo : 5th : 1810. Since Writing my Will above I have distributed my Printed Books, among my Four Children, as I thought best. Christopher Starbuck

Codicil to Christopher Starbuck's Last Will and Testament

Dr: The Estate of Francis Gardner to Uriah Gardner

		Dollars
1815. Jan.y 5.	To Cash paid for Probate Fees January 5th: 1815:	3 00
	To Cash paid the Appraisers Fees on the Estate	3 00
	To Cash paid for setting off the Widows Dower	3 00
	To Cash paid for Advertising Benjamin Lindsey	1 00
	To Cash paid George Bunker Junior the Direct Tax	4 99
	To Cash paid Benjamin Gardner for Selling The Real Estate at 2½ per Cent Cammissioners	13 48
	To Cash paid Benjamin Bunker for Surveying	0 75
	To Cash paid Benjamin Gardner for filling 6 Deeds	3 00
	To Cash paid Josiah Thurber for Acknawledging Ditto	0 96
	To Cash paid Simeon Coleman for Taxes	4 40
	To Cash paid the Cammissioners Fees $15:00	15 00
	To Uriah Gardners Bill for Settling the Estate	50 00
Remember this also	To the additional Probate Fees Say 10 Dollars	10 00
	To Frederick Warth's Bill for making a Coffin	4 50
	To Isaiah Maxey's Bill for Funeral Charges	2 00
	To Simeon Coffin Juniors Bill for Tolling the Bell &c	1 12½
	To the Amounts of the Bills allowed the several Creditors by the Cammissioners over leaf	482 11½
1815.	To the Balance divided among the Heirs	32 06
Oct: 5	Nantucket October 5th: 1815. Errors Excepted	$ 634 38

Public Sales at Auction of Sundry Real Estate belonging to the Estate of Francis Gardner Deceased and Sold per Account of Uriah Gardner the Administrator thereon

	Dollars	Cents
To Paul Watt 2 Cows Cammans at 27 Dollars	54	00
To Christopher Coffin a Piece of Salt Meadow Mayanoy South	21	00
To Silvanus Coffin One Cows Camman $27:00	27	00
To Gilbert Swain by P Gardner a Mowing Lot Or Pasture Appertanen Sold for $369:48	369	48
To Silas Coleman One Cows Cammans $30:00	30	00
To Abishai Hayden 1/4 Cows Cammans for	37	81
Charges on Ditto	$	$ 539 29
To Benjamin Bunker Surveying	00:75	
1815. To Cammissioners at 2½ per Cent is	13:48	
June 30th To Drawing Six Deeds at 50 Cents Each	3:00	
To Cash paid Josiah Thurber for Acknawledging Do	0:96	
Nantucket June 30th: 1815. Recived the above in full Pay: Gardner	$ 18:19.	$ 18 19

Administrator ——— Contra Cr ———

	Dollars	Cents
By One Horse Sold at Private Sale for 10 Dollars	10	00
By Sundry Farming Tools Sold at Public Auction	25	19
By One Floor Carpet Sold at Eight Dollars	8	00
By Sundry Crockery Sold at Average price	2	00
By 4 : 1 : 00 of English Hay Sold at a Dollar pr	4	25
By Sale of the Remaining Household Furniture at Auction after taking out the Widow's Dower as per }	23	22
By 5 : 3 : 0 of English Hay at $1 : 50. The Weighing out	8	59
By 7 : 0 : 14 of English Hay at $1 : 50. — per Hundred	10	68
By 25 : 0 : 14 of English Hay at $1 : 33⅓ per C 25 Cents	33	16
The Amounts of Personal Estate $	125	09

By Cash for Two Cows Cammans at Auction $	54	00
By Cash for a Piece of Salt Meadow Do	21	00
By Cash for a Mowing Lot Upper town Do	369	48
By Cash for One Cows Cammans Sold	27	00
By Cash for Ten Sheep Cammans 1¼ Cows Cammans C	37	81
	509	29
$	634	38

482 : 11½. Allowed by the Commissioners

120 : 20½. Uriah Gardner's Bill

32 : 06. To be Divided among the Heirs

$ 634 : 38.

Nantucket October 5th 1815.

Errors Excepted per Isaac Coffin

(Copy) — for Uriah Gardner Administrator

634 38

The Last Will and Testament of Merab Mynick Daughter of Joseph and Judeith Coffin Deceased

In the name of God Amen, I Merab Mynick of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket; and Commanwealth of Massachusetts Widow of William Mynick late of Nantucket aforesaid Mariner deceased; Considering the uncertainty of this mortal Life, and being of Sound and perfect mind and memory, blessed be Almighty God for the same, do make and publish this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following

Imitby. I will and order that all the just Debts which I shall owe to any person or persons at the time of my decease shall be well and truly paid and discharged by my hereafter named Executrix within convenient time after my decease out of my Personal Estate which I hereby enjoin on her to do and perform.

Also. I give to my Niece Avis Nitcher or whatever Name she may by called by; meaning the Daughter of my deceased Brother Zaccheriah Coffin One Dollar and no more to her and to her heirs and assigns forever.

Also. I hereby give devise and bequeath to my Nephew John Waterman Coffin Son of my Deceased Brother Zaccheriah Coffin One Dollar and no more to him and to his Heirs and Assigns forever to be paid to them by my hereafter named Executrix as soon after my decease as she can make it Convenient.

Also. All the Residue and Remainder of my Estate on Nantucket and every where else wheresoever it may be found, after my just Debts are paid, and the two legacies above mentioned are paid and discharged; I hereby give Devise and Bequeath to my well beloved Sister Matilda Coffin, Widow of Matthew Coffin, late of Nantucket aforesaid Mariner Deceased, and to her Several Heirs and assigns forever in fee Simple.

Lastly. And Lastly. I hereby Nominate Constitute and Appoint my Well beloved Sister Matilda Coffin above named to be Sole Executrix of this my last Will and Testament hereby Revoking all former last Wills by me heretofore made and Signed hereby Rendering them null and Void.

Merab Mynicks' Last Will and Testament.

In Witness whereof I the said Merab Mynick have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Seal at Nantucket this Twenty Second day of July in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifteen.

Nantucket July 22d: A.D. 1815. (Signed.)

Merab Mynick (Seal)

Signed Sealed Published Pronounced and declared by the above named Merab Mynick to be her last will and testament in the presence of us who have hereunto subscribed our names as Witnesses in the presence of the Testatar and in the presence of each other.

Merab Mynick

(Copy)

Isaac Coffin
Stephen Chase
John Foster Coffin
Davis Gorham 2d:

Merab Mynicks
Last Will

We the undersigned having been duly appointed by the Honourable Isaac Coffin Esquire Judge of Probate for the County of Nantucket Commissioners to Receive and Examine the Claims of the several Creditors to the Estate of Ruth Clark late of Nantucket deceased we have attended to that business and Report as follows Viz:

	$	¢
To Uriah Bunker	2:	30
To Edward Clark	108:	14
To Charles Folger	1:	50
	$111:	94

Nantucket December 2d: 1814.

James Coffin
Charles Folger
} Commissioners

	$	¢
Commissioners fees	$4:	50
Three Advertisements	0:	75
	$5:	25

The Amounts of the Real Estate of William Macy late of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket Merchant Deceased, but his Sister Lydia Macy's part must be Deducted

	Dollars	Cents
The Dwelling House and Eighteen Rods of Land	3000	00
One Barn and Six Rods of Land with it	306	00
One Store and Eight Rods of Land with it	700	00
One Swamp Lot Two Hundred and Forty Rods	360	00
One Swamp Lot Forty Rods	80	00
One Burnt Swamp Lot Eight Acres	480	00
One Lot or Pasture by the Sheep Pen 2 Acres	380	00
One Hundred and Forty Sheeps Commons	990	00
One Half Share in the South Wharf (Old)	200	00
One Fifth part of a Share in the Old Straight Wharf	100	00
One Sixth part of a Share in the Old North Wharf	120	00
A Piece of Meadow at Maddaket which Cuts Four Loads of Salt Hay every year worth	125	00
A Garden on the Meadows about 70 Rods at $20	1400	00
A Garden 14 Rods of Land by James Easterbrooks	350	00
A House Lot by Benjamin Glovers on the Beach	220	00
One Lot or Pasture up by John Worths Country	200	00
One Lot or Pasture up by our Near Capaum Pond	37	50
140 Sheep Commons in South Beach Share Number S.		
140 Sheep Commons in North Beach Share Number N.		
140 Sheep Commons in Water Lot below John Pitkhams No 16.	700	00
The above mentioned Beach Shares and Water Lots were laid out in the year 1805. as will more fully appear on the Proprietors Records		
The Amounts of the Real Estate was	$. 9118	50
The Amounts of the Personal Estate was	$. 6962	72
The Whole Estate of William Macy was Valued at $. 16081:22. by the Appraisers	$. 16081	22

I here send you the above, which was taken off by James Coffin Esquire which appears to me to be Correct this from your most Obedient humble servant. ——

(Copy) (Signed) Josiah Barker

William Macy's Estate

We the subscribers having been appointed a Committee to Inventory and Appraise the Estate of Charles J: Wilburn late of Nantucket Mariner Deceased do Inventary and Appraise the same as follows Viz:—

	$	Cts
The Deceased's Dwelling House Land and out buildings with the Priviledges thereunto belonging	1500	00
One Home lot adjoining the Deceased's Homestead Containing about Eleven Rods of Land	260	00
2 Birch Tables at 3 $ each	6	00
1 Easy Chair at 5 $	5	—
12 Green Chairs	9	—
1 Stand $1 a Looking Glass $4	5	—
1 Floor Carpet $6 1 Desk $7	13	—
1 Bed Boattom and Pillows	12	66
1 High Post Bedstead	3	50
1 Pair of Hand Irons	1	00
1 Large Hair Trunk	3	00
10 Wooden Bottomed Chairs	4	—
1 Large Birch Table	5	—
1 Looking Glass	2	—
1 Bed Boattom and Pillows	12	66
1 Small Bed Boattom and Pillows	7	00
1 Bedstead 2 Dollars	2	00
3 pair of Blankets at $3	9	00
4 pair of Sheets at $2	8	00
1 Counterpane	5	00
3 Quilts at $3 each	9	00
4 Pair of Pillow Cases 75	3	00
1 Pair of Tongs and Shovel	0	75
1 Pair of Dogs 50 Cents	0	50
1 Pair of Bellows	0	50
Crockery Ware	6	00
Pewter and Tin Ware	1	50
Tubs and Boxes	2	00
3 Iron Pots at 75 Cents	2	25
1 Baken Kettle and Tea Kettle	1	00
1 Skillet 25 Cents 1 Mortar $2	2	25
	$1901	57

	Dollars	Cents
Foot below brought up.	1901	57
One Pair of Candlesticks	1	00
One Seaman's Quadrant	5	00
Seaman's Charts and Books	6	00
One Pair of Pistols	2	00
Knives and Forks	1	50
Spoons of all Kinds	0	50
Sundry small things not Named	5	00
	$1922	57
One Note of hand against Samuel Barker	35	00
One Note of hand against Jonathan Briggs	20	00
	$1977	57

Nantucket October 21: 1815.

Daniel Chadwick
Josiah Murphy
Jeremiah Lawrence

	Dollars	Cents
The Whole Estate	1977	57
The Real Estate	1760	00
The Personal	217	57
The Whole	$1977	57

Charles James Wilburn's Estate as Inventoried and Appraised—

October 21: 1815.

An Inventary of the Estate of Stephen Barnard late of Nantucket Yeaman Deceased; taken by Charles Folger Paul Wyeth and Gilbert Coffin, agreeable to a Warrant granted by the Honourable Isaac Coffin Esquire Judge of Probate for the County of Nantucket

Nantucket 11th of 9th mo 1815.

	$	¢
5. Pewter platters	3	00
11. Pewter Plates	1	50
3. Pewter Basons	2	00
1. Coffee Morter	2	50
Liverpool Ware	1	00
3. Earthern Milk Pans	0	37
Sundries in the East Milkroom	1	00
Iron Ware Ware	1	00
Sundries in the West Milkroom	0	50
2. Trammels Old Fashion	0	50
1. Pair of Hand Irons	2	00
Tongs and Shovel	0	75
Tin Ware One Dollar	1	00
2. Cranes and Hooks for Ditto	2	00
2. Square Tables 50 Cents	0	50
6. Three Back Chairs	0	75
1. Great Chair 10 Cents	0	10
1. Black Walnut Table	0	75
1. Pair of Old Drawers	1	00
1. Broken Leaping Glass	0	50
1. Large Bottle 25 Cents	0	25
1. Bedstead and Cord ⁊ of	1	00
1. Warming Pan 25 Cents	0	25
1. Bell Mettle Morter at	1	00
One Sheet One Towell much Wash'ed very Old	0	25
4 Towels and One Boatter and a Case much Worn	1	00
Woolen Articles 25 Cents	0	25
2. Pieces of Red Curtains much Worn	0	50
1. Cattan Counterpane	3	00
1. Woolen Coverlet Old	1	00
4. Flannel Blankets	4	00
1. Feather Bed 1 Boatters and 4 Pillows all very Old	7	00
2. Quilts very Old at 25 each	0	50
1. Old Table at 25 Cents	0	25
1. Brass Kettle at 1 Dollar	1	00
Boat Carried above	43	93

	Dollars	Cents
Boat Below Brought up	43	93
1 Old Bedstead at 6/	1	00
1 Old Table Cloth 1/6	0	25
1 Old Calash at 6/	1	00
1 Old Axe at 3/	0	50
1 Old Cow 13 years Old	7	00
The Personal Estate	$. 53	68.

The Real Estate Viz.t

	$	¢
The House, Barn Fence And One Acre and 20 Rods of Land, on which the Dwelling House, and Barn Standeth, and about the same appraised at	125	00
Thirty Four Sheep Commons with the Priviledges to the same Belonging	170	00
Madaket Meadow	100	00
Two Acres of Swamp In Trots Swamp	10	00
Fifty Eight Rods of Swamp Meadow in Cy Washmans Island at 2. Dollars per Ro	116	00
Manamay Land	5	00
Ashimoo Land	3	00
The Real Estate is	$. 529	00.
The Personal Estate is	$. 53	68.
	$. 582	68.

Charles Folger
Gilbert Coffin
Paul Wyeth
Appraisers

Appraisers fees $. 3:00.

Nantucket 11th of 9th mo 1815.

Nantucket September 11th 1815.

An Inventary of John Peters and Betsy Peters Things taken September y^e 27th A.D. 1815. Calender People

1 Looking Glass
8 Chairs
1 Pair of Tongs and Shovel
1 Pair of Bellows
1 Pair of Hand Irons
2 Tables
1 Stand
1 Bedstead
2 Large Pitchers
2 Small Pitchers
1/2 Dozen Rye Plates
1/2 Dozen Butter Plates
1 Platter
1/2 Dozen Iron Spoons
1/2 Dozen Small Spoons
3 Bed Quilts
1 Feather Bed
1 Flowered Counterpane
6 Pair of Sheets
3 Pair of Pillow Cases
2 Pillows
1/2 Dozen Towels Birds Eye

3 Cambrick Gowns
1 Brown Silk Gown
1 Russymere Petticoat
1 Coating Cloak
1 Satten Bonnet
1 Cambrick Shawl
Several Handkerchiefs
Several Pair of Stockings
1 Dimity Petticoat
1 Sprigged Muslin Gown
4 or 5 Dimity Night Caps
1 Porridge Pot
1 Baking Pan
1 Dish Kettle
5 Knives
5 Forks
1 Silver Watch
1 Large Trunk Containing Her Husband the said John Peters Clothes
1 Small Trunk
1 Floor Carpet
Ear Rings &c—

Capied September 27th 1815. By me
Isaac Coffin Judge of Probate for the County of Nantucket—

Joseph Brown Palachy
Remember that thing

Dr. The Estate of John Gardner Junior Deceased in

		Dollars	Cents
Novr: 1813.	To Cash paid for a Letter of Administration	5	00
April 1814.	Paid for Appraising the said Estate	3	00
August 22d:	Paid Direct Tax on his Property	0	44
Novemr 29th:	Joseph Austin in full for a Note	26	58
	George Bunker Junior for a Violin bought in 1808.	10	00
	Paid Uriah Pinkham for Three Years Taxes	7	45
	Paid Trustram Swain for Proprietors Tax	0	35
Sept. 30th 1815.	Benjamin Bunker for Dividing a Lot	0	50
	To Cash paid the Direct Tax on the Estate left him by his Father John Gardner Esqr.	5	46
Octr: 28th.	To the Administrators Fees allowed by		
1815.	Isaac Coffin Esquire Judge of Probate	20	00
	The Balance due to the Heirs of said Estate	8	50
		$87	08

Private Memorandum

1815. Memorandum. John Gardner Juniors Real Estate

October 31st: Twenty Dollars due to him out of his Fathers Estate; a Silver Watch worth about Fifteen Dollars, and is in the Possession of George Bunker Junior, and Eight Dollars and Fifty Cents In Cash are still to be Divided among the Heirs of the said John Gardner Junior Deceased And that is the whole that is now left as by George Bunker Juniors Statement doth appear

A: Folger
M: Gardner
Polly Gardner
Nancy White
Henry Folgers
Children

Nantucket October 31st: 1815. Attest. Isaac Coffin Judge of Probate

Allowed by the Honourable Isaac Coffin

Account Current with George Bunker Junior Administrator Cr.

1814.		Dollars	Cents
June	By Cash Received of Robert Ruspy for a Calash	6	00
	Cash of William Riddell for Sundries at Auction	45	40
Decr. 2.	One Silver Table Spoon taken at the Appraisal	1	50
	One Second Hand Blanket at	1	00
	One Counterpane at One Dollar	1	00
	One Old Counterpane at Fifty Cents	0	50
Decr. 22.	By Cash of John Fitch for a Silver Tankard	31	68
1814.		$87	08.

Nantucket October 28th 1815.

Errors Excepted Nantucket October 28th 1815.

Pr. George Bunker Junior

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Nantucket ss. Nantucket October 30th A.D. 1815.

At a Probate Court holden at my Dwelling House this day; The foregoing Account was Presented to me for allowance which after having examined the same, and the said George Bunker Junior having been Regularly Sworn to the Truth of the same I do hereby allow and approve of the same in all its parts and do Decree and Order that the same shall be recorded on the Probate Records. Attest. Isaac Coffin.

1815. Oct. 30th

Judge of Probate

In the Name of God Amen.

I Joseph Macy of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, (Seymour) Considering the uncertainty of this Life, and being now through Divine Goodness, of Sound disposing mind and memory do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament Committing my Soul to God who gave it and my Body to a decent Christian Burial in belief of a Resurrection. I Order that all my Just debts and Funeral expenses be paid by my Executor hereafter named — (Firstly.)

Secondly. To my beloved Brother George Macy I bequeath all my Wearing Apparel.

Thirdly. To my Beloved Sister Lydia Macy I give the Sum of Ten Dollars.

Fourthly. To my Beloved Sister Mary Macy I give the like Sum of Ten Dollars — the above bequests to my Sisters to be paid in Six Months after my Decease.

Fifthly. To my Honoured and Beloved Mother Abial Macy, I give all my Bonds, Notes, and Money, together with my proportion of all undivided Real Estate in Lands or Buildings with all other Property of every Description which shall belong to me at my Decease.

Lastly. I Appoint my Brother George Macy Sole Executor of this my last Will and Testament, hereby Revoking all former last Wills by me made. — In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal the Fourteenth day of September A.D. One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifteen. — (Signed) Joseph Macy —

Signed Sealed published and Declared by the within Named Joseph Macy to be his Last Will and Testament. — In the presence of us who have hereunto subscribed our Names as Witnesses, In presence of the Testator.

(Signed) Zacheus Barnard
Jael Raymond
Seth Payson

Nantucket November 3d 1815. A true Copy Attest Isaac Coffin

We the undersigned being appointed by the Honourable Isaac Coffin Esquire Judge of Probate for the County of Nantucket to Inventory and Appraise the Estate of Wyer Swain late of Nantucket Trader Deceased, do Report as follows Viz.

	Dollars	Cents
The Dwelling House Barn Out Houses and about Twenty five Rods Land	1800	00
The West End of the House as the Partition Crane Stands	100	00
Three Shares in the Academy	45	—
One Secretary 12 Dollars	12	—
One Stand	1	50
One Cherry Tree Table	4	00
Eight Mahogany Chairs	6	00
Eight Green Chairs	5	00
Six Pictures the Four Quarters	2	00
One Tea Waiter	1	50
One Looking Glass No. 1.	8	00
Brass Hand Irons Shovel and Tongs	8	00
One Pair of Fire Buckets & Bags	5	00
One Looking Glass No. 2.	3	00
One Cherry Tree Table No. 2.	3	50
One Lamp Stand No. 2.	0	75
Six Old Chairs at 50 Cents	3	00
One Pair of Iron Dogs	0	75
One Shovel Tongs and Bellows	0	50
Six Round Top Chairs	3	00
Three Armed Green Chairs	2	25
One Looking Glass No. 3.	4	00
One Four Foot Table No. 3.	3	50
One Desk at $3:50	3	50
One Mahogany Cased Clock	40	00
One Table No. 4. at $1:50	1	50
Two Pair of Brass Candlesticks	2	50
One Pair of Gilt Candlesticks	1	50
One Waiter No. 2. 4/6	0	75
One Pair of Small Hand Irons	0	50
One Easy Chair (Sick)	4	00
One Floor Carpet	2	00
One Turn'd Lawn Table	1	00
Foot Carried over	$2977	50

	Dollars	Cents
Foot brought over	$2977	50
One Stand Number 5.	0	30
One Table Number 5.	0	50
One Table Number 6.	1	00
One Pair Bedsteads and Cord	1	00
Tin Ware Appraised at	5	00
Two Scale Beams	1	50
Three Beds and Bedding	100	00
Three Bedsteads and Cords	7	00
One Table Number 7.	1	00
One Old Desk	0	50
One Looking Glass No. 4.	0	50
Two Small Trunks	1	00
One Large Trunk	1	00
One Old Sea Chest	1	50
Two Trunks at $1:00	2	00
Sixteen Gallons W. I. Rum	21	00
Four Gallons New England Rum	4	00
Five Legier Casks	5	00
Tin Ware in the Shop	5	00
Iron Pots Kettles &c. &c.	5	50
One Old Calash and Wheels	5	00
One Pair of Hand Irons	0	50
Sundry Old matters	10	00
Six Silver Spoons	14	00
Twelve Small Spoons	4	00
Two Shares in the Lawful Insurance Office	67	00
One Share in the Nantucket Bank	75	00
2½ Pews in the New Meeting House	50	00
	$3369	30

James Coffin
Abishai Hayden } Appraisers
David H. Giles

Nantucket November 4th 1815.

Appraisers fees $3:00

Probated 17th day of March 1817.

Josiah Coffin

Dr. The Estate of Zaccheus Macy in Account with
Judith Macy his Widow and Sole Executrix.

		£	s	d
1814. 8th m. 17.	To Cash paid Daniel B. Ruggles for the Estate of Stephen Ruggles Bill Deceased	28	50	
	To Cash paid Doctor Peter Easton the Balance of his bill	20	13	
	To Cash paid the Funeral Expences 4 Dollars	4	00	
	To Cash paid James Manfes Bill	6	62	
	To Cash paid Elizabeth Paddock for Funeral Expences	2	00	
	To Cash paid Oliver Gardner for making a Coffin	3	50	
	To Cash paid Joshua Coffin Guardian to Ebenezer Caleb Children	1	75	
	To Cash paid Charles Folger for Commans Eliza	8	00	
	To Cash paid Lydia Bunker's Account	6	00	
	To Cash paid William Folger the Second	4	50	
	To Cash paid Valentine Swain as per bill	4	50	
9th m. 17.	To Cash paid William Holmes Junior Bill	53	24	
	To Cash paid Ruth Barnard's Bill	6	05	
	To Cash paid Valentine Swain's Bill	17	00	
1815. 5th m.	To Cash paid George Bunker Junior Collector of Direct Tax	6	59	
	To Cash paid Simeon Coleman for Town Taxes Bill	3	40	
	To Cash paid Gorham Coleman's Bill	11	00	
	To Cash paid Simeon Coffin Junior's bill	0	50	
	To Cash paid Jared Gardner the Second's bill	3	00	
	To Twenty Four Sheep Wrongly Inventoried	7	2	08
	To Cash paid Benjamin Gardner for his Assistance in Settling the Estate	15	00	
	To My own Time and Services in settling the Estate	60	00	
	To the Necessary Expenses of the Family for the Year past agreeably to a Law of the Commonwealth	350	00	—
	Supposed Error	£.	687	36. —

By Amount of the Inventory of Personal Estate £ 2:55
By the Foot from above Exception taken 687:36
£. 185:19.

By the Amount of the Inventory of the Real Estate of Zaccheus Macy Deceased 1001:66

Nantucket 11th m. 15th 1815. Errors Excepted
per Judith Macy Executrix

Recorded here November 25th 1815. by Isaac Coffin
Attest Isaac Coffin

Henry Faye's Last Will and Testament.

I Henry Faye of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Mariner, Knowing it is appointed unto all men once to die, do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament, in the manner and Form following. —— Viz:——————

Firstly. I Will and order that all my just debts shall be well and truly paid within convenient time after my decease by my hereafter named Executrix. ——————

Secondly. I Give and bequeath unto my well beloved Wife Ruth Faye the whole of my Real Estate and Personal Estate of every kind and nature whatsoever both in possession and in reversion, to her, her heirs and assigns forever. ——————

Lastly. I hereby nominate constitute and appoint my well beloved Wife Ruth Faye Sole Executrix of this my last Will and Testament, set my hand and seal at Nantucket this fourth day of May in the year of our Lord one Thousand eight hundred and fifteen. (Signed)

Signed Sealed and Acknowledged by the said Henry Faye to be his last Will and Testament in the presence of us. —— (Copy)

Henry Faye (Seal)

Joriah Barker —
Sarah Barker —
Eliza Barker Junr: —

Joriah Barker — Probated 17th of 11th m. 1812. —

The last Will and Testament of Laban Coffin of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket and Commonwealth of Massachusetts Boatsteerer.

I the said Laban Coffin being in good health of body and of sound memory and disposing mind considering the mortality of the Body knowing that it is appointed unto all men once to die do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following.

Item. I give and devise unto my beloved Wife Jemima Coffin all my Estate both Real and Personal of every kind and nature whatever that I am now possessed off be the same more or less, or that I may hereafter be possessed off to her and to her heirs and assigns forever.

Lastly. I make appoint appoint and ordain my beloved Wife Jemima Coffin sole Executrix to this my Last Will and Testament. In Witness Whereof I the said Laban Coffin have hereunto set my hand and Seal this Twenty third day of September in the year of our Lord one Thousand Eight hundred and Two.

Signed Sealed and Declared by the said Laban Coffin to be his last Will and Testament in the presence of us.
Charles Folger
Charles Folger Junr.
Hiram Folger

(Signed) Laban Coffin (Seal)

(Copy)

(Copy)

Phebe Gardner's Last Will and Testament.

Know all men by these presents that I Phebe Gardner of the Town and County of Nantucket Maiden being in health of body and sound mind and memory do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form as followeth.

First. I will that all my just debts that I shall owe to any person or persons shall be well and truly paid within some convenient time after my decease by my Executors hereafter named. 2dly. I give and bequeath unto my

(Cousins)

Phebe Gardner's Last Will and Testament.—

Cousins Judith Jones, Hephzibeh Gardner, Elizabeth Coffin, Christian Gardner, and Henry Bunker son of Barnabas 5. Five Cows Commons with all the priviledges thereunto belonging in the Common and undivided Land on the Island of Nantucket Including all my right in Squam and the South East Quarter thereunto to be equally divided between my five Cousins above named part and part alike to have and to hold to them, their heirs and Assigns forever.——————————

Also.— I also, give unto my Cousin Lydia (Wife of Barnabas Bunker) all my rights in the pasture belonging to the heirs of Jethro Gardner to her and her heirs and assigns forever.——

Also.— Also. I Relinquish to Stephen Gardner one Cows Common out of the Estate of Andrew Gardner that was plaud with mine; Provided that neither of the above named persons brings any accounts against what I shall leave nor In=termeddle with any former accounts of any denomination whatever for in any such case Contrary to the true Intent of the donor their donation shall be transferred to the Monthly Meeting of Friends in the Southern Districts

Also.— To which I give all my Real Estate of what name or nature soever it Consists off that is not already disposed off as above be the same more or less for the use and ben=efit of the Monthly Meeting at the discretion of the Over=seers forever—— My true intent and meaning is for no person or persons to call for any Account or Settlement that shall be found in the House after my decease— and no debts due on book, or account, shall be demanded by my Executors———————————

Lastly.— I also, Constitute and appoint Alpheus Bunker and Benjamin Paddack Junior to be the Executors of this my Last Will and Testament hereby Revoking all former Wills by me made.—— In Testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and Seal the Seventeenth day of the Eleventh Month in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twelve.———(Copy)(Signed)

Jonah Mulpey

Signed Sealed &c in presence of us.— Phebe Gardner Seal

(Copy)— Ruth Gardner— Peggy Wyer— Nantucket 17th: of 11th mo. 1812.

The Last Will of Phebe Gardner Daughter of Hezekiah Gardner Disposing of her Personal Estate— Her Will and Testament is Overleaf

Finitly —— I Phebe Gardner of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket and Commanwealth of Massachusetts being weak in body, but of a sound and disposing mind and memory, do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament, as Respects the disposition of my Personal Estate— not meaning to destroy the Validity of my former Will and Testament in which I have disposed of my Real Estate. ——————————————

I give to Josiah Nuspey Esquire my Silver Spoon Dated in the year Seventeen Hundred and Eighteen ——

I give to Sally Jones Widow of Barzillai my Silver Spoon marked in my name. ——————————————

I give to Elizabeth Folger wife of Walter Folger Senior my Large Master

I give to Matthew Jones Two Sheep. ——————

I give to Henry Bunker all my Sheep which may be left, after my debts are paid out of the same; All the Rest and Residue of my Personal Estate, of every Kind name and nature whatsoever, wheresoever it may be found, I give to Charles W. Cartwright, Ruth Paddack, Anna Coleman, Susan Nuspey, Wife of Daniel B Nuspey, Judith Jones Junior, Elizabeth Daw, Wife of Reuben Daw, Sarah Bunker, Wife of Samuel Bunker, Elizabeth Chase, Wife of Obed Chase, Avis Gardner, Sally Gardner, and Sally Fosdick, part and part alike, to be divided Equally among them. —— If in the Dividing of my Personal Estate, Anna Coleman should prefer my Silver Pepper Box, Marked I M S She may take the same in part of her portion according to its Value. ~~~

And I do Constitute and appoint Charles W. Cartwright and Josiah Nuspey Sole Executors of this my last Will and Testament, not meaning as before observed for to Revoke or Destroy the Validity of my former Will heretofore made by me, Respecting the Disposition of my Real Estate. —— In Testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and Seal this ninth day of the Eleventh month in the year of our Lord

(One)

One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifteen
Nantucket 9th of 11th mo 1815.— (Signed) Thebe Gardner

(Copy) Signed Sealed Published and Declared by the above Named Thebe Gardner to be her last Will and Testament of her Personal Property in the presence of us — who have signed our Names in the presence of the Testator (or Testatrix.)—

(Copy) Mary Starbuck
Mary Wanth
Deborah Hardick

Nantucket 9th of 11th mo 1815.

(Copy) Witness to Thebe Gardners Will
Nantucket November 9th 1815.—

John Folger's Will.

In the Name of God Amen. I John Folger of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket Yeaman, considering the uncertainty of this mortal life, and being of sound and perfect mind and memory, blessed be Almighty God for the same, do make and publish this my last Will and Testament, in manner and form following, viz.

Firstly. I Will and order that all the Just debts which I shall owe to any person or persons, at the time of my decease shall be well and truly paid, and discharged out of my Estate by my hereafter named Executor, which I hereby enjoin on him to do and perform, within convenient time after my decease.

Also. I give and devise, to my Grandson Uriah Coffin, Son of Alibut Coffin, the Sum of One Dollar to be paid to him by my hereafter named Executor, within one year after the decease of my Wife.

Also. I give and devise to my two Grandsons Josiah Calder and Samuel Calder; Sons of Josiah Calder; Each one Dollar to be paid to them by my hereafter named Executor within one year after the Decease of my Wife.

Also. I give and devise, unto my two Grand Daughters Love Calder and Sally Calder; Daughters of Josiah Calder, One Feather Bed to be delivered to them by my hereafter named Executor within one year after the Decease of my Wife part and part alike equally between them.

(turn over)

John Folgers Last Will.

Also.. I hereby give devise and bequeath unto my well beloved Wife Lydia Folger the Intire use and Income of all my Estate both Real and Personal for and during the term of her Natural Life, then for the whole to go my Son Obed Folger the Second. ——————————

Also.. I hereby give, devise, and bequeath, unto my Son Obed Folger the Second, all my Estate both Real and Personal both in Possession and in Reversion, wheresoever it may be found, after my Wife Lydia Folger's term therein hath expired to him the said Obed Folger the Second and to his Several Heirs and Assigns forever in fee simple Excepting as above. ——————————

Lastly. — And I do hereby appoint my Son Obed Folger the Second sole Executor of this my last Will and Testament hereby revoking all former Wills by me made and signed In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and Seal the Sixteenth day of March in the year of our Lord one Thousand Eight Hundred and Nine. ——

Nantucket March 16th 1809. (Signed) John Folger — Seal

Signed, Sealed, Published, and Declared by the above Named John Folger aforesaid Yeaman to be his Last Will and Testament in the Presence of us, who have hereunto Subscribed our Names as Witnesses in the presence of the Testator. ——— Witnesses — Simeon Folger, William Mooers, Gideon Coffin, Isaac Coffin

(Copy) ——

William Folgers Inventory. ——

An Inventary of the Estate of William Folger late of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket deceased taken by us the Subscribers by virtue of a Warrant to us directed from Isaac Coffin Esquire, Judge of the Probate of Wills &c within the County of Nantucket. ——

Sundry Articles of Household Furniture, Beds, Tables, Clock, &c. &c. &c. ———	$ 253:85
Mowing Lot near the Shearpen ———	250:00
Mowing Lot at the North Shore ———	400:00
Boat Carried above opposite page —	$ 903:85.

An Inventary of the Estate of William Folger late of Nantucket Yeaman Deceased

	$	¢
Boat from below brought up here	903	85
Nineteen Sheep on the Commans at $2:00	38	00
Sixty Four Sheep Commons on the Island of Nantucket	320	00
The Mansion House with the Land and Outbuildings	2650	00
Cash on hand	233	00
Thomas Coffin's Note of hand for	800	00
Josiah Barker Esquires' Note of hand for	400	00
Valentine Nuspeys' Note of hand for	250	00
Samuel Nuspeys Note of hand for	400	00
Nantucket 12th m 5th 1815.	$. 5994	85

Frederic Nuspey, Samuel Nuspey, Timothy Nuspey } Appraisers

(Copy)

An Inventary of Baker Turners Estate.

We the Subscribers pursuant to the Warrant hereunto annexed, have appraised the Estate of Baker Turner late of Nantucket Ship Carpenter Deceased as follows Viz.t.

	Dollars	Cents
The Homestead of the Deceased Consisting of a Dwelling House and about 14 Rods of Land	1400	00
One Boat $.7:00 — 1 Carpenters Stage $. 12:00	19	00
One Clock $.40:00 — 1 Looking Glass $. 15:00	55	00
One Desk $. 8:00 — One Cherry Tree Table $. 6:00	14	00
Half a Dozen Mahogany Coloured Chairs $.6:00	6	00
8 Green Chairs $.8:00 — 6 Black Chairs $.4:00	12	00
8 Flag Bottomed Chairs 3 Dollars	3	00
One Common Table and a Stand 2 Dollars	2	00
3 Iron Pots, 1 Tea Kettle, 1 Spider, & 2 Gridd Irons	3	00
1 Pair of Dogs, 1 Pair of Tongs and Shovel and Toasting Iron	2	00
4 Large Feather Beds at $.40:00. 1 Small Bed $12 =	172	00
9 Pillows and 4 Bolsters 5 Blankets 5 Quilts 5 Sheets	17	50
Four Bedsteads at 2 Dollars Each	8	00
2½ Dozen of Plates and 5 Platters	3	75
One Coffee Pot and One Tea Pot $1:00	1	00
1 Dozen Knives and Forks and Half Dozen Spoons	1	00
Boat of the above Carried over leaf	$. 1719	25

A Continuation of the Inventory of the
Estate of Baker Turner Ship Carpenter Deceased

	Dollars	Cents
Foot belaw over leaf brought up	D. 1719	25
1 Braad Ax, 1 Addz, 1 Mall, and 1 Saw,	4	50
1/2 Dazen Calking Irons, 3 Augers, & 1 Chizzel	2	80
1 Spike Gimblet, 1 Deck Nail Gimblet & 2 Rasps	0	50
	D. 1727	05

(Copy) Truetram Pinkham
Nantucket November Micajah Gardner
25th: A.D. 1815. Amaziah Gardner } Appraisers

Joseph Brawn. To Isaac Coffin Esquire Judge of the Probate of Wills &c. for the County of Nantucket.

We the Subscribers having been Appointed by the for said Judge of the Probate of Wills &c. & to receive and examine the claims of the several Creditors to the Estate of Joseph Brawn, late of Nantucket, Deceased, and having Affirmed, to the faithful discharge of the trust reposed in us, and given notice to the said Creditors, as by the Commission, we were directed, having attended the service of said us, and now present to thee a list of the Claims, that have been laid before us, with the Sums we have allowed on each claim, which are as follows Viz:-

	Dollars	Cents
Silvanus Ewer	3	42
James Law	6	50
Estate of Francis Swain	3	51
Daniel Folger	1250	09
Robert Brayton	2	22
William Brawn	36	85
Simeon Long	191	69
Ennice Coffin	399	66
Charles Hussey 2d:	8	20
Samuel Macy	6	00
Nathaniel Russell	15	30
Townsend and Lawrence	20	44
Jonathan Moores	18	92
Josiah Macy	4	19
Estate of Thomas Barnard	504	94
Foot Carried ahead	D. 2471	13

	Dollars	Cents
Foot belaw brought up	2471	13
Ebenezer Watts (Tinman)	0	87
Nathaway & Hussey	8	70
Nathaway and Swain	0	58
Estate of George Brawn	103	94
Estate of Abigail Snow	13	44
Elizabeth Swift	4	57
Obed Mitchell and Son	1	58
Peleg Macy and Son	6	53
Abigail Rawson	2	49
Josiah Barker Esq:	0	52
David Coleman	11	94
Simeon Coffin Junr:	18	11
Paul Gardner Junr:	43	47
Daniel Allen (Sawyer)	31	96
Foot Carried ahead	D. 2719	43

A Continuation of the Returns of the Commissioners on the Estate of Joseph Brawen late of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket Said Maker Deceased

	Dollars	Cents
Foot below brought up	2719	43
Seth Cleiley	9	09
Joseph Chipman	54	00
Lydia Rand	1	17
Oliver Cromwell Bartlett	21	90
Obadiah Wood	7	50
Matthews Mynick	3	98
William Barney	29	31
Added up to Here	2846	38
Estate of Edward Carr	11	03
Ebenezer Rand	15	00
Nathan Ellis the Second	11	75
Daniel Barney	60	33
Francis Macy	627	27
Matthew Barney	11	36
Francis Brawen	21	69
Daniel Perry	29	30
George Mynick	11	50
Samuel Rotch Jan	9	94
Gardner Coleman	47	67
Benjamin Brawen	1	82
John Cartwright and Son	94	22
Isaac Mynick	7	68
Hezekiah Coleman	13	39
Edward Brawen	394	68
Nantucket Bank	634	57
Nantucket Pacific Bank	226	93
Joseph Landers	16	20
Valentine Swain	88	54
George Brawen	522	05
Estate of Samuel Coffin	5	39
Estate of Silvanus Coleman	268	41
Joseph Cartwright	973	82
Benjamin Glover	29	52
The Whole Sum	$7000	44

Rejected Bills

Anneland Clark the Whale
Estate of Isaac Chase the Whale
Simeon Coleman the Whale
Samuel Cary the Whale
Samuel and Thomas Mitchell and ——— (the Whale
Amaziah Washburn the Whale

Nantucket 30th of 11th mo 1815.

(Signed)
Charles Folger
Obed Macy } Commissioners

	Dollars	Cents
Commissioners Fees	60	00
Navy Room Printing and Stationary	10	00
Advertising	2	00
	$72	00

A true Copy of the Original
Attest Isaac Coffin Judge of Probate of Wills &c. for the County of Nantucket

Nantucket December 18th 1815.

Recorded

	Dollars	Cents
Foot brought over	7000	44.
Nathl Briggs	12	21.
The Whole Sum that	$7012:	65.

the Commissioners allowed

Returned December 29th 1815.

after it was Recommitted

Attest. Isaac Coffin Judge of Probate

The last Will and Testament of William Starbuck

I William Starbuck of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being in health of Body, and possessing a sound mind and disposing memory do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following. Viz.

Firstly. I give my Wife Mary Starbuck, all my Personal Estate Except my Clock, I also give her my right in that division of land called Fifth Lots Number Ten, it being one fifth part of the right heretofore owned by my Father Thomas Starbuck, also three Rods in front and two in rear of my homestead land, adjoining the land I Sold to Obadiah Coffin, (the Second) also the two following pieces of Pasture Land, on in the Southwest direction from my Dwelling House adjoining a piece of land originally laid out to Samuel Stanton containing one hundred and fifty rods.— The other laying to the Eastward the Southeast bound of which is North eight degrees, Five Rods and twenty three Twenty fifths of a Rod from Caleb Barker's Windmill Containing Ninety three Rods— both of which pieces of land were laid out to me the 3d m 30th 1805. a full description of which may be found in the first book of the Proprietors Records Page 126. also the Meadow lands at Atshimoo, which I bought of Rezin Fanning adjoining the Meadow of my said Wife at that place, also one quarter part of my shares in the old Strait Wharf— To her and to her heirs and assigns forever. Provided. She pays the just debts I may owe at the time of my decease, and also my funeral charges,— all within the time prescribed by law— I also give her the use and Improvement of the Residue of my Estate, for and during the term of her natural life, subject only, to the next succeeding exceptions.

Secondly. To my Sons Kinlah Starbuck and Elishai Starbuck I give my two North lots laying to the Southward of the Rope walks, which I purchased of William Ratch, as by deed will appear, containing about Two Acres— Reserving a Cartway or Road twelve feet wide to pass to and from my other land— the gift to them their heirs and assigns forever.

Thirdly After the decease of my Wife I give to my Daughter Clarinda Boardman one Acre of Pasture land, laying to the Southward of the Rope walks, it being land I purchased of William Ratch, to her, and to her heirs and assigns forever.

(turn over) (Fifth

The last Will and Testament of William Starbuck

Fourthly. — After the decease of my Wife I give to my daughter Rozia Jenkins One Half of the Dwelling House in which I now live, together with a like part of the Land on which it stands, and one half of the accommodations to the same belonging; — Also one Cows Common, in the undivided Lands, including such priviledges as are usually sold with them, to her, and to her heirs and assigns forever. —

Fifthly. After the decease of my Wife, I give to my daughter Judith Coffin One half of my Dwelling House in which I now live with similar priviledges and Accommodations, given to my daughter Rozia, — Keeping in view that the part of my Homestead given to my Wife is not included, — I also give her my Clock and one Quarter part of my Share in the old Strait Wharf, to her, and to her heirs and assigns forever. —

Sixthly. I give to my two sons Kimbal and Elisha Starbuck each one quarter part of my Share in the old Strait Wharf, to them and to their heirs and assigns forever;

Seventhly. After the foregoing requisites are complied with, — such parts of my Estate as may be remaining, — shall be divided as follows, in Equal parts among my Children namely, Judith Coffin, Kimbal Starbuck, Clarinda Boardman, and Elisha Starbuck, Including also my grand Daughter Elizabeth Mayo, to them and to their heirs and Assigns forever. —

Lastly. — I hereby constitute, ordain and appoint my Wife Mary Starbuck, Kimbal Starbuck and Elisha Starbuck, Jointly or Severally to Execute this my last Will; — In Testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and Seal this Thirteenth day of the Sixth Month In the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eleven. —

Nantucket June 13th: 1811. —

The within, or above written Instrument, was signed Sealed pronounced and Declared by the said William Starbuck to be his last Will and Testament In presence of us who have subscribed our Names as Witnesses thereto. —

(Signed) William Starbuck (Seal)

Daniel Coffin
Isaac Coffin 2d.
George Gardner 2d.

(A True Copy)
Nantucket January 13th: 1812.

Nantucket June 13th: 1811. — 7th: 6th: A.D. 1816. —

The Order of Court Respecting Betsey Carys Petition. — Commanwealth of Massachusetts. —

Suffolk and Nantucket ss. — At the Supreme Judicial Court begun and holden at Barton in the County of Suffolk and for the Counties of Suffolk and Nantucket on the fourth Tuesday of November In the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifteen. — —

Upon the Petition of Betsey Cary as She is Guardian to her two Children Betsey Cary and James Cary all of Nantucket. —

Ordered that the said Guardian be and hereby is authorised and impowered to Sell and pass Deeds to convey the whole of the Real Estate of her said two Children situate in Nantucket aforesaid, and to vest the Proceeds of such Sale at Interest for the benefit of her said Minor Children, the said Guardian, to account for the Proceeds thereof with the Judge of Probate, and to comply-ing with all the Injunctions of the Law in such cases made and provided — Attest Barton December 23: 1815. — (Signed) William Tinder Clerk

Barton December 23: 1815. —

Mrs Carey — I have obtained Licence for you to Sell the Real Estate of and belonging to your Children, and you must proceed therein as the Law directs. — You must apply to Judge Isaac Coffin to tell you how to proceed, and follow the direction of Law as to the Sale, though this as you have made the bargain with Samuel Barker is only nominal — when you have Sold it, then you may purchase the Estate of Barker for the Children — and Charge the Minors with the purchase, and Settle the Account in the Probate Office, and the Judge will approve of the said purchase, and Settle your Account — and the thing is done, — : or you may take a Deed of Samuel Barker's Name to yourself — and Continue to and your Children, — the Sum which their Estate Sold for, with

(turn over) (turn over)

Kilburn Whitman Esquires Letter

Until they are of age; either way is safe— if you Comply with the Law respecting the Sale of the Estate of the Minors — when I came to Nantucket in May next — I will examine all your proceedings, and see that they are Correct, with due esteem I am yours to serve

Copy (Signed) Kilburn Whitman

Boston December 23: 1815.

To Mrs Betsey Carey Nantucket

Favoured by the politeness of

Doctor Martin F. Manton

An Inventory of the Estate of Phebe Gardner late of Nantucket deceased taken by the subscribers by a Warrant from the Honourable Isaac Coffin Esq Judge of Probate of wills &c for the county of Nantucket, is as follows viz

	$	cts
1 Desk $2) 21 flag bottom'd Chairs 3.50 1 arm Chair and Cushion	5	50
Cash $5 Abishai Haydens note $11	16	25
1 Stand .25 Bellows .25		25
Steelyard .25) 3 trammels $1	1	25
Fire sets $1.25 Carpet .25	1	50
Water Bucket & Dippers		25
Silver Cut $5 Pepper Caster $2	7	
7 Large Silver Spoons	11	
3 Small Do	1	
Silver Buckels &	2	
Iron hollow ware	3	
1 pair flat irons	1	
Sundry Cooking utensils	1	
Sundry Books	1	50
Pewter	7	
Crockery $1	1	
Coffee mill & sundry Junk Bottles	1	
4 tables $2. Cord wood $10	12	
1 axe .50 Grain sieve .50 4 baskets 1.50	2	50
4 feather beds $70	70	
5 pillows $3. 3 bolsters $2	5	
10 blankets $10) 5 sheets $4	14	
2 under beds $1	1	
Bed furniture Coverlid & quilts	18	
5 blankets	5	
4 sheets $3) 25 pillow cases $4.25	7	25
	197	50

	$	cts
4 bedsteads & Cords	2	50
4 table cloths	1	
7 towels & napkins	1	
Wearing Apparel	20	
5 Curtains	1	
1 Looking Glass		17
2 Cases 1.50 1 Trunk .75	1	25
3 Chests $3 2 spinning wheels 50	3	50
1 Meal Chest .25 Clothes Chest $1	1	25
2½ bushels corn	2	50
10 lbs of wood 3.33	3	33
Lanthorn $1 Case of drawers 1.50	2	50
1 Large Morter $3	3	—
2 brass kettles $2	2	—
1 Copper Teakettle 1.50	1	50
12 fowls	2	—
1 Large Bible	4	—
1 Crane $1. Shovel & spade $1	2	—
Stubhoe and Pitch fork		75
21 sheep	42	
foot brought over	197	50
	294	75

Nantucket December 8th 1815

Charles Folger
Peter Folsdick
Isaac Jones

Appraizers fees $3

An Inventory of the Estate of John Folger late of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket deceased, appraised upon affirmation by us the Subscribers, duly appointed to that Service by Isaac Coffin Esq.r Judge of probate of wills &c for said County. viz.

Personal Estate.	$	cts
Case of Drawers	2	—
3 foot large table		75
Small table		50
9 chairs flag bottom	1	75
1 square table		25
Cooper's hammer & mark.g irons		30
1 Stand		15
1 Bedstead		20
Large bread tray - 1 small &c		30
Handirons	1	—
Bake Pan & skillet		25
Steelyards and Churn		10
2 fire shovels - 3 crane hooks		10
2 Sythes and one need		10
Large kettle		25
2 water casks		20
sundry Farming & cooper tools	2	—
Grain Harrow	1	—
1 Large Cook Pot	1	—
1 Armed Chair		50
An old Desk	2	—
Wearing Apparel	2	—
Small Looking Glass		10
Bed bolster & pillows & 2 quilts	10	—
Chest & old pewter	1	50
Pug, pan, & bellows		10
	28	40

Real Estate.	$	cts
Mansion house together with all the land under & adjoining the same belonging thereto by estimation 20 rods	500	
Amounts brought forward	28	40
	528	40

Nantucket 15th 12mo 1815

Charles Folger
Obed Macy
Peter Macy
} Appraisers

Fees 3 $

An Inventory & Appraisel of the Estate both Real & Personal, whereof Uriah Pinkham died Seized & possessed. ——

	$	cts
11¼ yds Bombazet at $1 [illegible]	11	25
6¼ Mixt Br.d Cloth at 1/75	10	94
16 Coarse br.d Cloth at 1/25	20	—
4 br.d at 3$	12	—
10⅛ br.d Cloth at 3$	30	37
4 Sattinet at 2$		
7½ Sattinet		
10 ℔ No. 12 Cotton yarn at /84	8	40
5 No. 15 at /96	4	80
30 No. 13 —— /88	26	40
10 No. 16 —— /100	10	—
15 No. 14 — /92	13	80
15 No. 9 — /75	11	25
15 No. 10 —— /78	11	70
3⅖ No. 15 — /96	3	26
2 No. 9 —— /75	1	50
2⅞ No. 11 /81	2	20
⅘ No. 10 — /78		61
⅓ No. 12 — /84		28
19/22 No. 22 /50		43
3 filling No. 24 Sacks /50	1	50
1 Copperas Colour No. 12 /75		75
1 Large bible ——	2	—
Remembrancer ——		25
Columbian Orator ——		25
School Dictionary ——		25
Morse's Gazette ——	1	—
First Vol. [illegible] Robertson Hist.y &c.		50
Ready Reckoner ——		25
Town Officer ——		50
Clark's Magazine		50
1 waistcoat New	1	—
1 Lanthorn ——	1	—
10 doz Childrens Clasps	1	—
1 doz Low Combs ——		25
18 sticks of Twist		15

	$	cts
2 ink pots ——		25
2 small locks ——		25
1 pair pinchers		6
2 Jaspits of brass		25
1 small lock		10
1 horne		50
2 sugar boxes ——		12½
6 sheins Woden yarn		18
1 old Umbarella	1	—
1 square Leg turn down table carpet	2	—
1 pair b.d cloth Sheets No. 1	3	—
1 pair Linning Sheets No. 2	1	50
1 —— New Cotton —— No. 3	2	—
1 —— New Cotton —— No. 4	2	50
1 —— Linning —— No. 5	2	
1 —— —— No. 6	2	50
1 Small —— No. 7	2	
1 Pillow Coats No. 1	1	
1 —— —— No. 2	1	
1 —— —— No. 3		75
3 Towels ——	1	
2 Table Cloths	2	
1 Counterpane Cotton	3	
1 Counterpane Linnen	1	50
1 Dimety Counterpane	5	
1 Green trunk ——		50
3 green table Chairs ——	1	20
1 Round Chair and Cushion ——		75
6 Black bottom table Chairs	3	—
6 Mahogany Colored Chairs	3	—
3 flag bottom Chairs		50
1 Easy Chair	10	—
1 Low black arm'd Chair	1	—
1 Low Green arm'd Chair	1	—
1 old arm'd Chair		30
1 pair small iron dogs	1	—
1 small shovel and tongs		75
1 green stretched curtain	1	—
amount of the other side	213	34

...nt brought forward	272	33	Amount brough up	314	82		
...edged Earthen plates		40	1 large Looking Glass	12	50		
Soup		40	1 square colt foot table	1	50		
...n edge plates		33	1 pair brass snout bellows		75		
...ll blue edge		33	1 square pine table	1	—		
...then Bowls		62	1 pair dogs	1	—		
...ll platters white		12½	1 Crane & Hooks in Wroom	1	50		
...ge Wash bowls		66	1 pair old bellows		33		
...iverpod China Cups & saucers	2	—	1 chair cushion	2	—		
...edge Soup dish		33	1 pair sheep shears		75		
...oured large platter		50	Portable Cubbord	1			
...blue edge soup dish		50	2 Cullenders		33		
...cream pots China Liverpod		33	1 tin pail with a cover		33		
...thers onion tubs		33	2 Dippers		15		
...blue top Pitcher		33	2 Tin Funnels		15		
...Liverpool China Pitcher		25	3 tin pans		25		
...Cream Coloured — — —		25	2 Pewter Platters	1			
...d China mug — —		25	2 Earthen Milk pan		25		
...n Coloured mug — —		17	Large Wooden Bowl		17		
...Earthen Tea pot — —		50	2 Earthen jugs		25		
...Japan Canisters — —		50	a little Coffee Mortar	1			
...Glasses — — —	1	—	1 Pug Pan & Wooden fasset		33		
...tumblers — — —		50	Ashes Pail		25		
...ters — — — —	1	50	small tin pail		12		
...servers — — —		25	2 pickel Pots		25		
...cups and 4 saucers —		50	Chopping tray & knife		75		
...ll square bucket —		12	2 old poor looking glasses		25	75	
...knives — —		25	Dust brush		17	75	
...spoones Silver —	4	—	Clothes brush		25	50	
...ge — —	1	—	Clothes horse		12	50	
...mposition Spoons —		50	Steel yards	1		00	
...me peace Clock Weadon	15	—	2 baskets in the bed room		25	50	
...arming pan —	2	—	3 lb Mop wool at 25		75	75	
...iron	6	—	26¼ lb wool at 33⅓	8	75	50	
...ed — — —		75	4 lb black wool at 33⅓	1	33	75	
	314	82		355	60		

		$	cts
11	Amount Brought over	355	60
6	2 Close baskets & Stick basket		37
16	Scales & weights	2	—
4	Coffee Mill	2	—
10	Square Kitchen table		20
4	Water Pail		12
7½	Hatchet & Hammer		30
10	10 Knives & forks Kitchen	1	—
5	4 gimblets & bucket		20
50	2 iron shures & Jaggin knife		6
10	1 Meal bag		75
15	2 Earthen Pitchers		25
15	2 Small Cook pots	2	—
95	2 Skillets		50
32/3	Dish Kettle		50
2	A little cook pot		33
25	Bake Pan		75
12½	Crane in the Kitchen	1	
1	3 flat irons		60
12	Oil or Lamp feeder		17
3	1 pair brass candle sticks	1	
1	1 high brass lamp	1	50
1	1 Low brass lamp		75
6	Japan Candle sticks		12
6	Shoe brushes		12
4	Hand brush		6
	Dye pot		15
5	Old bucket		12
	Coffee pot		50
	Wool Cards		33
6	Oven Shovel		12
	Large cook pot	1	50
	Pounding barrel		50
	Brass Kettle	2	
	Garden Hoe		25
		377	72

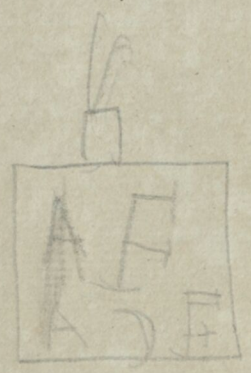
		$	cts
	Amounts brought forward	37	
	2 Pitch forks		
	Rain water Logg head		
	Desk		
	Turn down square leg table		
	Looking glass in the chamber		
	Red bedstead & Cord		
	Red bolster & pillows to do		
	& under bed for do	36	
	1 pair large English Blankets	10	
	1 .. small — —		
	One small —		
	2 Homespun Blankets		
	Brown Calico Quilt		
	1 old quilt		
	1 coverlid		
	Old pillow and bolster		
	1 Sheet		
	Blue bedstead and cord		
	Bed, Checkand tick Bolster & pillows & under Bed	19	
	Callics quilt. Green underside	7	
	1 pair cotton sheets	3	
	White bedstead & Cord	1	
	Bed, bolster & pillows & underbed	23	
	1 old coverlid	1	
	1 small quilt	1	
	1 Homspun & tolloth sheets	3	
	Old patch work quilt	1	
	1 Light Coloured callico quilt	4	
	Wood box and tubs		
	Stone bottle & Pot		
	Wheel, Reel & Swift	2	
	Half bushel measure & peck		
	1 Large trunk	2	
		530	

...d an Heiress. 'Now, Fanny, how can you say such for being poor. If I was only rich the way I'd rule—but, Clara, we have not even the

...ounts brought over	$	cts
	530	13
...l skin trunk		50
...ge clothes chest	3	—
...mber window curtains		75
...tow cloth		75
...er tub		12
...aring Apparel	20	—
...low Curtains		37
...s	4	50
...ights & harness	2	—
...chests	4	—
...ll red bedstead and Cord	2	—
...Kitchen .25 Cents		25
...e pot & Jug		87
		50
...ood half half bushel		33
...rthen pot & 1 Bottle		17
...ttles		43
...jugs		18
...Case bottle		8
...legs	1	—
...vel & Hand saw		50
...sheep skins	2	—
...n tunnel		25
...Pike shoat	1	—
...ney scales	1	
...nall brass scales	1	
...es in the stock of the marine Insurance Company	135	
...nissary Note 200:00		
11:50 interest	211	50
$.211-50	930	98

Real Estate	$	cts
79½ sheep commons on the Island of Pookoonock	187	50
8 Sheep commons & Wantastiek with the priviledge belonging thereto	50	
Store and Land belonging thereto situated on south side straight Wharf	500	—
Meadow by Ebenezer Barnes Containing 150 Rods	225	—
The old part of the Mansion house including all the Land it covers & to the westward of the west sill of the new part by a parallel line North & South through the Land	400	—
The new part of the Mansion House with all the remaining part of the Land belonging thereto with all the privilege of passing in and out at the front door & stairs	600	—
including all the out buildings thereon standing		
170 Rods of Land in Ashinimo share No 19	10	—
	$.1912	50
Personal Estate	$.1428	72
	$.3401	22
1 pillow case		25
	$.3401	47

		$	cts
	Personal Estate		
	Amounts brought forward	930	98
11	Promissary Note 100		
6	Interest 16	116	—
16	Promissary Note 100		
4	Interest 3	103	—
10	Promissary Note 30		
4	Interest 12-60		
7½	42-60		
10	Promissary 25 —		
5	Interest 8		
	75 60		
30	Promissary Note 30 —		
10	Interest 11-12	136	72
15	Promissary Note 11—		
15	Interest 7 55	18	55
95	Promissary Note 17-87		
32/5	Interest 12- 6	29	93
9	Promissary note 9 —		
2	Interest 1-64		
2 8/11		10	64
8/10	Amount of sundry's sold at Auction	20	80
1/3	A small spider —	—	25
		1366	87
19/22	Due from Reuben & Pinkhm Receipt	12	50
3	Ballance Francis Tallen Act	29	89
16	Foot stove	—	25
1	Cash on hand	18	71
	Oil Cannister		50
		1428	72



We the Subscribers being appointed by Isaac Coffin Esqr judge of
of wills. & to Inventory & Appraise the estate both Real & Personal, of
Unah Pinkham late of Nantucket died seized & possessed, have per-
that service & submit the foregoing for acceptance

Nantucket 29th 3^d m 1815

Fees 9 $

Charles Folger
Abisha Bunker
Obed Macy.

Poor and an Heiress.

'Now, Fanny, how can you say such for being poor. If I was only rich the way I'd rule—but, Clara, we have not even the

1	Amount brot up	100	90	To Amount			93 10
1	Easy Chair with blue Covering & Cushion	15	— 1 pr	Sheet	5	—	3 50
			1 pr	do	6		3 50
1	Dimity Covering	5	— 1 pr	do	7	—	2 50
1	black Walnut Desk	5	— 1 pr	do	8	—	6 —
2	Steel tresses	2	— 1 pr	do	9	—	4 50
1	diamond Cut Looking Glass	4	— 1 pr	do	10	—	4 —
	Small Cherry bearo	3	50 1 p	do	11	—	5 —
1	pine Wash Stands	2	— 1 pr	do	12	—	7 —
1	Case & Bottles No 1	1	50 1 pr	do	13	—	5 —
	Old Stand		— 25 1 pr	do	14	—	5
1	trunk No 6	1	— 1 pr	do	15	—	3
1	tumbler basket		25 1 pr	do	16	—	4 50
	Vt No 2	6	— 1 p	do	17	—	5 —
	do No 1	1	50 1 p	do	18	—	3
	Milk Pans No 1 & 2		50 1 p	do	19	—	3 50
2	Small Basket		6 1 p	do	20	—	3 —
	Stands Carpets		25 1 p	do	21	—	3
	Covered Fayal basket		6 1 p	do	22	—	2 50
2	Open do		6 1 p	do	23	—	2 —
	Table Carpets		25 1 p	do	24	—	3
	Handled basket		12½ 1 p	do	25	—	2 —
	Quilt No 1	12	— 1 p	do	26	—	1 50
1	do No 2	5	— 1 p	do	27	—	3 —
	do No 3	5	— 1 p	do	28	—	4 —
	blue & white coverlaid	10	— 1 p	do	29	—	3 —
	Quilt No 4	3	— 1 p	do	30	—	3 —
	do No 5	3	— 1 p	do	31	—	3 —
	do " 6	8	— 1 p	do	32	—	2 —
	do " 7	7	— 1 p	do	33	—	2 —
	do " 8	5	— 1 p	Pillow Cases No 1			75
	suit Dimity Bed Curtains & Spread	40	— 1 p	do	2		75
	Bed Cover No 2	2	50 1 p	do	3		1 50
			1 p	do	4		1 50
	suit white Cotton Bed Curtains	20	— 1 p	do	5		1
	Bed Case No 3	2	50 1 p	do	6		1 00
	do 4	2	— 1 p	do	7		50
	do 5	2	— 1 p	do	8		75
	pr Sheets 1	5	— 1 p	do	9		50
	pr do 2	5	— 1 p	do	10		1 75
	pr do 3	4	50 1 p	do	11		1
				do	12		

[illegible] [illegible] would do; and here the [illegible] off for [illegible] steep.

GEORGE AND HIS LITTLE SISTER.

A little boy asked his mother to let him lead his little sister out on the green grass. She had just begun to run alone, and could not step over anything that lay in the way. His mother told him he might lead the little girl, but charged him not to let her fall. I found them at play, very happy, in the field.

I said, "You seem very happy, George. Is this your sister?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can she walk alone?"

"Yes, sir, on smooth ground."

"And how did she get over these stones, which lie between us and the house?"

"O, sir, mother charged me to be careful that she did not fall, and so I put my hands under her arms, and lifted her up when she came to a stone, so that she need not hit her little foot against it."

"That is right, George; and I want to tell you one thing. You see now how to understand that beautiful text, 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' God charges his angels to lead and lift good people over difficulties, just as you have lifted little Anne over these stones. Do you understand it now."

"O, yes, sir, and I shall never forget it while I live."

Can one child thus take care of another, and cannot God take care of those who put their trust in him? Surely he can; and there is not a child, who may read this story, over whom he is not ready to give his holy angels charge.

THE AXE OF THE SETTLER.

Thou conqueror of the wilderness,
With keen and bloodless edge,
Hail! to the sturdy artisan
Who welded thee, bold wedge!
Though the warrior deem the weapon
Fashioned only for the slave,
Yet the settler knows thee mightier
Than the tried Damascus glaive.

While desolation marketh
The course of foeman's brand,
Thy strong blow scatters plenty
And gladness through the land.
Thou openest the soil to culture,
To the sunlight and the dew;
And the village spire thou plantest,
Where of old the forest grew.

When the broad sea rolled between them
And their own far native land,
Thou wert the faithful ally
Of the hardy pilgrim band.
They bore no warlike eagles,
No banners swept the sky,
Nor the clarion, like a tempest,
Swelled its fearful notes on high.

But the ringing wild re-echoed
Thy bold resistless stroke,
Where, like incense on the morning,
Went up the cabin smoke.
The tall oaks bowed before thee
Like reeds before the blast;
And the earth put forth in gladness,
Where the axe in triumph passed.

Then hail! thou noble conqueror!
That when tyranny oppress'd,
Hewed for our fathers from the wild,
A land wherein to rest.
Hail, to the power that giveth
The bounty of the soil,
And freedom, and an honored name,
To the hardy sons of toil.

"I CAN [illegible]"

They tell me that the cold, cold earth
Is now thy resting place,
And I may never more look on
Thy sweet and beauteous face.
They say the grass is growing green
Upon thy lowly bed,
And violets are blooming there—
I cannot make thee dead!

I may not look upon thy grave,
I would not know the truth,
I would have my first fond love
A mournful dream of youth;
I would not have earth's fairest flower
Resolved to earth again,
Whose odors, breathed alone for me,
Sent gladness through my brain.

I did not see thy beauties fade,
The rose forsake thy cheek,
I was not by to soothe, caress,
So uncomplaining, meek;
I did not watch that gentle sleep,
When thy pure spirit fled
Its frail and earthly tenement—
I cannot make thee dead!

Even now, as in the vaulted skies,
I watch the star of even,
I deem that thou art looking too,
With thoughts of me and Heaven.
I see thee kneel to God above,
I hear the prayer that 's said,
The breathings of a sinless heart—
I cannot make thee dead!

In sorrow's lone and darksome hour,
Thou then art ever nigh,
I hear thy sweet and peaceful words,
I see thy love-lit eye.
And when upon my pillow lone
I lay my aching head,
Thou 'rt with me in the dreams of night—
I cannot make thee dead!

Thou art not dead! no, Bertha! no,
Though now thy resting place
Be the dark grave, and I no more
May look upon thy face,—
Yet in my heart thou livest still,
Its first, its only love,—
The same in life and death—unchanged
Our souls shall meet above!

[illegible]'s Ferry, N. H.

A GEM BY EDITH MAY.

The following from our valued correspondent, "Edith May," cannot fail to prove highly acceptable to our readers. The versification is as smooth as the language is sparkling:

EOLIE.

Oh, you are welcome as the dew
To the worn feet of pilgrim day,
And wild and fresh as flowers that keep
The virgin bloom and breath of May;
Yet wilful as a hawk set free
Ere whistle lure or huntsman tame her,
Capricious as the bridal smile
Spring half denies the skies that claim her!
You've slept since morning, unbetrayed
By waving grass or whispering tree,
You're loitering now through grove and glade
Wild Eolie!

Oh! we were playmates, long ago,
And then I chased your flying feet,
Over the brave rock-terraced hills,
Over the vallies, green and sweet.
Your kisses woke me if I slept
Where boughs unclasp and shadows play,
And starting from my childish dreams
I heard your low laugh far away.
Most gentle in your wily mirth
Yet elfin, half, you seemed to me,
I loved you more than I can tell
Wild Eolie!

I love you still—when even comes
I hear you tread my chamber floor,
You sweep aside the curtain's fold
And close the page I linger o'er.
For sunset is our trysting time,
Our tryst we keep till stars convene,
Till, Thetis-like, from deeps of blue
Upsprings the silver-footed queen—
Breaking the crystal calm of night,
As light-wings break a glassy sea;
Your low voice hymns me to my rest,
Wild Eolie!

When through the heaven's serenest blue
Move car-like clouds with lingering flight,
I image now a nymph like those
That urge the shell of Amphytrite;
At morn you are a huntress fleet,
And cloistered from the heats of noon;
You seem, at night, a sister pale,
Low chanting to the haloed moon.
By morn, and noon, and saintly night
I image what I cannot see,
And give your elfin [illegible]
Wild Eolie!

[illegible] 1 — 1 50
[illegible] 75
[illegible] lestbe — 50
[illegible] 1 —
[illegible] 1 25
[illegible] 1 —
[illegible] d — 25
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1 looking glass
6 Front Chamber 7 —
1 hearth brush — 37
$ 504 65

No 4 — 3 —
No 5 — 1 5
$ 760 9[illegible]

Poor and an Heiress.

'Now, Fanny, how can you say such for being poor. If I was only rich the way I'd rule—but, Clara, we have not even the ibly

		$ 41015				$ 50035	
2 Skeins yarn	d 7/ (J.M.)		66	18 yd Calico	d 3/10	8 50	
4 pr worsted Stockings	d 7/	4	66	4 do	do — 2/8	1 78	
2 pr do	d 4/ —		66	8½ "	do — 2/8	3 78	
3 pr do white	d 6/	3	—	4¾ "	do — 2/6	1 78	
3 pr do	d 2/6	1	25	7 7/8 "	do — 2/6	3 28	
1 pr Lamb wool		1	25	3½ "	do — 2/	1 17	
3 pr white Cotton	d 1/10	3	75	5 —	plane Camb.ks	d 3/	2 50
8 pr Col.d Cotton	d 4/6	6	33	6¼ —	Sundry Remnants Calico d 1/8		4 52
16 handkfs	d 7/ —	1	44				
24 do	do 15 ¢	3	60	1¼ —	do — 1/8	—	35
9 do	do 20 ¢	1	80	6 3/4 "	Remnants do 1/8	1	87
26 do	do 15 ¢	3	90	2 3/4	Calico — 3/	1	37
13 Shawls	d 3/6	7	50	2 Vest	Patterns d 7/	2	—
1 do			75	1 handkf	— —	—	2
5 7/8 yd twil'd Cambric		5	12½	2½ yd Ticking	d 4/6	1	87
20 1/4 " Gingham	d 3/ —	10	12½	Calico (J.M.)		38	66
2 9 " Calico	d 1/10	5	56	14 pr Suspenders		7	—
1 23/4 " do	d 3/6	5	30	yarn (J.M.)	—	4	87
23 3/4 do	d 3/	6	78	factory Cotton (J.M.)		18	82
5 6 do	— 1/9	1	75	20 1/4 yd India Check	7/8	5	64
5 14 do	— 1/9	4	8	33¾ " do	2/8	1	67
12 do	— 1/9	3	50	1½ " do	— 1/8	—	42
5 14 3/4 do	— 2/8	6	50	29½ " do	— 1/2½	5	90
4 do	— 2/8	1	78	Ribbons	— —	3	—
2½ do	— 3/	1	25	Cambrick thr'd Cotton		12	—
		$ 50636		draw	—		
				Lonesome thread		3	—
						$ 51936	



[From the St. Louis ...]

TAKING THE CENSUS IN "L..."

...urs relates a number of co... which he met with a few months ... gaged in taking the census. The fou... serve as a caution to future census ta... the down town population. The sce... story little brick building, consis... rooms, one o... which was used as a p... and dining room, the other as w... kennel and hen roost. Entering th... hat in hand and book under his ar... repeated the bow that he had made ... other families that morning, and acco... with the usual exclamation and inqu... taking the census; will you be good ... tell me the number of tenants there are ... house?' Nearly the whole family were ... time in the room. A small, wrinkled up ma... by the fire, mending a harness; a large, ru... faced *frau*, at the table, in the farther end of the apartment, was working dough, and used a beer bottle as a roller, and five or six curly headed urchins, *en chemise*, were running and tumbling about the floor. At the appearance of a stranger, there was a general suspension of operations, and to this question the only response was a long stare from every member of the family.

'Will you, sir,' said the gentleman, after a short silence, addressing himself particularly to the man, who sat near the fire, 'will you tell me the number who lodge in this house?'

'*Ich kan nicht English sprechen*,' the man muttered, and then commenced sewing on the harness, just as if he had given the questioner the amplest gratification.

'Won't you, madam, be so kind as—'

'*Nein, nein*,' exclaimed the woman, interupting him, as she seized the bottle and commenced a furious course of rollings over the dough, '*Ich kan nicht English sprechen*.'

In a calm fit of desperation, our friend closed ...ook, placed it under his arm, and with an in... vision of a long and disagreeable walk in ...h of an interpreter, he proceeded towards ... when, as he laid his hand upon the latch, ...im back by the ... ...glish,' said the urchin, inspir... ...ll the wisdom of the family; 'John ... English.

There was a means of overcoming the obstacle, and our friend turned back with brightened hopes.

'John speaks English—well, where is John? Go and call him. What, can none of you understand me?—*co and kit and Shon*.' And by a ...any pantomimic gesticulations, with rath... ...dash on the German, he managed to ...himself understood. The boy ran out by ... door, and soon came back, leading in a stout good natured looking lad of about fourteen, all smiles and dirt. The conversation was carried on, for some time, in a rather summary manner.

'Can you speak English?' asked the gentleman.

'*Ya*,' answered the boy.

'Ask your father how many there are who live in this house.'

After a translation of the question to the harness man, and after being instructed in his answer, the boy resumed:

'Mine fader says, vot for.'

Here the gentleman went on to give a long explanation of census taking, its cause, its object, and the probable benefits arising from it, which started them off on a long and very animated discussion. At last the boy received his orders and answered:

'Mine fader says tere ish eight und *ein halbein* in ter family.'

'What the deuce do you mean by eight and *ein halbein*?'

There was a broad grin on the harnessman's countenance, as he seized his awl and commenced operations on the harness with redoubled ...ergy. The stout lady seized her bottle, ... started a fresh series of strong rollings whilst ... interpreter, with a very knowing smile, conti...

'You see, zur, tere ish six in ter family n... two or three weeks mine fader tinks dere ... *seven!*

This *was* counting the chickens! Wit... lent apostrophe to the enlightenment of t... the gentleman opened his book and wrote:

'Peter Brecknhoss, and Minnie his wife, h... *seven* children—three boys, three girls, and ... *doubtful!*'

...ght up £780.3 ... bot up £596.01

...smlin d 4/6 7.50 1¼ yds ducape 2—

... d 5/6 1.37 4 " Sattinet — 1.67

... 4/ — .87 7. Persian d 9/ 10.50

... d 3/6 .72 9/8 Plaid Silk d 4/6 7.12

... d 2/ 3— 2 handkfs red Check 2—

... d 1/ 4.37 14 Brown Silk Do 14—

... d 12/ 2.87 2 do d 5/ 1.87

1 1 Lead Col'd Silk Shawl 2.50

.50 ¼ yd Black Sattin d 6/ — .30

1.33 3/8 " do Cutestring — .62½

8.33 3/5 " yellow Persian — .33

4.67 20 lbs yarn stocking 15—

4— 3 pr mittens d 4/6 — .75

1 3.50 1¾ yds tow Cloth — .41

1 1.70 1¾ " Striped Linen — .41

5 Skeins worsted d 3/ 2.50

1 1.50 6¾ yds Carpeting d 4/6 5.06

.04 12 lbs Grass for Carpet 2.50

1.95 1 Roll wire for do

1.84 1 pr Silk Stockings .75

5.0 3 yds table Carpet 1.25

1— $4.96.75

1.17

5.50

12½

6—

3—

— 25

25—

13.50

2.50

3.66

$4.89.04

Poor and an Heiress.

BY GRACE MANNERS.

'Well, Marian dear, what sort of a party had you last night?' inquired Miss Seymour of her sister, as she took her seat at the breakfast table—'I heard you and Fanny laughing very merrily as you went up stairs, so I suppose it was a pleasant one?'

'Pleasant—yes,' said Marian, 'it was intended for a party of pleasure, I presume, for I could not find out that it was given for any one in particular, so I suppose I must say it was pleasant—if pleasure there is in being in rooms so crowded that no young lady dare sit down, no matter how tired she may be, because there are dozens of married ladies that are standing for want of seats.'

'Then it was a successful party if it was so crowded?—and fashionable and elegant, of course?'

'Now, sister Clara, how does it sound from you, to hear you saying of Mrs. Howell's parties, 'fashionable and elegant of course?' Coarse she certainly was and always is—fashionable people were there, and she had an elegant entertainment for them, an overloaded supper-table, with the most aspiring candy-baskets you ever saw, shooting up from the corners as if they intended to pierce the ceiling—but the greatest wonder after finding myself there, is to hear you applying the word 'of course' to the elegance of her entertainments; such a 'nouveau riche' as she is, and such an aristocrat of the 'old regime' as you are. How the world changes!'

'I am not changed, Marian, nor my opinions either—and yet for all that Mrs. Howell's parties are both fashionable and elegant; and my own pretty little sister and her very stylish friend Fanny, helped to make it so. And now I return to my first question—had you a pleasant evening?

'Yes—I had an uncommonly pleasant evening—I danced every time I chose to, in the first place. I said a great many civil things to my vulgar hostess, as I saw her impudent daughters were frightened to death at the idea of her talking to me, and snubbed her several times in hopes of making her go, so I chose to be civil to her—that was number two of my pleasures. Then that impudent Mr. Grant, who was only introduced to me [illegible] before, presumed to be familiar, [illegible] very crest-fallen, I [illegible] last and greatest was [illegible] innocent cause of that [illegible] the Polka, Mr. Bemson, [illegible] prevent him from ex- [illegible] of the winter I hope—so [illegible] a pleasant evening.'

'Now, Fanny, how can you say such things of me—I never laughed the whole evening, I only smiled—and if absurd people will come and show off before you, is it my fault?'

'But you encourage them to do so. I cannot keep my countenance as you can, and while you are doing the mischief I pay the penalty.'

'Then, Fanny, copy my example and command your risible faculties a little more—I was almost ashamed of your laughter when fat, fussy Mr. Howell asked me 'if I had seen his Wenus?' I did not laugh, though I own I enjoyed Miss Howell's look of horror, when directly afterward he asked me to look at his 'Heeb, that lovely alabaster Hebe.' She saw I wanted to laugh, and that was enjoyment enough for me.'

'Oh, Marian,' said Clara, seriously, 'how it grieves me to see you so bitter. Why should you enjoy that poor girl's mortification at the exposure of her father's ignorance? I could not have looked at her, thinking she was suffering so.'

'Neither would I, Clara, had I thought her feelings were hurt—but it was nothing but her pride that was galled. If she was an unassuming girl and humble in her prosperity, I would be the last to hurt her feelings—but such a presuming upstart that is ashamed of her own father, I take down whenever I can. I saw her at Mrs. Williams' party the other evening very rude to that sweet, gentle, little Emily Maine—and when her brother asked 'who she was?' she replied, 'oh! she's nobody—her mother keeps a boarding-house—poor as poverty.' I determined then to make her afraid of me, though I am poor.'

'Fie, Marian,' said Fanny, 'to say you are poor, with every comfort and luxury round you—and to talk of making Miss Howell afraid of you. Why she would give half her wealth for any one of your historical ancestors—she, poor soul, having none that she is not ashamed of. What has made you so severe this morning? I am sure you were a great belle last night.'

'I am so severe, I suppose, because I am not rich. I was a belle as you say last night, but why? I dance and waltz well, and so all the beaux that want to show themselves off like to have me for a partner—but last night Mr. Harden broke his engagement to waltz with me formed the evening before, because there was a rich girl there who danced passably, and I was left for her, and had the mortification of hearing myself recommended by him to that rich goose Bemson, as a safe person to Polka with, as he is only a beginner. I could not refuse as I had no other engagement, thanks to Mr. Harden—but don't think he will endorse the recommendation. He was intolerably clumsy—trod on my foot every other step—spoiled my shoes and so as I got very tired of keeping him up I at last let him take his own way, and down he went as you saw, Fanny.'

'Did you fall too? said Clara.

'No. I did not, I assure you—the poor creature was so giddy that hands and feet, all went at once, and he flew off at a tangent into the middle of the room, while I stood quietly at the side of it. He will not try me again, I fancy—and I will never dance with Harden for his impertinence. All that I got for being poor. If I was only rich the way I'd rule—but, Clara, we have not even the luck of a rich old uncle, who might possibly leave us something. I heard your fortune, dear Fanny, doubled last night—and consequently you are thrice as charming as usual. I know a reason why you will not have any of the beaux—but let them offer—there are four or five here that always court every girl that is said to have a fortune, and they will be sure to court you. So mind you let them do it—it is such fun to have them refused. Now I must go and call papa, before his coffee is cold, and see after the letters and newspapers for him.' And off went Miss Marian as she had said, leaving her sister somewhat shocked, and her friend laughing.

Clara and Marian Seymour were the daughters of a gentleman of an old and distinguished family—but having a large share of the blessing of sons and daughters, and a small one of that 'root of evil' money, he was not enabled to live in anything like style, and his two very pretty daughters were obliged to practise more self-denial and economy than exactly suited the taste of the volatile, proud and very sensitive Marian. As a girl at a fashionable boarding-school, she had just been brought in contact with the daughters of what she called the 'noveaux,' and there she had first suffered under the superciliousness of these slaves of the purse, who ridiculed her dress, and sneered at every consideration of expense. Deprived of her mother's judicious care at an early age, a pet of father and brothers, who laughed at her school troubles, and doted on by her sister, her senior by several years, she grew up a bright, pretty girl, proud of her family importance, and determined to put down by the force of her own dignity and a caustic tongue, all those who were, or who she fancied were, disposed to treat her slightingly for her want of wealth. As she herself said, to the unassuming millionaire she was as kind and polite as possible, but on the least appearance of airs of importance, she was on her pedestal of pride, and woe to the unlucky one who presumed to interfere with her! A perfect lady in manners, she wielded the sharp weapons of wit and sarcasm that cut clear and deep, with a skill all feared to provoke, and that ever kept at a distance those who had once experienced their power. It may seem strange that so young a woman (not twenty was our heroine) should be so anxious and so bitter on the subject of wealth—but young as she was, the want of it had been deeply felt by her, and the whole happiness of her future life seemed as if it would be marred for the want of a moderate portion of that shining dross that the majority of this world so worship. What wonder then at the half playful, half earnest importance which she placed upon it?

'Was Mrs. Hardwicke at the party last night?' said Clara to her young guest when Marian had left the room.

'Yes—she was introduced to me—said she was an old friend of my mother's, and that she intended to come and see me to-day. What a haughty looking [illegible]

'How did she behave to [illegible] see them together?'

'I saw her bow [illegible] turned with a most [illegible] —what is w[illegible]

'O!

I share

I pair

I pair—

I share in the Nant. [illegible]

[illegible] one of [illegible] joy the party, [illegible] ally d[illegible] and [illegible] ought [illegible] ad a [illegible] ful [illegible] me [illegible] more— [illegible] t [illegible] expressible [illegible] of

[illegible] ate u[illegible] nocturnal [illegible] ludrical luminary, in order that the refulgent brightness of its resplendent brilliancy may dazzle the visions of [illegible] more po-

[illegible] poor wife's reputation be ruined, and your children go to the plenipotentiary. It won't do Jones; it won't do; and here she [illegible] off for Jones [illegible]

If side by side still fond we keep,
And calmly in each other's arms
Together linked, go down the steep.

POETRY.

[Written for the Messenger.]

POEM V.

BY ROBERT BURNS, JR.

SCHOOL ASSOCIATIONS.—CANTO 1s

CONTINUED.

XLI.

In Algebra you 'go it' well;
In 'rithmetic you do excel;
You have a knack of teaching school,
That is, you 'do it up' by RULE,
And show 'the young ideas how to shoot,'
And when you've show'd them, then they have
to do't.

XLII.

Your pen goes glib, when on a theme
Which you do worthy of you deem;
For then, whatever may oppose,
You're sure to conquer all your foes;
And if by pen and ink it can be done,
To use the PEN AND INK you are the one.

XLIII.

For I'd as soon be killed outright,
Or have to sleep out doors all night,
As to sit still and tamely bear
What irony, that you might care
To place my withered character upon,
And slash about my ears, both PRO and CON.

XLIV.

I don't mean mine is 'withered' tho':
I do suppose a case you know—
Though now I've come to look at it,
Could I have made a wiser hit?
But now my fate is fixed for this old world,
No matter if my character is curled.

XLV.

But these things, I have mentioned last,
Seem not to give to one that cast,
That pure and inborn virtues do,
Which are possessed by very few,
None can demolish, while the former stands,
And none can seize the latter from your hands.

XLVI.

But there's one trait I did forget,
And should have missed it too, I'll bet,
If I had not heard some one say,
That I was given the same way;
But as for me they told an awful lie,
And you perchance will say, the same do I!

XLVII.

You love to look upon the girls,
And sport amid their flowing curls;
You're sly, 'tis true, but then I know
You love the dears; is it not so?
And then, so many maids are AFTER you.
You sometimes know scarcely e'en what to do

XLVIII.

It was sometime before that I,
'Your girl' among all, could descry,
But when young C——a did appear,
The light did shine out very clear,
As the good Millerites did often say,
When talking of the twenty-second day.

XLIX

Yes, she is bright and she is fair,
Possessed of graces which are rare—
I'll eulogize her for your sake,
And 'cause I want some wedding cake,
Your cherished secrets I'll pry ope no more,
Nor farther seek your orchard to explore.

L.

I've though of one more warming trait;
You are a first rate snug bed-mate;
And I had rather sleep with you,
Than any other fav'rite two;
Yes, in this world I know but solely one,
I'd rather sleep with than friend [illegible] Thompson!

KISSING.—The most honorable kiss, both to the giver and receiver, was that which queen Margaret of France, in the presence of the whole court, impressed upon the lips of the ugliest man in the kingdom. Allen Carties, whom she one day found asleep, exclaimed to her astonished attendants; "I do not kiss the man, but the lips which uttered such charming things."

Some fellow up the country asks "Present after the doctor when the world [illegible]n?" We answer 'Chaos'—as he [illegible]ed a minute or two before.

POETRY.

From the Quincy Patriot.

LOVE OF LIBERTY.

When southern breezes blow,
In nature's vernal spring,
Where rivers gently flow,
And feather'd warblers sing—
How is the thought,
Of being free
From tyranny,
With pleasure fraught!

When all the tribes and swarms,
Of air and earth and sea,
Express in varied forms
Their love of liberty,
Do not their heirs
Of nobler birth,
Than beasts of earth,
Love also theirs?

Yes!—'tis higher priz'd,
By heirs of Adam's line,
Than names immortaliz'd,
Or treasures of the mine—
However we
To fame aspire,
Or gold desire:
We will be FREE!

We will, as 'tis our right,
And God has so decreed,
That whether black or white,
We should be free indeed—
And he invites
His Maker's curse,
Who takes from us
Our holy rights!

And the same blood that plays
In us, has even run
In hearts beneath the rays
Of Afric's burning sun—
Yet tyrant man,
For glittering g[illegible]d,
Has bought and sold
The African!

If we neglect the tribes,
In cruel bondage bound,
The Pharisees and Scribes
Less guilty will be found—
Let us awake
From slumber's pall!
And pray that all
Their fetters break!

For the Boston Recorder.

THE TWENTY THOUSAND CHILDREN

Of the Sabbath Schools in New York, celebratin together the 4th July, 1839.

O sight sublime! O sight of fear!
The shadowing of infinity—
Numbers! whose murmur rises here
Like whisperings of the mighty sea.

Ye bring strange vision to my gaze;
Earth's dreamer, Heaven before me swims;
The sea of glass—the throne of Days;
Crowns, harps, and the melodious hymns.

Ye rend the air with grateful songs
For freedom by old warriors won—
O for the battle which your throngs
May wage and win through David's Son!

Wealth of young beauty! that now blooms
Before me, like a world of flowers—
High expectation! that assumes
The hue of life's serenest hours,

Are ye *decaying?*—must these forms
So agile, fair, and brightly gay,
Hidden in dust, be given to worms
And everlasting night, the prey?

Are ye *immortal?*—will this mass
Of life, be life, undying, still,
When all these sentient thousands pass
To where corruption works its will?

Thought! that takes hold of heaven and hell,
Be in each TEACHER'S heart to day!
So shall Eternity be well
With these, when Time has fled away. W. B. T

A HINT FOR THE LADIES.—A distinguished writer says—"There is but one passage in the Bible where the girls are commanded to kiss the *men;* and that is in the golden rule, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them'"

The Philadelphia Times, having put under its head of "local news" an article headed "a case of indigestion," a waggish editor suggests that he should rather call it news from the *interior*.

THE FORK vs. THE SPADE.

As digging and stirring the soil is the most laborious and most indispensable operation in horticulture, (says a correspondent of the Gardener's Chronicle), it is highly important to inquire by what tool digging is best accomplished. The spade is almost universally used—so much so indeed that the fork has generally a specific name, as though it were only fit for one department of labor. It is generally called the "potato fork," because it is employed in unearthing that root, and in many gardens that is its sole occupation. Much has been said at various times on the superiority of the fork to the spade for general purposes, but the advice is seldom followed. The spade has always been used on my own premises until the last winter, and no man who has worked for me has ever said—"Sir, will it not be better to use a fork?" But having occasion to dig myself last autumn, I used the fork, and was so amazed at the ease and rapidity with which the work was done, that I have never since allowed a spade to be used when the former instrument is available. A moment's thought will point out in what the superiority consists. The friction is only one-half that produced by the spade, and stones present comparatively no obstacle. A sandy soil, of course, could not be worked by the fork, but light grounds may. Another advantage is the lightness communicated to the soil when it is forked up. The fork, indeed, gives the land a subsoil ploughing, if the prongs are long enough. Let the amateur make the experiment himself, and I am sure he will seldom afterwards use the spade.

A FRAGMENT.

In our best clime, in freedom's own domain,
Exist no wrongs to give the bosom pain?
Hark! in the murmurs of the southern gale,
Breaks on the ear the negroe's hollow wail.
I hear the driver's lash, the dismal clank
Of chains, resound along Missouri's bank,
As on he hastens to the sable fold
His herd of victims to be bought and sold;
I see the slave, in mind and soul akin,
In all beside the tincture of the skin,
Doom'd, like the brute, to turn the arid soil,
In hopeless, thankless, unrequited toil:
I see him, weary at the beat of drum,
His only curfew, hurried to his home,
To find in dreams upon his bed of straw,
A land of right, of liberty and law.
Remorseless servitude, of ills the worst,
Of crimes the deepest with which earth is curst!
Let the kind master mingle as he will
The bitter chalice, it is slavery still!
The hand of mercy cannot pluck the thorn,
That arms the pillow of the wretch forlorn,
Nor bland philanthropy assuage the pain,
Or dry the tear of him who wears the chain.
Shame on progenitors, whose crimes entail'd
A blot, a curse, their children have t ewail'd!
Shame that one man, who breathes the inspiring air
Of freedom, and who tastes her boon, shall dare
To lift his voice the advocates of wrong,
And seek, from sordid pretexts, to prolong
This stain upon a country, great and free,
Glorious in arts and arms, the home of Liberty!

I. THE DAY WE CELEBRATE!

The following Odes were sung at Bristol, R. I. on the 4th of July, 1838.

ODE.

Hark, the clarion's mellow bray
Sounds at morning's glorious ray,
It is our country's natal day—
All hearts beat high with joy!

Hail! auspicious, heavenly morn,
When freedom in our land was born,
And from a tyrant's crown was torn
Its best and brightest gem!

Then went th' Almighty's fiat forth,
From austral regions to the north,
Pledge of his high and holy troth,
My people shall be free!

Then, like Minerva, sprang to life,
Amid th' inspiring, deathful strife,
When blood dyed carnage was all rife,
Heroic hearts of steel.

Great God of battles! hear our prayer,
Still be our lovely land thy care,
Let Liberty here find her lair
Amid our hills and dales.

No proud usurper, then, shall rise,
Nor lurid anarch dare emprise,
To pall our bright, our native skies
With treason's hateful blot.

...O. 2--WALL STREET--[CONCLUDED.]

You see men pass—you judge of their character, condition, and state of mind, by their looks. Simple friend of ours, look through our spectacles, and you

From Zion's Herald.

A PARODY.

My country—'tis o'er thee,
Dark land of ...

III. The memory of Washington, the father of his country, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!...

Night before the Wedding.

"...e shall be very happy together," said Louisa to her aunt, the evening before the wedding—and her cheek was tinged with a rich color and her eyes sparkled with soul-felt happiness.

When a young bride says "we," it may easily be imagined whom she is talking of.

"I doubt it not, dearest Louisa," answered her aunt, "take heed only that you remain as happy."

"Oh! no fear of that, my prudent aunt, I know myself and my faults; but my love for him will correct them. So long as we love each other, we can never be unhappy and our affections cannot change."

"Ah!" said her aunt, "you talk like a girl of nineteen on the eve of marriage, in the heydey of hope and bright anticipations. Dear child—believe, even the heart grows old. The day must come, when the rapture of passion will decay; when the delusion is over and we stand revealed in our real characters. After custom has robbed beauty of its dazzling charms—after youth has departed or shadows mingled with the light of home, then, Louisa, the wife may talk of the excellencies of her husband, or the husband of the admirable qualities of his wife. But the day before the wedding, such encomiums go for nothing with me."

"I understand you dear aunt. You mean to say the virtues only of each can give lasting pleasure to the other. Now for myself I say nothing—for I can boast only will; but you cannot deny that my betrothed is the best and most deserving of all young men of this town! Are not all virtues that lead to happiness blooming in him?"

"I will do you both justice," answered her relative, "and acknowledge that virtues bloom in both; I can say that to you without flattery. Louisa, my love, they only bloom, and need a lifetime of rain and sunshine to ripen them. No blossoms are more deceitful at first opening. We cannot know in what soil they are rooted. Who knows the hidden heart? Nay, my dear child, even could you always be as you are, youth and beauty would lose the power to charm, with habit and their constant presence. Men grow soon weary of the loveliest face. Besides, your husband must grow old himself; and their youthful manners will cease to please him. Your habits, your tastes, would not be congenial." Louisa sighed.

"I could store your memory," resumed her aunt, "with precepts to guard your happiness. I would tell you to beware the first quarrel; never to contend, even in jest; to have no secrets from each other, lest the springs of confidence be insensibly snapped; to beware of the interference of relations. But these are maxims which your prudence will sufficiently impress upon you, and their observance at best will have but a negative effect. Would you have the secret of perpetual loveliness? It is a treasure—not feature or complexion, but in the soul.—Men worship beauty for the inward graces of which it is the pledge. Would you know how to keep the soul fair?—religion is the only true secret for that. Thus you see, my love, how little we can depend upon personal perfection; how little on mental excellencies or amiable traits of character. But, the virtues born of, and nourished by religion, are immortal—seek them from Him who is the author of religion, and seek them daily from Him. Be assured that thus you will ever remain fair and amiable in the eyes of your husband, and he blessed in every relation of life."

Louisa flung her arms around her aunt's neck and thanked her with tearful eyes for her lesson.

Style.—Very much depends upon style. A young gentleman, having occasion to ask a lady for the snuffers across the table, addressed her in the following emphatic strain:—

Most beautiful, accomplished and charming maiden, will your ladyship, by an unmerited and undeserving condescension of your infinite goodness, please to extend to your most obsequious, devoted and very humble servant that pair of ignipotent digestors, that I may exasperate the excrescence of the nocturnal cynidrical luminary, in order that the refulgent brightness of its resplendent brilliancy may dazzle the visions of o... more po-

Evening Lecture of Mrs. Jones.

CONCERNING NEWSPAPERS.

Well Jones, you are a pretty fellow—here you've come home as drunk as a biled owl, and you don't know yourself from four dollars and a half. The children are crying for bread, their clothes are worn out, and here I have to slave, slave the whole blessed day, till I have not a whole rag to my back; and what there is, sticks as tight to me as the skin does to the model artists old Mrs. Smith tells about.

'*We must retrench.*' Retrench, indeed. I'd like to see what you'd retrench about this house, except vittles and clothes; and I'm sure we've none to spare in them respects. You wouldn't want your own flesh and blood to go naked and hungry, would you? You're too much of a man, if you be an old brute, Jones, for that. If you'd keep to your work and mind your own business, be steady, and stop your drinking all day and spreeing all night, times would be a heap better for us. You ain't the man Jones, you was when I give you my virgin affections; you don't come into the house modestly, and lift off your hat, and say good evening Miss Hetty, and draw your chair close up to mine, and then take hold of my hand and kind of blush, and then hitch up a little closer, and—

'*Don't make a fool of myself.*' I ain't a going to, Jones; but it sort a does my old heart good to call up these reminiscences, and wish it had always been so. But you are as tender hearted as a turtle dove, and just as sensible, when you have any sense, as any body. Set down, Jones, and eat your supper, and tell me all the news a flying—

'*Youv'e stopped the paper!*' You lie, Jones, you know you lie. You'd a stopped your wind first, you'd a stopped the children's bread, you'd a—

'*You couldn't afford it.*' Aint you got no conscience, Jones, to let on so? The paper costs you four cents a week, and the printer takes all kind of truck for pay. And here it's Saturday night, and I'd like to know how much money you've thrown away this week. I'll count it up. I'll give you a blessing before I get through. It ain't often I catch you at home, and when I do you'll take it for better or worse, as the saying is. There's a gallon of whisky on Monday morning, cost thirty-seven and a half cents; there's half a gallon of beer on Tuesday, cost eighteen pence; there's a shilling to treat that old flummix that come along and said he knowed you when you was a boy. The Lord only knows how much you've spent today; it must have took a heap of change, for you ain't an old sponge, Jones, you don't get drunk on any body's money but your own; and I reckon it must a took at least a quarter to make a man drunk enough to stop his paper. Well, now, I'll go and count it up; three shillings and eighteen pence, and one shilling, and a quarter just makes ninety-four cents. In my opinion as good as that very sum thrown into the fire, and better, too; and that would a most paid for the 'Telescope' a whole year; and I expect the printer needs the money as bad as most folks.—There's a power of economy in such doings. Why what would a body know if it wasn't for the paper: and now, too, when there's so many parties, and a body wants to know how to vote?

Winmen don't vote!' Well, I know it, and it's a great pity they don't. They'd revolutionize the world and have a provisionary government every where, as they call it; and they'd—they—wouldn't kill off all the men, not quite, cause they'er useful in their places; but they'd make them keep their places, mind, I tell you, Jones. But, as I was saying about the printer, we must have the news; visey versey, we must have the printers, and if they can live without nothing to eat, then they're the critters that's in advance of the age, for the people of this generation make a god of their bellies, according to the best of their belief. Another thing I shouldn't wonder if you stopped the paper and never paid for it; and then you'll get published in the black list, and your poor wife's reputation be ruined, and your children go to the plenipotentiary. It won't do Jones; it won't do; and here she goes off for Jones [illegible]

LAMENT OF A BELLE,

Late Lingering at Saratoga.

BY JULIAN.

The wind has gone round to the east,
The summer has gone to the south,
And waltzing and bathing and flirting have ceased
And left us all down in the mouth.

'I've ran through all phrases but 'honey,'
Of moons, from the new to the full;
Blushing at Yankee with money,
And blazing in full at JOHN BULL.

'Have sigh'd from the 'ah!' to the 'oh!'
The 'ah!' of surprise to the 'oh!' of assurance;
Have always provided the 'no,'
To the very last point of endurance.

Have blushed at a whisper; have prated,
Flirted, laughed, galloped, and romped,
Looked down like an angel denuded,
And vaulted like Madame LECOMPTE.

At Newport, the bath—Saratoga, the water,
'Done' to each bachelor's whim;
Have shown nothing free-er of faults,
And none that are rounder of limb.

'But the wind has gone round to the east,
The summer has gone to the south,
And when bathing and riding and flirting have ceased
Who can help being down at the mouth?"

SELECTIONS.

DEATH BY HYDROPHOBIA. A young man named Wm. H. Bardwell, who was in the employ of Messrs Shapleigh & Farrington, auctioneers, as a clerk, was bitten in his arm sometime in the month of July last by a strange dog that was brought into the store to be sold. The dog immediately ran away and was not afterwards seen. The wound occasioned considerable pain at the time and did not heal until some time after it was inflicted. It was at length healed however; but we understand that young Bardwell has not been free from apprehensions that the dog was rabid and that the bite might result in serious consequences.

Up to last Saturday, however, his fears had not been realized. On that day he complained of a pain in his arm and went home. The pain continued to increase until Monday, when the more fatal symptoms of the terrible malady were manifested in the horror excited by the sight or touch of water. A consultation of eminent physicians was held, and chloroform was freely exhibited, but without satisfactory results. The unfortunate sufferer declined the further use of it, began to froth at the mouth, and was startled at almost every sound and movement about him. The violence and frequency of his spasms increased until it became necessary to place him under the most violent restraint. He lingered in this manner until Wednesday night, when death liberated him from his unspeakable sufferings. He was 18 years of age.—*Lowell Gazette.*

THE BOAT OF LIFE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Let's take this world as some wild scene,
Through which, in frail but buoyant boat,
With skies now rude and now serene,
Together thou and I must float;
Beholding oft, on either shore,
Bright spots where we should love to stay;
But Time plies swift his flying oar,
And on we speed—away, away.

Should chilling winds and rain come on,
We'll raise our awning 'gainst the shower—
Sit closer till the storm is gone,
And smiling wait a summer hour.
And if that summer hour should shine,
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,
And, happy while 'tis thine and mine,
Complain not when it fades away.

Thus reach we both, at last, that fall
Down which life's currents all must go—
The dark, the brilliant, destined all
To sink into the void below;
Nor e'en that hour shall want its charms,
If side by side still fond we keep,
And calmly in each other's arms
Together linked, go down the steep.

"Hail wedded love"—
"And all that sort o' thing.

Much has been said, written and sung about the blessings of matrimony, and the joys of matrimony. Much, no doubt, remains unsaid, unwritten and unsung on the same subject. It must be admitted however, that the gold of conjugal happiness is not in all cases free from alloy and that although the sun of wedded content may perpetually shine on many, the clouds of domestic strife and anger forever lower over the same. Illustrations of this are every day seen, and of such authentic shape that few will be found to doubt their truth or deny their existence. The last case in point which we have seen came before us in an Alabama paper. Jedediah Thoran has had the temerity to inform the public that his wife Catharine has left his bed and board without any cause or provocation. He therefore forbids any person harboring or trusting her on his account as he is determined not to pay any debts of her contracting. What does Catharine do? Does she wince under the shame with which such a publication would cover a sensitive mind! Does she, like the stricken lily, droop her head and die on the issuance of such a documunt, and from a source which instead of exposing her to sname should shield her from the malevolence of the world? Far clear of it. She meets Jedediah with his own weapons, or rather with a weapon of keener edge and more polished blade than he is capable of using, and without at all witnessing the fight, it is easily perceived that she came off victor. We do not in the following give her whole reply—only so much of it as shows that she is hard to beat. She winds up by assuring him that she will procure a legislative key to unlock the matrimonial lock at the very next session of the Legislature.

To the Public. Having long since determined to quit my present husband, Jedediah Thoran, I this day acted in accordance to my resolution and left him, as I trust, forever, unless God in his wrath may condemn me to his company in another State—I don't mean in one of the United States, nor in a holy State, for in such a State I never lived—but in a hereafter State. My husband threatened to advertise me if I left him, and I presume he will not leave his threat unaccomplished, and therefore make this statement that the public may be furnished with both sides of the question at the same time, and be thereby able to judge between us. My reputation is dear to me, inasmuch as it cost me great trouble to get what little I am possessed of.

The mighty big house he took me to when we were first married, he had told me so *many stories* about, that I thought had at least *three stories*, and it was all mere story. He had promised me furniture, and when I pined for it, he got me a pine table and beat me with the legs. He had not a chair in the house, and never even furnished me with a stool, except the stool of repentance. I never drank from a cup except from the cup of sorrow. There was not a window in the house except in winter, and then there was wind enough; nor was there a sheet in the house fit for a winding sheet for a monkey. He was always complaining that I took airs upon myself, when heaven knows he is the father of every *hair* I have.—*New Orleans Delta.*

"Shall I see you home this evening?" asked a young gentleman, after meeting of a young lady. "Yes sir," said she, "if you go and stand on the steps till I get home."

It is better to have a wife grateful for more than she expected, than grumbling at trifles. It is delightful going up the hill of fortune, but horrible jolting and [illegible]

MATRIMONIAL.

The captain of a ship laid in a basket of claret for his own table. After being some time at sea, as he was overhauling his cabin stores, he thought more bottles were missing than he could remember of having used. While reflecting on the subject, it occured to him that probably the cabin boy was the cause of the deficiency. To ascertain the truth of his suspicion, he concealed himself in the state room, and waited until the time for preparing dinner. The boy soon came in, and having arranged the table, went to the basket, took out a bottle, and said, 'Jean van Dorston, born in Rotterdam, intends marriage with Miss Rosina Claret, born in Burgundy. Notice is hereby given for the first, second and third times; if no man appears to forbid the bans, the ceremony will immediately take place.' This roguish fellow thereupon placed the bottle to his mouth, drained it and cast it out of the window. The captain said nothing, but after dinner went upon deck, provided himself with a good rope's end, and called the boy to him. 'Jean,' said he, 'I've got something interesting to tell: I'm going to have you married.' 'S-o,' ejaculated Jean, casting an anxious glance at the rope's end, 'have me married, captain?' 'Yes. Now, listen and see that it is done according to law.' The captain elevated his voice so as to be heard all over the ship and cried, 'Know all men that Jean van Dorston, born in Rotterdam, intends marriage with Miss Barbara Ropes; and if no man appears to forbid the bans the ceremony will immediately commence.' Here upon the jolly sailor raised his arm to perform this interesting ceremony, but before it descended, Jean exclaimed in a loud voice, 'I forbid the bans.' 'What you rascal,' said the captain, 'did you not drink my claret?' 'Yes; but if you knew it you also knew that I did it according to law. If you had forbidden the bans, as I do now, I should not have touched it.' The captain could not repress a hearty laugh.

At length he answered, 'This time I'll let you go, but remember, if you ever cast your eyes on Miss Claret again, you shall be wedded to Miss Ropes in such a style that you'll not forget the ceremony till your dying day.'

'What are bishop's,' asked a little girl who had just come from meeting where they had been preaching about bishops, 'is it what *the women* wear for sleeves?"

From the Colored American.

Rev. Mr. Cornish:—Dear Sir,—If the following written by a very young lady, should be deemed worth a place in your valuable paper, you will please insert them.
R. M.

Columbia's Eagle claps her wings,
Our banner proudly waves;
Still southern breezes onward bear,
The shrieks of fettered slaves.

The stripes, the chains of Afric's sons
Have writ a fearful doom;
Hark! even now they chant the dirge,
O'er buried Freedom's tomb.

Look! see them crouch with slavish fear
And wait the proud behest—
Like Spartan Helot tamely bow,
To tyrants of the West.

What though their brow be darkly stained,
In crisping curls their hair;
The image of one common God
Our injured brethren bear.

Their trampled rights for vengeance call,
Justice will wake ere long;
Jehovah'll bare his own right arm,
In wrath redress their wrong.

West Bloomfield, N. Y., 1839.

There is not a girl in this circle's side,
Who is unwilling to become a bride.

MAXIMS AND SAYINGS OF AUNT DEBORAH.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF YOUNG MOTHERS.

The eyes of your family are upon you; therefore be anxious to set an example worthy of imitation.

Rise so early in the morning that you may be able to secure, at least, half an hour for reading the Scriptures and prayer, before your domestic concerns require your attention. You will find this exercise admirably adapted to prepare and strengthen you to encounter, with a becoming temper and spirit, the trials and vexations of the day.

Remember that the duties of a mother are untransferable; therefore, except in cases of unavoidable necessity, never suffer the devotional exercises of your children to be superintended by another.

See that your daughters rise early, and that they employ themselves about such domestic affairs as are suited to their years and capacities.

Read to your children, as often as practicable, familiar stories, and explain and illustrate what you read. This plan will both amuse and improve them.

Encourage the natural curiosity of your children. This will at a very early age develope the peculiar traits of their character.

[illegible]ays take care to blend instruction with amuse-

[illegible]dical in all your domestic arrangements. [illegible]t essentially to the comfort of a family.

[illegible] devoted to family prayer be held sa-

[illegible] visitor or company to put them aside.

[illegible]ur authority, as a parent, to be dis-

[illegible]ified, mild, and composed.

[illegible] children to commit portions of

[illegible] a punishment. This unrea-

[illegible] many a youth.

[illegible]s of your children with

[illegible] to learn is a favor.

[illegible]ifference a disposi-

[illegible]ion, which is

[illegible]ing corn,

[illegible]e;

[illegible]ad—

[illegible]l in a thoughtful mood,

[illegible]g o'er his flail he stood,

[illegible]imself he said:

[illegible]e from two and three remain;

[illegible]from two and four's the gain;

[illegible]hree from two leaves five;

[illegible]on, my master's cow

[illegible]e paid for—that I know—

[illegible]le he or I'm [illegible]live."

[illegible]r, unperceived, was near,

[illegible] with due attention hear

[illegible]dgnge conclusion drawn;

[illegible] amazing how, or by what rule

[illegible] produced—for he at school

[illegible] such problems known.

"[illegible] that," said he to John,
"You [illegible]d these propositions on?"
John [illegible] "substraction, sir."
"Prove that to me, and as I live,
The cow to thee I'll freely give,
Ere from this spot I stir."

"Twelve months agone my wife and I
Were joined in wedlock's sacred tie;
None were more blest than we;
And ere the second year begun,
These arms embraced my first-born son;
That's *one* from *two* leaves *three*.

Another year had passed in haste,
When I another son embraced—
These *two* from *two* leaves *four*.
The cow to me you fairly sold,
She has been worth her weight in gold,
And is so to this hour.

Another son in one year more,
Increased our stock of living store;
These *three* from *two* leaves *five*."
"The cow is thine!" said he to John!
"I freely own she's fairly won—
Long may she live and thrive."

You see men pass—you judge of their character, condition, and state of mind, by their looks. Simple friend of ours, look through our spectacles, and you will see far differently—g[illegible]

From Zion's Herald.

A PARODY.

My country—'tis o'er thee,
Dark land of slavery

III. The memory of Washington, the father of his country, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!

VIEWS IN PENNSYLVANIA.



Fountain Park---Residence of Pennsylvania's First Governor, Thomas Mifflin.

[In the temporary absence of the Editor, we transfer to our columns the above view, and the accompanying description and narrative of its Historical associations, from Sears' new Pictorial Magazine, of N. York. We may remark, that although the view is quite correct in outline, no pencil could do justice to the natural and artificial beauty and ruralness of the place.* The Revolutionary reminiscences awakened, are peculiarly seasonable at this time.—As'r Ed.]

FOUNTAIN PARK.—This is not only one of the most remarkable situations in the country, in point of picturesque beauty, but also endeared to us by historical associations of the most romantic character. Here, by the shore of the Schuylkill (or Manayone, as it was called by the aborigines), occurred some of the most desperate fights recorded in the annals of Indian warfare. Here, the axe of the first settler under Penn awoke the echoes of the woods. At the hour that the battle of Germantown was raging around Chew's house; here, at least three miles from that celebrated spot, the Hessians were endeavoring to crush a band of continentals, inferior in arms and discipline, but not in iron courage. After twelve bloody onsets, that poured from the hill into the valley, the continentals drove their enemies across the river, at the ford, whose traces are now obliterated by the rising of the waters, from Fairmount dam:—This ford is situated on the southern verge of Laurel hill, one of the most beautiful spots on the globe, whose spires and monuments are now visible from the mansion.

It was here that William Penn loved to wander, contemplating, either in his walks on shore, or in his excursions on the river, the rise and progress of his much-beloved colony. In those wanderings, perchance, he already saw—for he was a deep thinker—his colony rise into a state; that state one of the great nations among thirty independent commonwealths.

The time is not distinctly marked when the original fabric, reared sometime in the commencement of the 18th century, was succeeded by the present beautiful mansion—the production of the princely taste and spirit of Pennsylvania's first governor, Thomas Mifflin. Yet it is a fact distinctly established, that some of the most important councils held by Washington during the Revolution, took place on this spot. The grass, spreading greenly before the porch, has been pressed by the feet of a Franklin, a Volney, a Priestley, a Jefferson, an Adams, engaged in careless converse, or philosophical discussion.

The ambassadors of kings have here met the republican fathers of America. The mind wanders back, through the arcades of time, and beholds the rich display of contrasts which were exhibited in the olden time—the handsome apparel of counts, dukes, nay, princes, contrasted with the plain uniform of Morgan, the rifleman, or the modest costume of Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence.

When Washington was President, he was wont to leave his country residence, in Germantown, and stroll by the lake northward of the mansion, his imposing form reflected in its waves; or, seated on the porch, he would gaze on the Schuylkill, thinking over again the trials and battles of his life, from Braddock's defeat to the fall of Yorktown.

These are remarkable associations. Among other memories, we must not forget that the singular round, or sexagonal tower, that rises a hundred yards to the east of the mansion, was once the hermitage of religion and the closet of eloquence. The celebrated clergyman, Dr. Smith, who preached those stirring and remarkable sermons during the war, built this tower, filled it with his books, and here elaborated his most finished productions. The doctor was a Scot by birth, but an American in feeling. His grandson, Richard Penn Smith, now resides on the ground, and inherits in a great degree the genius of his ancestor.

Perhaps not the least interesting reflection of all is presented in the fact that the old mansion, once hallowed by the presence of Washington, Lafayette, and Wayne—enlivened by the visits of noblemen of royal blood, is now the domain of a gentleman whose only heraldry is recorded in his honest rise to fortune and fame, from the walks of toiling life into one of the first publishers and literateurs of the country.—We need not refer to Andrew M'Makin, Esq., proprietor of the "Courier," whose delightful family are always ready to extend the old-fashioned rites of hospitality to the stranger, and render a visit to Fountain Park (or Arowana, as the Indians called it and its lakes) a journey of homeborn pleasure. It is rarely that literary labor meets with a repose like this—much more rarely are its honors worn so well or with such unpretending grace.—[Sears' Magazine for May.

*Standing upon the piazza, the eye embraces, within a space of quarter of a mile, *six* different avenues or means of transportation, viz: the Ridge Turnpike; the Schuylkill River; the Schuylkill Navigation Canal; a carriage road; the Reading Rail Road, and the Pottsville Magnetic Telegraph!

The Reaper and the Flowers.

There is a reaper, whose name is death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he;
"Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet t
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes;
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

[illegible] indispensable [illegible] wants which the ab[illegible] or which imposed [illegible] and they d[illegible] peopl[illegible] once vi[illegible] habits of [illegible] U. S. Mag.

[illegible] and pain,
[illegible]ove;
them [illegible]in.

The Printers of Mobile had a sumptuous dinner recently at which the following very pretty verses were sung.—*N. O. Paper.*

AMERICA.

My country! Tis for thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims pride,
From every mountain side,
Let Freedom ring.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

My native country! thee
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture fills;
Like that above.

Our father's God! to thee,
Author of Liberty!
To thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright,
With Freedom's holy light,
Protect us with thy might,
Great God, our King

An Unfortunate Mistake.—A story is told in an English paper, of a couple who were engaged to be married, attending a soiree one evening where the attentions of the gentleman to a very beautiful girl excited the jealousy of his intended, and after a true "lover's quarrel," they parted in anger. On the following morning, however, the gentleman repented of his conduct, and determining to conciliate his fair one purchased a magnificent satin dress, and writing a contrite note, gave it to the servant to carry to her dwelling.—The servant just then remembering that a pair of his master's pantaloons wanted repairing, and that he should pass the tailor's store, wrapped them up in another parcel, and started off. Unluckily, however, the fellow made a mistake, and delivered the magnificent dress at Mr Thompson's, the tailor's, and the letter and pantaloons at the house of the offended lady. Her indignation at this new affront may be imagined, and when at a later period of the day the lover appeared, the door was indignantly slammed in his face. All explanations and apologies were of no avail; the marriage was broken off, and the lady entertains to this day, an implacable hatred to the sex who wear pantaloons.

A young lady being told that her lover was suddenly killed, exclaimed, "Oh! that splendid gold watch of his—give me something to remember him by!" Amiable simplicity!

Curious Tale about Paganini.

A singular tale appeared in the papers, stating that Paganini was a violin maker, living in one of the narrow streets of Milan. He kept a little shop with his violins hanging in his window, and was so good looking, that the lasses of Milan used to pass down the street to have a look at the handsome fiddle maker. One day a gentleman called with a violin to be repaired, and accidentally left a book behind him on the transmigration of souls, a subject, of all others, that interested Paganini. He read it with avidity. In a small room, at the back of his shop, lay his aged and accomplished mother on her death-bed. Paganini had just finished a fine violin, and, in the full persuasion of the transmigration of souls, he placed a leathern tube over the mouth of his mother, at the instant of her departure, and received her last breath at the Sholes of the fiddle. This was his magical violin with which he set out upon his travels. When performing in the opera house, and imitating the tones of the voice, in a piece which he called 'The Witches under the Walnut Trees,' a French valet was thrown into a state of frenzy. He waited upon Paganini the next morning, and told him that when young he had been a lover of his mother, and that, with inexpressible delight, while listening to his performance last night, he recognized her voice in the tones of his violin. I have preserved this ridiculous tale, as it may tend to show the extent of the sensation created by this extraordinary man, on his arrival here, when public writers could think it worth their while to tell such stories.

A Noble Woman.

The island of Rona is a small and very rocky spot of land, lying between the Isle of Skye and the main land of Applecross, and is well known to the mariners for the rugged and dangerous nature of its coast. There is a famous place of refuge at its north-western extremity, called the 'Muckle Harbor,' of very difficult access, however, which, strange to say, is easier entered at night than during the day. At the extremity of this hyperborean solitude, is the residence of a poor woman, named Widow Mackenzie, who is upwards of seventy years of age; her lonely cottage is called by sailors 'the light house,' from the fact that she uniformly keeps a lamp burning in her little window at night. By keeping this light, and the entrance of the harbor open, a strange vessel may enter with the greatest safety. During the silent watches of the night, the widow may be seen like Norna of the Fitful Head trimming her little lamp with oil, fearful that some frail bark may perish through her neglect—and for this she receives no manner of remuneration—it is pure and unmingled philanthropy. The poor woman's kindness does not rest even here; for she is unhappy until the benumbed and shivering mariner comes ashore to share her little board, and recruit himself at her glowing cheerful fire; and she can seldom be prevailed upon to accept of any reward. She has saved more lives than Davy's belt, and thousands of pounds to the underwriters. This poor creature, in her young days, saw her husband and three brothers drowned before her face; and she is known frequently to sit for hours on a rock, gazing on the spot where they sank. Her only dependence now is on the produce of a cow and two or three goats, and no one resides with her but her daughter.

WHO KNOWS?—The following is the superscription of a letter received at the Trenton Post Office a few days since:—, Mr John Chingch Hall, Baptist Minister, Residing at Bauninageum, 2 Miles this side of the One Mile church, 3 miles from Trenton, Above the Second Feeder 2 miles from the Delaware River, New Jersey State.'

LIVE THEM DOWN.

Brother, art thou poor and lowly,
Toiling, druging, day by day,
Journeying, painfully, and slowly,
On thy dark and desert way?
Pause not—though the proud ones frown!
Shrink not, fear not,—Live them down!

Though to Vice though shalt not pander,
Though to Virtue though shalt kneel,
Yet thou shalt escape not Slander,
Jibe and lie thy soul must feel.
Jest of witling curse of clown—
Heed not either —Live them down!

Hope may wield her scourges horrid,
Malice may thy woes deride,
Scorn may bind with thorns thy forehead,
Envy's spear may pierce thy side;
Lo, through the Cross shall come the Crown!
Fear not foemen,—Live them down!

SELECTIONS.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE. Two gentlemen at St. Petersburgh had contracted a bitter and irreconcilable hatred to each other. A servant of one happening to die, was buried within twenty four hours, after the Russian custom, when the other determined to gratify his revenge upon his adversary, by accusing him of the murder of the man.—To give a color to this accusation, accompanied by some of his confidential servants, he proceeded privately to disinter the corpse, with the view of inflicting marks of violence upon it. The body was removed from the coffin and held erect, that it might undergo a severe flogging, when to the astonishment and dismay of the party, after a few blows had been inflicted, animation returned, and the affrighted resurrection-men ran off with the utmost precipitation. The corpse at length recovered his animation was enabled to move on in his shroud, and gain his master's habitation, which he entered to the great terror of its respective inhabitants. At length, however, his reality becoming certain, were they re-assured, and the supposed ghost communicated all that he could remember of the state he had been in, which was, that his senses had not left him, notwithstanding he had felt so cold and torpid as to be incapable of speech or motion, until the blows had restored him. This led to the detection of the diabolical plan against his master's life and character. The servants of the monster confessed their participation in the act and he was consequently arranged before the Senate.

THE END OF A DESPERATE FAMILY.—A young but notorious man named Maythe, met a violent death at Cincinnati a few days ago. The Commercial says:

The Maythe's brothers, well known in the criminal records of the west, seemed to have inherited a common doom—to have been influenced by a common fatality.—First Smith Maythe, after various exploits in his vocation as a robber,—after having broken several penitentiaries, meets with death upon the scaffold by the summary hands of an incensed mob in Kentucky.—Scott Maythe, connected with a band of counterfeiters on an island in the Mississippi, was shot down and killed by officers in the vicinity of Manchester. Another of the brothers was killed in St. Louis, and another is now in the Ohio Penitentiary.—To close the infamous career of this family of desperadoes, Walter Maythe, who had served in penitentiaries and jails for his crimes, was killed in a brawl on Friday last. So ends the race!

George I., on a journey to Hanover, stopped at a village in Holland, and while the horses were getting ready, he asked for two or three eggs, which were brought him, and for which he was charged two hundred florins. [The florin of the Southern States of Germany is valued at 40 cts; that of Austria, at 48 1-2 cents.)

"How is this?" said his Majesty. "Eggs must be very scarce in this place."

"Pardon me," said the host; "eggs are plenty enough, but Kings are scarce."

The King smiled, and ordered the money to be paid.

DON'T BE ABOVE YOUR BUSINESS.—This is good advice, young man, and you will do well to heed it. A friend has told us a story in point, and we will relate it here.

Many years ago, an humble and obscure hatter of New Bedford visited the city of New York to purchase some stock in trade. Calling on the late JOHN JACOB ASTOR, Esq., he selected a small assortment of furs remarking that he had not money enough for the purpose.

"Do you ever trust, Mr. Astor?" inquired Mr. K.

"I do not trust strangers sir, was the reply, "unless they furnished satisfactory city reference.'

"Then," quoth Mr. K., "the skins I have selected must suffice this time,' and paying for the same he departed.

In the afternoon of the same day, just before the sailing of the New Bedford packet, the young trader returned for his lot of furs. Throwing the whole pack on his back, he left the store but had not proceeded a dozen yards when Mr Astor called his name, bidding him come back.

"Sir," said Mr. A., "you can have credit for any amount of goods you require, provided they are to be found in my store."

"But," stammered Mr., "but—my dear sir, I can give you no city references—I'm a stranger here."

"I ask no other recommendation," responded the rich merchant, "than that already furnished by yourself. *The man who is not above his business*, need never hesitate to apply to John Jacob Astor for credit."

Thus commenced a trade between two merchants, which was continued to the mutual satisfaction and advantage of both for a long term of years. Mr. K. is now one of the most eminent capitalists in New Bedford.—*Exchange paper.*

SCENE IN A CHINA STORE.—A few days since, we were strolling around the spacious China store of our friend Kerr, of "China Hall," in Chesnut street, when in bustled a dashing old lady, who addressed the proprietor with the most indefinable obsequiousness, courtesying divinely.

"Is the proprietor of this establishment in?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," said Mr. Kerr, who is as pleasing to his patrons as a bright summer morning.

"I wish to get a set of dishes."

"Yes, madame."

"Something altogether nice."

"Walk around, madam, and suit yourself."

Mr. K. escorted her around the magnificent store, exhibiting to her everything that would please the fancy, but strange to say nothing would suit her, although such a multitudinous array she had never before set eyes on. Mr. Kerr, determined not to let her depart without at least administering in some wise to her capricious fancy, handed down a set of china as white as the frosted summit of Mount Blanc, and beautifully diversified with blue stars—altogether one of the neatest pieces of tea-table furniture we had ever seen this side of the great wall of China. The old lady, after giving it a careful inspection, puckered up her lips, coughed convulsively, sneezed, and put her hand on her heart, remarking—

"Them colors are very pretty, but I am an economist; in confidence I will tell you," and she spoke in a low, subdued tone—"betwixt you and I, I want something *that won't show the dirt.*"—*Paul's Galaxy.*

THE WIFE FOR ME.

I seek a female in whose heart
Domestic virtues share a part;
Not fond of gaudy dress or show,
To please some senseless, foppish beau;
Who'd rather at her work be seen
Than pace the town with haughty mein,
Addressing every male she meets
In bustling mart or crowded streets;
But one, intelligent and kind,
With every virtue well refined;
Who loves her home and there will shine,
A devotee to wisdom's shrine:
Such if I meet, true she shall be,
And make a happy wife for me.

You see men pass—you judge of their character, condition, and state of mind, by their looks. Simple friend of ours, look through our spectacles, and you will see far differently—observe and listen. We will tell you more in a few minutes, than your unassisted observation would discover in as many days.

The first comer is a lean and withered man, hurrying painfully along, assisted in his progress by a cane. At fifty-five he is still a clerk in a jobbing-house, at a small salary, out of which he must find raiment and food for a large family. With the education, feelings and refined tastes of a gentleman, he receives the wages of a day-laborer. He had ambition—it is dead. He had hopes—they have long since vanished. He had kind feelings for all mankind—it has given way to morbid envy. He has seen others, less honest, less laborious, less just than he—pass him in the race to fortune. His poverty came without provocation, and remains in defiance of exertion. You pity him. Very well—yet he is not altogether an object of pity. When the day's labor is over, go with him to his humble home, and with all the poverty there, you will see peace and joy whenever he puts his foot over the threshold. Wife and children greet him gladly—the easy chair is placed for his reception—his youngest child presents her lip for his willing kiss—and his sons, such as are not away, recount their hopes and prospects.—Spare your pity for others—he is not so wretched after all.

Now, here is a fat, jolly-looking gentleman. Hark he laughs with a low, quiet laugh, which shakes his frame as though it were newly-moulded jelly—for he has just heard of a successful speculation, wherein he has added some tens of thousands to his already bloated coffers. How his little eyes twinkle! Rich—he is quite rich! Rows of houses in town, estates in the country, a hundred thousand in State funds, half-a-dozen ships profitably employed, a large sum deposited in bank. "How happy he is, to be sure." *Is he?* "How I envy him." You do, do you, miserable jackanapes! Keep your envy to yourself. His eldest son is about to disgrace his family—*he* is past disgrace—by a marriage with a vile associate; his second son spends his nights, when sober enough, at the faro-table; his youngest son is a fool. His daughter, vain, frivolous, and silly, is on the brink of disgrace, for there is a certain foreign Count, with two wives already, whom she thinks to be "quite a love." His wife is a termagant. Do you note that cloud over his face? He sees that ragged boy, tumbling, in pure joy of heart, against the wall. "I was a boy once." Yes—you were, my friend; but don't sigh over the past. Go on in your money-getting—your possessions *may* give you some comfort—your family never will.

Who comes here? It is impossible to misplace this passer. That bell-crown hat; that homespun coat, cut after a fashion long extinct; those well-worn pantaloons—all tell your avocation, my friend. [illegible] don't choke yourself. Why, that enormous [illegible] gingerbread ought to make a meal for an [illegible] family. You are about to purchase that box [illegible]ing, are you? But you haven't room to st[illegible]out you. Let us look at your pockets. Coat [illegible]. No. 1 contains—an immense red silk hand[illegible]f, and ginger-cakes enough for a week's consum[illegible]n. Coat pocket No. 2 holds—a razor, a pot of shaving-crea[illegible] chil[illegible]'s penny-trumpet, (for little Jacob,) a [illegible] fish-hooks, a ball of twine, and a package [illegible]eeds. Trousers pocket No. 1 conceals—a [illegible] marking with ink, a hat-brush, a package of candy, (also for little Jacob,) and an ink pot. Trousers pocket No. 2 is distended to its utmost capability by two oranges, (for little Jacob, as well—happy little Jacob, that is to be,) and a pound of chewing tobacco. (That is for *big* Jacob.) One vest pocket has a pinch-back watch, bought for real gold, "the owner being in distressed circumstances," from Messrs. Peter Funk & Co., the mock-auction men above. The other contains a gaudy breast-pin for little Jacob's mother, (big Jacob's wife,) and patterns of calico, from which the aforesaid lady is to make selections. Oh—the hat is to be the repository, although it already is uncomfortably crammed with three weekly newspapers, and four shilling novels. Now, you stop to buy a Dorking fowl—how do you intend to carry it? By the legs. Go on, my honest, simple-hearted, country friend. It is lucky for your purse that you leave [illegible]ight, [illegible] *your cargo*

[illegible]rvatory by Pro[illegible]
[illegible]ked eye some[illegible]

From Zion's Herald.

A PARODY.

My country—'tis o'er thee,
Dark land of slavery,
O'er thee I weep.
Land, proud of Freedom's name!
Land, cursed with Slavery's stain!
Thy boastings loud proclaim
Thy guilt most deep.

My native country—thee!
Land, not of Liberty!
Thy fate I fear.
I fear thy lust of power,
Thy trampling on the poor,
Have brought the dreadful hour
Of vengeance near.

Let mournful dirges swell,
O'er mountain, hill and dell,
While Slavery reigns.
Let boasting tongues be dumb,
That erst of Freedom sung,
Till, with contrition stung,
They join the strains.

To Thee—to Thee we pray,
"Author of Liberty!"
Bid Slavery cease!
Chase its dark shades away!
Turn darkness into day!
Thy love and power display,
O God of peace!

G. R.

From the New York Mirror.

WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Tomb of the mighty dead!
Sacred to every tree
That waves above thy head,
Or sheds its bloom on thee!
While full Potomac flows,
Bright beneath Mount Vernon's sun,
Honor'd by friends and foes,
Rest here, in blest repose,
WASHINGTON!

Sons of our pilgrim sires,
Sons of our boundless west,
Ye, whom the tropic fires
Or the cold lakes lull to rest,
Meet here as brothers meet,
Round a loved hearth stone:
Meet in communion sweet,
Here at your father's feet—
WASHINGTON!

He of Helena's rock
Hath an enduring name,
Echoed in battle shock,
Sculptured in blood and flame;
But when the mother at her knee
Teacheth her cradled son
Lessons of liberty,
Shall not he lisp of thee,
WASHINGTON!

Should baleful discord steal
Our patriot strength away,
Or fierce Invasion's reckless zeal
Restore old Bunker's day,
Or mad Disunion smite the tree,
That grows 'neath Glory's sun,
What shall the watchword be,
Rousing the true and free?
WASHINGTON!

PRAYER FOR AN ABSENT HUSBAND

Father in Heaven!

Behold he whom I love is daily treading
The path of life in heaviness of soul,
With the thick darkness now around him spreading.
He long hath striven,
Oh, thou most kind, break not the golden bowl!

Father in Heaven!

Thou who so oft has healed the broken hearted,
And raised the weary spirit bowed with care
Let him not say his joy hath all departed,
Lest he be driven
Down the deep abyss of dark despair.

Father in Heaven!

O grant to his most cherished hope a blessing,
Let peace and rest descend upon his head;
That his torn heart, thy holy love possessing,
May not be riven,
Let guardian angels watch his lonely bed.

Father in Heaven!

Oh may his soul be stayed on thee; each feeling
Still lifted up in gratitude and love!
And may that faith, the joys of Heaven revealing,
To him be given,
'Till he shall praise thy name in realms above.

III. The memory of Washington, the Father of his country, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!

From the Washington Globe.

The following translation of the lines composed and read by J. O. Wallin, Archbishop of Upsala, on the occasion of the celebration of Washington's birth-day, at the house of Christopher Hughes, Stockholm, February 22, 1837, was made by an English lady, Miss NONNEN, residing at Gottenburg.

There were twenty-two persons at table, of whom twenty were Swedes. The host was assisted in the honors of the day by the French Charge d'Affaires, the Marquis Lavalette, as representative of the great and glorious nation that aided us in our war of independence.

After the health of the King of Sweden had been drank, Mr. Hughes gave,

"The memory of Gustavus Vasa: The deliverer of his country from foreign tyranny, and the glorious founder of Swedish independence."

The Archbishop of Upsala rose and answered to this toast, by proposing

"The memory of Gen. Washington,"

Prefacing the toast by reading the following poem; the translation gives but a faint idea of the beauty and spirit of the original:

Swedes! drink this toast with glass in hand!
America with us unites,
'Tis for the Father of his Land,
The glorious founder of its rights!
That place in honor's pantheon,
Which on our VASA we bestow,
She gives it to her WASHINGTON,
And both, with pride, exulting glow.

From God's own heart, oh Liberty!
Through mortal veins thy stream doth run,
Thy march is o'er the boundless sea,
Earth's farthest shores to thee are one.
Where'er thou bidd'st the patriot arm,
Against the tyrants that oppress,
The pulse beats high, the soul grows warm,
The cry is VICTORY! SUCCESS!

It was thy hand that dubbed him knight,
That noble hero of his land,
Who, when he crushed the tyrant's might,
Gave glory to Virginia's strand.
'Twas thou, at whose command he came,
Conquered the enemy!—and then
Returned with Fabius' laurel'd fame,
The General and the Citizen.

Interpreter of thine high cause,
Known by its accents, he was sent,
When to his nation noble laws
He gave—that kingly President.
In council, the same dauntless mood
Inspired the sage, in civic toga,
As that with which the hero stood
At Trenton, Yorktown, Saratoga.

Oh, when in deep oblivion's shade,
Fame's airy bubbles burst and die,
And many a princely name shall fade
Away from memory's starry sky,
Then he shall gain his proud reward,
Immortal glory and renown,
That sovereign, without court or guard,
Or regal pomp, or kingly crown.

Our feelings, pilgrim-like, repair
To seek our hero's sacred grave,
No fragile flowers shed perfume there,
No weeping willows o'er it wave;
But zeal for freedom, law, and State,
Friendship and faith to all below,
Joined with a never-dying hate
'Gainst servile chains and empty show.

At the close of the fete each guest received from the hand of the host an autograph of Gen. Washington; to the Archbishop, he gave a portrait of the great and good man, whose features, like the Union, should be near and dear to the heart of every American.

HOPE.

FROM SCHILLER'S POEM.

We speak with the lip, and we dream in the soul,
Of some better and fairer day;
And our days, the meanwhile, to that golden goal,
Are gliding and sliding away.
Now the world becomes old, now again it is young,
But "The Better" 's forever the word on the tongue.

At the threshold of life Hope leads us in—
Hope plays round the mirthful boy;
Though the best of its charms may with youth begin,
Yet for age it reserves its toy.
When we sink at the grave, why, the grave has scope
And over the coffin man planteth—HOPE!

And it is not a dream of a fancy proud,
With a Fool for its dull begetter:
There's a voice at the heart that proclaims aloud—
"Ye were born to possess the Better!"
And that Voice of the Heart, O ye may believe,
Will never the Hope of the Soul deceive!

LETTERS FROM A WHALE SHIP.

HOMEWARD BOUND, S. PACIFIC OCEAN, Lat. 54 S. Lon. 82 W.

Different practiced whalemen tell me of twelve or fourteen different species of this great sea monster; right, sperm, black fish, hump back, razor back, finback, grampus, sulphur bottom, killer, cow fish, porpoise, nar whale, scrag whale and elephant whale. In the attempt to capture one of the latter kind, a New London ship not long since, lost eleven men, including the first mate.

The first four of this catalogue only are much sought after for their oil; now and then some of the others are taken by chance. The razor back is sometimes 100 feet long, but not so large round as the right whale, bearing about the same comparison to the latter that a razor faced fellow you now and then meet with among men, does to a fair, round alderman. The porpoise, as everybody knows, is harpooned from a ship's bow, hauled on board, and its carcase eaten by the name of 'sea beef." Its oil, like that of the ship's slush, is a perquisite of the cook's.

The fin back so called from a large fin on the ridge of its back, looking just like the gnomon of a dial, is a large whale found all over the ocean, and could it be taken, would add greatly to the productiveness of the whale fishery. It often comes near a ship with a ringing noise in spouting, like the sound of bell metal, but it can seldom be come near enough to by a boat to dart a harpoon; and when it is struck it is said to run with such amazing swiftness as to part the line before it can be let out, or compel them to cut it loose. Its spout at a distance, especially near the Falkland Islands, where I have seen them in great numbers, flashing up from the ocean just like smoke from the breech of a gun fired in a frosty morning. I have seen the horizon thus for an extent of many miles, all smoking with them, and the ocean all alive with their gambols. It is not a thing beyond the reach of probability, that this hitherto unmolested sea rover may yet be brought within the grasp of predatory man by swivels or air guns that shall fire harpoons into him, or poisoned arrows from a distance.

The places where the right whale is now most sought by the adventurous American whalemen, are, in the Atlantic Ocean, what are called Main and False Banks, between Africa and Brazil, the parts around the Falkland Islands and Patagonia, and the region of ocean in mid Atlantic in the vicinity of the island of Tristan d' Acunha in the Southern Ocean, South of the Cape of Good Hope, these are the uninhabited Crozetts Islands, St Pauls, and other parts of the Indian Ocean: in the Pacific Ocean there are the New Zealand Cruising Ground, the New Holland, Chili, and the Northwest, from the coast of America clear over to Kamschatka.

This last is now the great harvest field of American whalers from May to October and it will be likely to last longer than any other, because they are prohibited by the Russians from bay whaling, which destroys the cows about the time of calving. Almost all the ships fill up there.—Some have even *thrown overboard provisions* to make way for oil. The havoc they make of whales is immense. There are ships that took during the last season twenty five to thirty three hundred barrels in a few months. I have heard of one ship that sunk twenty six whales after they had been killed; of another one that killed nine before they saved one; of another that killed six in one day, and all of them sunk; of another that had three boats stove, and all the men pitched into the sea, without any one being lost. This forced trial of hydropathy is indeed so common an occurrence that whalemen make nothing of it.

Those huge Northwest whales are more vicious and less easily approached after they are struck, than the whales of other latitudes. It is considered no disgrace to be run away with by one of those jet black fellows found in forty or forty five degrees north; and many an old whaler who has made his boast that never yet did a whale run off with him, has been compelled to give in beat when fast to one of these Northwest Tartars.—One captain says he has seen instances of the most wonderful strength and activity in these whales, greater than he ever saw before in either right or sperm. He was once fast to a large cow whale, which was in company with a small one, a full grown calf. They kept together, and after a time the captain hauled his boat up between them. When they were both within reach, he shoved his lance "into the life" of the cow, at which she threw her flukes and the small part of her body completely over the head of the boat without touching it, (although they were half drowned with the water she scooped up,) and the full weight of the blow intended for the boat, fell upon the back of the small whale. He sunk immediately, going down bent nearly double, and the captain thinks must have been killed by the

The same person has seen a stout hickory pole, three inches in diameter and six feet long, broken into four pieces by a blow from a whale's tail, and the pieces sent flying twenty feet in the air, and that too when no other resistance was offered than that of the water upon which it floated.

The first whale this man struck turned him over in two different boats, and afterward knocked them into kindling wood, while spouting blood in thick clots, and yet this whale lived four hours after, showing its great tenacity of life. He came up alongside the boat, and turning it over with his nose, as a hog would his eating trough, and then with his flukes deliberately broke it up. Of course the crew had to take to nature's oars, and they all marvelously escaped unhurt, although one of them was carried, sitting on the whale's flukes, several rods, till be slid off unharmed from his strange sea chariot.

The Northwest cruising ground was first visited in the spring of 1836, by two or three of the Chili whalers, who saw indeed numerous whales, but gave it as their opinion that the fishery could never be prosecuted there with any success, by reason of constant and dense fogs. The following year several more of the Chili fleet started to the Northward, "between seasons," and looking farther to the north and west, fo[illegible] weather and made a good cruise. [illegible] years following few ships were fou[illegible] upon the almost entire fai[illegible] of the whale fishery, the right whale[illegible] turn their prows to those inhosp[illegible] the Northwest, as all men know, be[illegible] El Dorado to the intrepid American[illegible] This cruising ground extends properly [illegible] 59 degrees of North latitude, and from the [illegible] America in West longitude, say 130, to [illegible] dian of 170 East longitude, or about [illegible] The largest whales are said to have bee[illegible] between 50 and 60 North, and from 14[illegible] West. At the Fox Islands, in latit[illegible] whales of the largest size h[illegible] as right, and near the[illegible] are very numerou[illegible]

By a recent arrival [illegible] we learn that the Arctic Oce[illegible] at Behring's Straits by ou[illegible] Captain Royce, of the bark Sup[illegible] harbor, is thus reported in the Frie[illegible]

"I entered the Arctic Ocean about [illegible] of July, and cruised from continent to co[illegible] going as high as lat. 70, and saw whales wherever I went, cutting in my last whale on the 23d of August, and returning through Behring's Straits on the 28th of the same month. On account of powerful currents, thick fogs, the near vicinity of land and ice, combined with the imperfection of charts, and want of information respecting the region, I found it both difficult and dangerous to get oil, although there were plenty of whales. Hereafter, doubtless, many ships will go there, and I think some provision ought to be made to save the lives of those who go there, should they be cast away. During the entire period of my cruise no ice was seen, and the weather was extraordinarily pleasant, so that the men could work in light clothing.

"In most parts of the ocean there was good anchorage, from 14 to 35 fathoms, and a part of the time the vessel lay at anchor. The first whale was taken at 12 o'clock at night. It was not difficult to whale it the whole 24 hours; so light was it that at midnight it was easy to read in the cabin. The whales were quite tame, but [illegible] different from any Capt. Royce had ever before taken. He took three different species, one of the largest yielding 200 bbls. of oil. The second species much resembled the Greenland whale, yielding 160 or 170 barrels; the second species called Polar whale, a few of which have been taken on the Northwest Coast; and the third was a small whale peculiar to that coast. The last three whales which were taken yielded over 600 barrels."

If we inquire for the probable duration of the Northwest whaling, there seems good reason to believe from the extent of ocean it embraces, greater than all the other cruising ground together, that it will continue good at least twenty or twenty-five years from its commencement. Some experienced captain think there will be less likely to be any bay-whaling on the ground, the whales will be less confined to the shore, and nearly all the calves born will arrive at an age when they can take care of themselves, before the old whales are encountered in the summer season by their sworn enemy, man. He estimates that by three hundred ships capturing or mortally wounding 40 whales each, 12,000 whales are killed in a season. And as many of these, perhaps full half, are cows with calf, the number of whales to be born and arrive at maturity, in order to make up for this sweeping destruction among them, must be not less than 18,000.

He thinks, therefore, that the poor whale, chased from sea to sea, and from haunt to haunt, is doomed to utter extermination, or so near to it, that too few will remain to tempt the cupidity of man. The history of the sperm whale fishery from the first, when only five or six months were necessary to complete a cargo upon the Brazil ground, and fifteen upon that of Chili, to its present [illegible] abaodonment as a separate business [illegible] calculation. Before the end of the [illegible] hereafter, we may expect to see [illegible] the sea no more pursued [illegible] inting of deer on the land

H. T. C.

MR. EDITOR:—I wish through your press to inform the public, that some person or persons, who lately reported that they had seen Joanna Kelley, about dusk, pass along Centre St., since her confinement in the County Jail, have wantonly or wilfully reported a gross falsehood. That they may have passed the Jail and seen her sitting at the door, I will not dispute, for many times, during the months of July and August, when it was very warm, I let her sit there to take the fresh air. I thought that humanity required this, but she was never left without one of my family being within three feet of her. All reports beyond this are utterly false. The whole story corresponds with former reports from the same source viz:—that Barker Burnell was seen riding down Orange St., in his carryall, and went to Siasconset, during the time of his confinement in Jail. This was also reported to have been in the evening. I think the intellect of the individuals who circulated these reports must be very bright. WM. RANDALL.

DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.—It is seldom we are called upon to record a circumstance of so distressing a character as the one which has just occurred in our village. Miss Augusta Shumway, of this town, a lady of about 30 years of age, and who for some time past has labored under mental derangement, escped from the house of her brother H. C. Shumway, unbeknown to its inmates.—Strict search has been made by large numbers of our cititizens for her, but without success up to the date of our paper going to press.

For the purpose of assisting in her discovery, we give the following description of her person and dress: - She is a middle sized woman, had on when she left, a light colored calico dress, a dark check gingham sun-bonnet, without ruffle in front, or bough behind, a very dark shawl, black stockings and half gaiter slippers.

A person answering to the above description, was seen yesterday afternoon at about 4 o'clock, near Stone lake, but observing herself noticed, she fled into the woods. If this is the missing person, there can be little doubt that another strict search will be successful. Our citizens are earnestly requested to turn out to-day and assist in finding and restoring her to her afflicted friends.

THE MAN WITH ONE GARMENT.—We find the following amusing paragraph in the Springfield Republican. It contains an excellent moral which we recommend to the attention of all advocates of parties based on *one* principle:

There was once a man, wise in his own eyes, and deemed by his neighbors "a little strange," who upon rising from his bed one morning paused and considered before he dressed. He was a walking dreamer, and thus he dreamed: "Pantaloons are essential. No other garment is so absolutely essential as pantaloons. In truth, no other garment is essential *but* pantaloons, therefore I go in for pantaloons, and nothing but pantaloons.—Any man who goes in for anything else is a hypocrite, and the truth is not in him." Well, this man went out into the world with nothing but pantaloons on. He met men in coat, hat, and boots, and clad as men usually are. "My friends," said the dreamer, "you are wrong. You must take off your coat, and pull off your boots, and lay aside your hat, for those are all non-essentials." "But we have just as good pantaloons as yourself," answered the men. "I know, but they are partly covered with your coat-tails, and are not the prominent objects of your dress. Look at me! I'm nothing but pantaloons." Thus the man went up and down the country, and though he found many who admitted that pantaloons were essential, he could find but few who did not consider other articles of dress in the same category. He was wroth at this, and brawled, and in process of time gathered to him some wise and more simple, who lifted up their voices and cried, "pantaloons forever!" The world jogged on as usual, and as is usual with a curious world, it would like to know what the party in pantaloons, and nothing else, propose to do. Let us have the programme.



He saw what thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee;
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

Written for Neal's Saturday Gazette.

"TIN-WARE TO SELL."

A PARODY.

BY OLIVER OLNEY.

The dews of night were falling fast,
As through a Yankee village passed,
A youth who drove an old gray mare,
This banner floating in the air,
"Tin-ware to sell."

His stock was large, of many a kind,
Well suited to the village mind;
And like a bright tin kettle rung,
The accents of that well known tongue,
"Tin-ware to sell."

On Yankee hearths he saw the light,
Of hickory fires gleaming bright;
Above,—the spectral tree tops shone,
Whil[illegible] is lips escaped this moan,
"Tin-ware to sell."

"Try not the gate," some old man said,
"For all the folks are gone to bed,
The gate I know is fast inside,"
But no[illegible] answered, only cried,
Tin-ware to sell."

"[illegible]," the farmer said, "and rest,
[illegible] weary nag on earth's green breast,"
A tear stole from his care-worn eye,
And lo[illegible] answered, that same cry,
"Tin-ware to sell."

"Be[illegible]g's savage spring,
Beware his bite that blood w[illegible]br[illegible]"
This was the farmer's last good-bye,
For at the gate a [illegible]igh,
"Tin-ware to sell."

At break of d[illegible]oft before,
The tidy hou[illegible]e ope'd her door;
No time had she to say a word,
Before that voice was clearly heard,
"Tin-ware to sell."

pedlar by the faithful hound,
On top the fence was safely found,
Still grasping in his hand so nice,
That banner with this strange device,
"Tin-ware to sell."

[illegible]e twilight damp and gray,
[illegible]ge as life our hero lay,
While from his lips serene and fair,
This sound went forth upon the air,
"Tin-ware to sell."

EVERY WIT.

The Knicke[illegible]ocker gives publicity to the following slightly inelegant observation of a newly-arrived London cockney among us; but it is so characteristic, says the uncharitable a[illegible]or, and involves such a commentary upon Eng[illegible]j[illegible]gments of American "men and manners," that we hesitate to withhold it—and don't. "Sir," said he, addressing a friend, "shawtly awfter me er-rival in Ne'-Yawk, I went into one of yer eating 'ouses—rester-awnts, ye-kno'—for a late breakfast. I took me seat at a table, and sent a colored [illegible]nson who was in his sha'uht-sleeves, aw[illegible] some sawsages. He paws'd the wohd along down the stairs, and pa-wesently retuh'ned, and awsked, "Take 'em in *guts* or *dabs*, Sir?" "N'ither," said I, directly, an' I took me 'at and left. It is such language as this that's given me a disgust, ye-kno', for the state of manners in America. Ye'd live in Len-den *ye-aws*, an' never 'ear a remawk like at!"

The following ode was written for the celebration of the birth-day of Washington, by A. Sisty, editor of the Wilkesbarre Advocate. An editor turning poet, is a strange anomaly in these days, and we can only account for it from the fact that Wyoming is classic ground, the muse of Campbell must have strolled into the office of friend Sisty.

I.

Long in the east had freedom slept—
A troubled sleep on slav'ry's bed,
And millions in their bondage wept—
Or vainly struggling vainly bled!
The tyrant hoped that from her sleep
She'd wake not—that her race was run;
Vain hope—she spoke—sped o'er the deep,
And gave the world a WASHINGTON!

II.

In battle brave—in council wise—
He ever led in danger's van:
His light descended from the skies—
The *Christian's* spirit bless'd the man:
In vain you seek from page to page;
In vain through Hist'ry swiftly run—
From clime to clime, from age to age,
To find another WASHINGTON.

III.

And when the mother to her child
Would lessons teach of patriot lore,
And tell him of the contest wild,
And how his fathers fought of yore;
As o'er the illumined page she bends,
To seek proud names to show her son;
And find which brightest radiance lends,
She'll point the boy to WASHINGTON.

IV.

Our land is great—our land is free,
And blessings freely sent are ours;
And stretching forth from sea to sea,
She spreads her sway and sends her powers:
Her fame is fair, her hopes are bright—
And may Columbia's every son
Be guided by the beacon light
That beam'd to guide our WASHINGTON!

AUCTIONEERS.—One of the best auctioneers about town, is Pillsbury, who sells for Homer—he can get more for a bedstead with one leg, than any man we know of. We saw him sell an old family bible the other day, and that so pathetically, that he got a countryman crying like a baby. According to him it originally belonged to an old lady in the Colony, who bathed it with tears and gave it to her son Jake, who the next week shipped as second mate on a clam schooner, went to the Bay of Biscay, fell overboard, got drowned, and the next evening appeared to his true love in a pair of pickled overalls. The effect of all this was, that our agricultural friend paid about two dollars more for the copy, than he could have bought a new one for. By the way, Pillsbury sells again today. People in pursuit of new [illegible]nd-hand furniture, will please remembe[illegible]a.

PAYING CASH FOR A SERMON.—A correspondent of the New York Tribune relates the following anecdote which occurred at Saratoga Springs, in a church:

Rev. Mr. Locke had just finished his first head, when a man near the door, rose and walked down the aisle directly in front of the pulpit, then deliberately and politely handed up in front a *bank note* to the Rev. speaker, who quietly received it, and went on with his discourse. "Who? What? Why?" asked excited curiosity in the minds of the puzzled audience. Quite a number, and among them ladies not a few, lingered after the benediction, to obtain a solution of the mystery. It seemed that the man was the son of the late Judge ——, a generous fellow, but accustomed to look too much "on the wine when red." He was heard to say to his friends near, "I like that man's preaching; it's worth the cash down; I don't believe he'll half get paid for it; so here goes a picture for him." Whereupon he rose, and with a "brick in his hat" and a bill in his hand, he made his way through the wondering congregation to the speaker, cashed over, and quietly returned to his seat.

ROYAL MUNIFICENCE.—The Imaum of Muscat, if he be remarkable for nothing else, is certainly destined to be known out of his own dominions for the number of his presents to foreign governments. It will be recollected that he presented to the President of the United States several articles of considerable value. We observe by our late foreign papers that he has lately sent to Queen Victoria five magnificent Arabian horses, which have arrived at London from Zanzibar. On their voyage they were fed on dates and oil cake.

THE PRISON PET.—The Warden of the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia, asked me whether I had ever seen their prison pet, born in the Penitentiary? I answered in the negative, asking at the same time whether it was some rare animal—when he requested the matron to bring the pet to us. She went into one of the lonely cells, and soon returned with a well-dressed, very handsome, bright, smiling, fat, delicately featured, yet rosy-cheeked girl of nine months, stretching out her little arms to every one who uttered the winning accents of playful caresses to her. She saw the first light in the solitary cell of her mother, an English woman, (sentenced for a grave crime, to seven years imprisonment,) and has never yet left the walls of the penitentiary, though the matron, an elderly lady for whose arms she is rather a heavy burthen, kindly takes the babe daily on the balcony, if the weather is sufficiently fair. Every person in the penitentiary seems to take a lively interest in the infant, not unlike the affection sometimes shown, during campaigns, to an *enfant du regiment*, or *la petite de la compagnie*. The Matron as well as the Warden told me, that the female prisoners know of no greater reward for exemplary conduct or assiduous application in learning to read or write, than the permission of having 'baby' for a quarter of an hour, thus exemplifying again, what indeed all those who have paid any attention to the psychology of criminals, know perfectly well, that every convict, however low he may have sunk, takes with him into the prison cell a certain amount of affections and elements of goodness which wise treatment, with a gardner's care, may cultivate and cause to bring fruit, while the lovely appearance of the prison-born infant spoke well for the healthy cell and wholesome food of the imprisoned mother, and the kindness and attention with which, according to the good will of our times, criminals are now treated.

'Baby,' as officers and convicts call the pet, will have ample reason, one of these days, to bless the house, which, with all its grave and stern character, became a house of unaffected love and tender attention to her, and where she found a home even in that solitary cell, far superior to that of millions and millions, whose honest parents struggle in vain against adversity.

She is the fifth individual, who thus broke in upon the principle of uninterrupted solitude of the Eastern Penitentiary. . . . All the infants, who were thus born soon after the imprisonment of their mothers, have left the penitentiary with their parents in perfect health.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

No sickness there,
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray.

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;
No vain petition for a sweet relief,
No tearful eye, no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home
Within that realm of ceaseless praise and song—
Its tossing billows melt and break in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng.

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies!
Its wailing blends not with the voice of spring,
As some too tender flow'ret fades and dies.

No night distils
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;
No moon is needed there! the light which fills
That land of glory from its Maker came.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep;
No bed of death enduring love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep!

No blasted flower
Or withered bud celestial gardens know!
No scorching blast; or fierce descending shower,
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe!

No battle word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread;
The song of peace Creation's morning heard,
Is sung wherever angel-minstrels tread!

Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul,
Look up, thou stricken one, thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With Faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to trace the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of Eternal Day.

Ate too Many Peaches.

A poor fellow in New York killed himself last week by eating *a bushel and a half of peaches*, which he bought for sixpence.

US EXPERIMENT.

g from Reading, (Penn.,) to
cker, mentions as "one of the
he ever saw in his life" a man
amount of "bricks" and other
materials in his hat, sitting in a
oom with a small pocket thermome-
into the breast of his waistcoat,
as he said, in maudlin accents,
w "*high*" he could get without

A COLONY OF CATS.

that the skin of the black cat is in
d for muffs, and other furry "uten-
fort. It is even so; to such a de-
, that a distinguished proprietor in
e honorable supporter and dispen-
rable name and a princely estate,
colony of black cats on a small
the Chesapeake Bay, where
upon the always-abun-
waters. In less than
be, says the witty
ack cats on the island,
single "Professor," who
rest" in them, "which will
eir lives." He'll have a
ght, won't he? What
eard of a still moonlight
cat-like" from that enchant-
n *dark* nights, how will those
eyes light up the surround-
e pleasant to approach
me, and hear the occu-
in praise of the forecaste
of the proprietor.

---

ing, one noticing a grease
oth of the other, said:
are a *Grecian*."
," said the other, "that's rather too
etched."
"No, indeed," said the punster, "I made it on the *spot*."

The Inner Life.

BY SAMUEL H. LLOYD.

The outward world that round us lies
Is not the world in which we dwell;
The inner world alone is real—
The world we neither buy nor sell.
I'm master of all outward things;
Within my soul I take my seat,
And Nature comes in perfumed robes,
And lays her treasures at my feet.
All things I have within myself;
Suns set and suns within me rise;
I live within bright palace walls,
Arched o'er by lovely jewelled skies;
I come and go, a wandering bee
That roams each flowery-scented field,
And treasures up the golden fruit
My daily thoughts and pastimes yield.

I look at things not as they seem;
In all I see the Father's face;
All Nature is a part of Him—
The bending sky is His embrace,
His breath embalms the dewy flowers,
He makes the sun his triumph car,
His voice I hear in every breeze,
His smile I see in every star;
He builds his altar every where,
On every heart his dews distill,
His Heaven is with the pure in heart,
Its temple gates the human will.

I turn away from beaten paths
Where trade and politics deceive,
And love to roam each wood and glen,
And feel my breast with rapture heave;
The world wants not that which I have,
But still I love the inner life,
And nought can tempt my heart away
To mingle with its scenes of strife;
For deep within I have a vein
More rich than gold that veins the earth,
And deep within are loving thoughts
That give to joy and trust their birth;
That inner world, O be it mine,
And mine to tread each sacred hall,
To enter in its silent courts
And know the perfect Soul of All.

AN INDIAN DEVOURED BY WOLVES.—A friend informs us that on the 5th inst, Jim Shongo, an athletic Indian and skilful hunter of the Cattaraugus tribe, on Alleghany river, took the woods from his wigwam in search of game. Not having returned on the following day, a party of the tribe started in search of him. They soon struck and followed his track to where he had shot a deer. On taking the trail where he had dragged it, they discovered that a pack of six wolves had struck in and were ahead. The pack overtook Shongo within a few rods of the Indian camp near the head of the Nine Mile Run, where the party found that the poor fellow had a dreadful and fatal encounter.—Nothing could be found but the head and an arm of the Indian, and the head and the feet of the deer. Jim's rifle was lying near, with the breech broken into several pieces, and every evidence of a most desperate struggle.—*New York Courier.*

WONDERFUL BIRDS.—At No. 323 Broadway, New York, may be seen an exhibition of performing Canary Birds, which are truly wonderful. They were educated, brought to this country from Italy, and are exhibited by Sig. Antonio Spinetto. The little creatures have been brought to such a state of tameness and submission as to perform, by request of their teacher, almost every variety of queer capers. One of them for example, will perch himself on the mouth of a trumpet whilst being blown, one will represent a frog in the act of leaping, one a fowl ready for the spit, one will sit in a chair and smoke a pipe, one will stand on his head, one represents a child in the cradle, and one will imitate the antics of a slack rope dancer. The exhibition, upon the whole is exceedingly interesting, and ought to be witnessed by every individual who loves to contemplate the natural instincts of the feathered tribe. *N. Y. Express.*

DREADFUL HAVOC BY MEASLES.—The Patterson Intelligencer mentions on the authority of a private letter from Mexico, that the measles are raging to a frightful extent among the children of Zacatecas and Durango. A singular peculiarity of the disease is, that it is accompanied with severe vomiting and the bloody flux. About four thousand children are supposed to have died in the city of Zacatecas, and about the same number at Durango. Mr James Major, formely of Patterson, now in Durango, lost an interesting little boy, about two years of age. In the neighborhood where Mr. Major resides, there is scarcely a child left, all having died of this disease.

AN ORIENTAL MERCHANT.—You enter, said Mr. Rogers, the grand bazaar. The merchant is seated in a little recess say our by seven feet; every article that he has for sale being within his reach, he has no occasion to move. If you are a Frank you are a hopeful customer, he hands you his pipe and sends his boy for a cup of coffee while you examine his goods. If he is a Turk, there are his goods and price, you may take them or leave them—he will not alter his prices. Should a merchant be detected in selling by false weights, he is bastinadoed at once, and then dismissed to the tender mercies of the populace.

"I say, Dick, don't you think that if the women had to do the fighting, instead of the men, they would make bloody work of it?"

"No, why do you ask?"

"Because I think they would, they have such an *engaging* way with them."

"That's very true, but then they have also such a *captivating* way, that there *would doubtless* be more prisoners than killed."

THE DEATH PENALTY.

BY ROBERT TURNER.

Bring forth from out his gloomy cell,
The pale and trembling son of crime.
Toll in his ear the fun'ral knell,
Which marks his last, brief span of time.
As he hath sown, so must he reap;
On earth, no mercy can be given,
Though his repentance, full and deep,
Finds favor in the sight of Heaven.
Law hath declared he shall not live—
Man must avenge, though GOD forgive.

The Law, whose strangely-erring creed,
Repeats the crime in punishing;
Whose might will know no other meed
For blood, than that which blood can bring.
When, in the heat of hate and strife,
A single hand is red and gory,
And yet, when blows of death are rife
In battle-field, will call it glory;
Though Hell's worst fiends are loosed from thrall
And Murder holds a festival

Oh, drag from out the dungeon walls,
The wretch to God and virtue lost—
When from the drop his body falls,
An offering unto Moloch tost;
What though the stern, harsh Law would tak,
Nought but its victims' mortal breath;
Doth it not give, for vengeance sake,
The soul to an eternal death,
And sentence, from its judgment throne,
That which belongs to God alone?

And this is in a Christian land,
Where man is free; where he professes
The Law of God to understand,
And act but as that Law impresses!
You blush—then ere your cheeks grow pale,
Oh, wipe the bloodstain from your pages,
Tear from your eyes the flimsey veil,
The cobwebs spun in ruder ages,
And blot the damning libel out,
Despite each weak and timid doubt.

For the Washingtonian.

Water is best.

Water is best for the man of health,
'Twill keep his strength secure;
Water is best for the man of wealth,
'Twill keep his riches sure.

Water is best for the feeble man,
'Twill make his health improve;
Water is best for the poor, I ken,
'Twill make his wants remove.

Water for those who are growing old,
'Twill keep them hale and strong;
Water is best for the young and bold,
'Twill make their moments long.

ter is best for the man of toil,
make his labor light;
best for "loafers," who soil
hand from morning till night.

is best for the man of strife,
make his anger slow;
im who leads a peaceful life
very best drink I know.

best for the man of state,
ake his judgment true;
best for those who wait
gh commands to do.

ater's the drink for man,
ll and free!
fire-water who can,
e nectar for me!

m cold or heat,
orn, or noon, or night;
only drink that "can't be beat,"
althful, sparkling

A Lazy Man.—There is a man down East who is so lazy that he is said to weed the garden in his rocking chair—rocking forward to take hold of the weed, and backward to uproot.——— Scene in Court.—"You were drinking that morning?" "Yes, zur." "What was it?" "Coffee, zur." "What did you have in your coffee?" "A spune, zur!"———Epitaph on a Clown's Tombstone.—"Here I am!"——— The London Punch declares that the days of Romance are as extinct as the deys of Algiers. The readers of "yellow-covered literature" will be sorry to hear it.———A Queer Name.—The Brooklyn Advertiser says that the name of a young lady who saved a child's life, is *the daughter of Edmund Blunt, Esq.*———A Gold Lady. "A fine gold lady's breast-pin" is advertised as lost, in a newspaper. A bachelor makes the inquiry if she is a single "gold lady," and is willing to be changed?———Lashes to Match.—Dr. Bristol, of Lockport, Niagara county, advertises to make artificial eyes for horses. He says, although not in his line, he will take orders from persons having valuable horses deformed by loss of an eye. When the eye is made, the owner, we suppose, can supply the *lashes!*———A Flattering Description.—Some descriptive poet who flourished in days gone by, gives the following metrical account of the town of Ware, Massachusetts:—

Dame Nature once, when making land,
Had refuse left of stone and sand;
She viewed it well, then threw it down,
Between Coy's Hill and Belchertown,
And said, you paltry stuff, lie there,
And make a town, and call it Ware!

"Johnny, my son, will you have some more beans?" "No." "No what, darling?" "No beans."———Mr. Jones, who has travelled some in Philadelphia, says, if you wish to find the distance from one place to another, ask a hack-driver, and then divide by five.———An Eating House has been opened in Cincinnati called "Lamartine." No doubt it stands at the head of the *provisional* government of Porkopolis.———All Butchers, it is said, warmly approve of *joint* resolutions.———Dignified Names.—We have many ugly, uncouth names to designate political acts and controversies—"Roorbacks," "Millerisms," "Fizzles," "Snizzles," "Snoozles," and "Soreheads."———New Epample in Grammar.—One of the youngsters in our public schools compares the word "flat" as follows: "flat, flatter, flatterer."———A Fashionable Call, and all they Said.—"How do you do, my dear?" "Putty well, thank you." [They kiss.] "How have you been this age?" "Putty well; how have you been?" "Very well, thank you." "Are all your people well?" "Quite well, I thank you; how are yours?" "Very well, I'm obliged to you." "Do call again soon." "Thank you—but you don't call upon me once in an age." "Oh, you should not say that, I am sure I am very good." "Good day." "*Must* you go?" "Yes, indeed, I have seven calls to make." "Good day."

Don't Smoke.—The following exquisite precept for managing a "case of conscience," is from an evening cotemporary. The stiffest precisian, it seems, can "be all things to all men":

"Smoking is a practice which we by no means commend; but if people will smoke, the least they can do is to select cigars of *good* flavor, and we know not where this can be done to better advantage than at the cigar depot of Mr. Whiston, No. 69 Broad street, three doors from Milk."

This is certainly not "three doors from milk," but milk itself. A scruple never was swallowed down in a smoother mouthful.

We are reminded of the scrupulous Quaker captain, who, when the enemy's vessel got within gunshot, went below decks and left the mate to manage the battle. Finding, however, that matters were going wrong, he popped his head up the companion-way, saying, "Friend Jack, if thou meanest to sink the enemy, thou should'st point thy guns a *leetle* more abaft."

Encke's Comet.

Encke's comet has been seen at the Washington ervatory by Prof. Hubbard. It will be visible ked eye some time in October.

AUTUMN.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

Autumn, I love thee—and I'd sing thy praise
Though other tongues were still, and other pens
Refuse a fitting tribute to thy praise.
I love thee well—to me thou art ever dear—
Refreshing coolness to a fevered brow.
E'en in my childhood thou didst win my love—
Can I forget the wondering, wild delight
Which filled my heart as, with an eye
That lov'd to look at Nature, I beheld
Thy many colored leaves, a brilliant glow
That rivalled with the rainbow's beauteous hues.
Oh, how I gazed! my very soul entranced
To rapturous awe by that one glorious view:
There was enough of beauty in the scene
To satisfy my vision.

I had seen
The early Spring put forth its tender leaves
And fragile buds, and mild and gentle thoughts
Came o'er me. When the warmer Summer brought
Expanded flowers and brighter suns, my soul
Exalted in the scene—but soon I wearied
Of the heat, and pined for cooler hours.
Then thou didst bring them with a bright array
Of fruits, refreshing as thy cooling breath.
I stood transfixed with wonder at the sight—
Each leaf and flower of rich and brilliant dye
Along the streamlet's wand'ring course there seemed
A beauteous circlet dropped from heaven to earth,
Remnant of Eden's grandeur; while the hills
Were clothed in robes of glorious majesty.
Materially refreshed, my soul received
A glowing strength, quick nerved for stern resolves
And higher purposes.

To me thou art
E'en as some mighty soul of heaven born powers
Strong in his inward might—ready to meet
Earth's storms and conflicts with undaunted might.

I'll ever love thee, e'en though one dear friend,
Loved with a yearning fondness—young and sweet
As some meek flow'ret—bowed her gentle head
And slept the sleep of death, to wake in heaven.
Should I love thee less that thou didst take
The weary suff'rer from a bed of pain
To dwell where woe and sickness never come—
Where all is purity and holiness?

A Tailor "Done Brown."

Not many years since there lived in the moral city of Boston, two young bucks, rather waggish in their ways, and who were in the habit of patronizing rather extensively a tailor by the name of Smith. Well, one day, into his shop these two young bloods strolled. Says one of them—

"Smith, we've been making a bet; now we want you to make each of us a suit of clothes—wait till the bet is decided, and the one that loses will pay the whole."

"Certainly, gentlemen, I shall be most happy to serve you, says Smith, and forthwith their measures were taken, and in due time the clothes were sent home.

A month or two passed by, and yet our friend the tailor saw nothing of his two customers. One day, however, he met them in Washington street, and thinking it almost time the bet was decided, he made up to them, and asked them how their clothes fitted.

"Oh! excellently," says one; "by the by, Smith, our bet isn't decided yet."

"Ah!" says Smith, "what is it?"

"Why, I bet that when the *Bunker Hill Monument falls it will fall to the South!* Bill here took me up, and when the bet is decided, we'll call and pay you that little bill."

Smith's face stretched to double its usual length, but he soon recovered his wonted good humor, and, says he—

"Boys, *I'm sold!* let's go to Brigham's and take a 'snifter;' and I tell you what, boys, say nothing about it, and I'll send you receipted bills this afternoon."

John Smith Gone.—We observe that this gentleman has sailed for California, by way of Cape Horn. So, John is gone at last. We shall hear no more about him for some time, if at all. Good luck to you, John.



Written for the Bird's Nest.

LITTLE MARY AND HER DEAD BROTHER.

BY NILLA.

I stood within the graveyard lone,
Where lay the village dead;
O'er which the towering oak and elm
Their leafy branches spread:
I rested on a mossy stone,
And viewed the landscape fair,
And thought ere long I too should rest
With those who slumbered there.

As thus I mused, a funeral train
Came winding slowly by,
And hastily I brushed away
The tear-drop from mine eye;
But quickly it refilled again,
For on a childlike bier
An infant's coffin came in view,
With six small bearers near.

And close behind the Mother came,
Leading a girl and boy;
And 'neath the coffin's veiling lid,
Was hid her youngest joy.
I sadly joined the weeping throng,
Which stood around the grave,
And thought how soon above that child,
The springing grass would wave;

'Twould be forgot by those around,
Who now so freely wept;
And only in its mother's heart,
Would be its image kept.
As slowly in the open grave
They laid that coffined child,
From little Mary's loving heart
Arose a pleading wild—

"Do see those naughty boys, mamma,
They've taken Willie dear,
And put him in the ground, mamma,
They must not leave him here;

"For he will be so cold, mamma,
And see—there is no light!
You know Willie's afraid, mamma,
And always cries at night.

"Tell them to take him home, mamma,
I will not make a noise;
And if he's sick again, mamma,
I'll give him all my toys.

"You said that he was dead, mamma,
And then I saw you cry—
Do tell me; what is *dead*, mamma?
What does it mean—*to die?*

"You raised me to his little bed,
And bade me kiss his cheek;
But oh! it felt so cold, mamma,
I could not help but shriek.

"What made his cheeks so pale, mamma?
What made him lie so still?
What made his little hands, mamma,
And rosy lips so chill?

"And is papa, too, dead, mamma,
Will Willie see his face?
Where is it that they live, mamma,
Tell me about the place?"

Spell-bound we stood around the grave,
Listing her childish words;
And every heart that heard her voice
With sympathy was stirred.
Dear friends, this is a simple tale,
But one that touched my heart;
And when fond memory cons it o'er
The tear-drops ever start.

Pomfret, Conn.

Going off well.—A person who had been listening to a very dull address, remarked that every thing went off well, *especially the audience.*

JOHN JONES;

OR THE MAN OF INDEPENDENCE.

'Just look here, pa, just look here,—what a naughty boy we've got here,' said Mrs. Jones to her husband, when their son Johnny, our hero, was four years old. 'He has got hold of your watch, and I can't get it away from him, for the life of me. Can't you coax it from him? He screams like murder, if I touch him, and I'm really afraid he'll break it.' And then added Mrs. J., looking up wisely and smilingly to the father, 'Did you ever see the like—such an independent fellow for one only four years old? He's got the regular Jones blood in *him*—clear father, right over again! I'll venture *him*—He'll hoe *his* row in the world I'll warrant.''

'Have you got any boys so spunky as that in your school?' said she to old Master Wisehead, who happened to be boarding at Mr. J's that winter. 'We are going to send him to your school one of these days, and I hope you will make him mind. He is too independent for me to manage.'

Now Mrs. Jones did not mean what she said, when she called Johnny a naughty boy; she meant 'independent;' but she wished to show proper deference to what she feared might be Master Wisehead's opinion. Nor did she mean to say she could not manage him herself; for she thought her training the most perfect in the world. She only wished to pay a delicate compliment to the old master in hopes of getting a compliment in return for the independence of her son Johnny. Johnny still held on to the watch, screaming like fury, while his flattered parents coaxed him to surrender, half hoping that he would be so independent as to conquer them both. Johnny gains his point, and both parties retire from the contest perfectly satisfied with the condition, that the little conqueror shall keep the watch round his neck, and be careful not to let it fall.

'Now,' says Mrs. Jones to Master Wisehead, with a complacent smile, 'you are used to boys—what do you do with such independent little fellows?'

'Well,' replied the old master, 'in the first place, I do not call such boys independent. My notion is, that they are wilful and obstinate; so I would just tell Johnny, once for all, to give me the watch, and if he persisted in refusing, I would give him a whipping.'

'That's just the way I thought you'd talk,' retorted Mrs. Jones. 'Strange that school keeping makes a man so heartless. For my part I like to see boys show some independence. But it takes a perfect 'numbhead' to suit you school-masters—I have half a mind never to send Johnny to school at all—the schoolmasters would put out every spark of independence a boy possesses. I don't believe in such treatment.'

Poor Master Wisehead had committed an unpardonable sin; he had raised a storm which he could never quell, and henceforth Mr. Jones's was no place for him.

The scene now changes to the time when Johnny is about ten years old, and the independent little fellow has entered the village school. Old Master Wisehead has passed away, and a new teacher has assumed the delightful task of instructing some fifty roguish boys. But a few days go by, and John Jones incurs the displeasure of the new instructor. His father had bought for him a jack knife, and being of a very independent turn of mind, he uses it *ad libitum*, in the school room, to whittle, cut apples, and even deface the bench at which he sits. Johnny's conduct can be endured no longer, and his precious knife must be surrendered to the custody of his master. The demand is made, but Johnny plants himself upon his rights. The knife is his, and he wants it, and his father gave it to him, and he *won't* give it up. But, as might often makes right, the master, unfeeling tyrant, is the strongest party, and the poor boy gets a cruel whipping for thus nobly asserting his right to possess the property which was really his own. Well was it for the new master that he was not boarding with Mrs. Jones that day, when Johnny returned from school.

'Well, Mr. Jones,' said Mrs. J., as her husband enters the house at the supper hour, 'what do you think has happened in school, to-day? A queer sort of a master we've got, this winter, to keep our school. Don't you think, he has whipped Johnny, almost to death, for what I call nothing at all; and the poor boy isn't done crying yet. Tell your pa how 'twas, Johnny; you shan't go to school another day to such a mean, cruel man as the master is. You shall go to a private school, where you shall be treated decently, and shan't be whipped to death because you knew enough to assert your rights. I suppose the master would have you like Mr. Smith's boys, who are good scholars enough, perhaps, but they have been spoiled in bringing up; for they'll do anything which anybody a little older happens to bid them; they have not a spark of independence in them, and never will have, brought up as they are.'

'After hearing Johnny and his mamma through, Mr. J.'s paternal heart begins to bleed for his poor, injured boy, and off he posts to see the master.—In a few minutes the aggrieved parent, seated in the master's study, begins the conversation of the evening by observing that he has learned that a little affair had happened in school, and he had come to speak about it. 'I must confess,' added he with some feeling, 'that I think it rather hard that a little boy cannot have the privilege of looking at a new knife which his father had just given him, without being forced to lose it, or take a flogging. I see no hurt in looking at a knife. You charged him, too, with cutting his bench: now he never cut the bench; it was another boy. Now if it has got to be the case that my boy must have every spark of independence whipped out of him because he dares to assert his rights, why, then I won't send him to school at all; I would rather have the independence without the learning, than the learning without the independence.'

The master explains the circumstances, and assures Mr. J. that his son, in denying having cut the bench, had told a falsehood, and richly deserved punishment. This was too much for the father.

'What, Johnny accused of lying! I will never believe that story,' retorted Mr. J. 'I don't believe my son would lie to me about it. He was always a boy of the truth. He is too independent to lie. I am fully aware that he is peculiar and unlike other boys. He has too much independence in him to suit some folks, but I think none the worse of him for that. Above all things, he wouldn't lie.'

Mr. J. leaves the master, and the result is that the Jones family are all arrayed against the school for that winter. All the social circles for several weeks are regularly edified with Mrs. Jones's complaints, and the injured, but independent little Johnny is removed to a private school, where the early budding spirit of independence, is allowed to unfold and develop itself in all its strength and beauty. In this manner pass the school-boy days of our hero. But we hasten to complete his history. Shielded by parental tenderness during his youthful years, no unfeeling schoolmaster was allowed to check the growth and development of that manly independence which had thus early attracted the attention of a fond and happy mother. He is now sixteen, his education is finished, and he is already a *man*. He steps boldly forth upon the stage of life. His parents would still advise him, but he soon shows them that he is his own adviser.

'Away with the idle prejudices of society! I shall have the independence to do as I please,' thinks John, as he walks up to the bar and takes a glass of brandy. 'I am not going to sign away my independence or my right to drink what I please.' John swears, and drinks, and gambles for several years, and by this time has convinced his fond mother that, with a witness, her son was truly about to be an independent man.

But we pass to the time when Johnny enters upon the duties of a man of business. He marries, dashes out, scorns the humble way of starting in life with which his old schoolmates, the Smiths, set out; is too independent for that; spends more than he earns, borrows money, and becomes a bankrupt. But misfortune cannot crush his independence. He borrows again, and again becomes a bankrupt. But still John Jones and his wife keep the first society, and live in the first style. The better class begin to withdraw, but he is too independent to let them go.'

'Ah,' says his fond mother with a sigh, 'John was always too independent to go in anything short of the first society; misfortune will never crush him. He'll be first or nobody.'

But John Jones's career is almost run. He cannot be trusted longer; he is turned forth upon the world, a disappointed, yet independent man. His habits are fixed; it is too late to change; it is too much to yield. He distrusts and hates both God and man. He dies a drunkard and an infidel, bequeathing to his children nothing but his independence of character.

Such was the life of John Jones, and such the life of many an independent man. But let us analyze this independence, as exhibited in the various stages of the life of the subject of our story. When he refused the watch and knife, he was already on his road to ruin; he knew the right, but his passions had the mastery, and his fond mother, instead of smiling that he was so independent, should have sighed that he was such a slave.—When a young man, at the rumseller's bar, he was again a grovelling slave to his appetite. Such young men should be taught that they have not the first element of an independent character; for that element is the power of controlling one's own appetites and passions. As a man of business, he was a slave to fashion. If there is a man on earth who is contemptible for his meanness, it is that man whom extravagance and pride have made a bankrupt, and who, while living upon the just dues and hard earned pittance of his fellow man, has the effrontery to assume that he is too independent to change the habits of his life!

Dear, precious independence. Admirable elastic principle, which forbids a man to sign a pledge, yet allows him to lie in the gutter; which forbids him to associate with an honest laborer, yet allows him to cheat him of the just rewards of his toil; which forbids him to rank himself with any but the elite of society, yet allows him to fawn, and cringe, and creep, to secure that position; which forbids him to stoop to the humbling duties of a Christian man, but allows him selfishly to grasp a tenfold share of those blessings of society which such duties alone have secured

This is no creation of the fancy. Such men of independence are all around us. Pride, sycophancy, profanity, passion, anger, and even meanness itself, all sail under the flag of independence!

But the saddest aspect of such independence of character is, that it unfits the heart for the reception of the truths of the gospel, and the unhappy man, while he dreams of independence of thought, is a cringing slave of a vicious pride, a supple tool and servant of the devil.

Let parents beware how they smile upon the stubbornness of a child, as though it were the promise of an independent man. Let not teachers forget their duty to inculcate that self-control, self-denial, and obedience, form the only basis of true independence of character, and that no greater wrong can be done to a child than to 'let him have his own way.'

There are two kinds of independence; the angels that fell possessed the one, the meek and lowly Saviour has given a perfect exhibition of the other; and let no man boast of his independence of character until he has ascertained whether his is the independence of Christ or the independence of Satan.

CALCULATION OF RAILROAD SPEED.

'Pears to us this little specimen of "*Yankee calculation of Railroad Speed*" will make the reader "smile a smile." Well, it's curious how we du git over the ground! Why, the trees all look as if they was a dancin' a jig to double-quick time. I kin recollect ten or twelve years ago, that if I started from Bosting on a Wednesday, I-cud git in Filedelphy on the next Saturday, makin' just three days. Now I kin git from Bosting to Filedelphy in one day; and I've been cal'latin' that if the power of steam increases for the *next* ten years as it has been doin' for the *last* ten years, I'd be in Filedelphy just two days before I started from Bosting!"

LEAVING THE SHIP.

When the officers and crew of the "Empire" steamer on Lake Erie were transferred to another craft, a negro-waiter belonging to the boat was encountered in the street by some one who asked: "Why, Pomp., you have n't left the "Empire," have you?" "Oh, yes," he replied; "me and Captain Wagstaff's *bof* quit!" Was n't that a characteristic reply?—*Knickerbocker.*

---

captain thinks must have been killed; and

The same person has seen a stout hickory

He thinks, therefore, that the

Mr. Ch[illegible] — To-morrow those that — for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

Amt brot up	500	81	To Amt brot up	515	86
3 Small baking dishes	37½	2	Wooden Ladles		25
1 Large Pail & Cover	1 25	1	Iron Stew Pan		25
2 do Pans	75	1	rolling pin & Chop'g knife		25
1 Do Do	12½	1	brass compass in Small Box	1	—
1 Do Old Pail	37½				
1 Small do do	75	1	Linen Drover		25
1 do do	50	1	Dim John	1	—
2 Covers	50	1	Large Tin pan		50
3 Cups	33	1	Box Buttons all sorts		50
2 Small Kettles	37½				
1 old Pan	17		Silver Buckles Buttons & Tit	2	—
4 plates & Cover	25				
4 Funnels	50	76	3/4 Pewter at ½	12	79
1 basting ladle & dredging box tin	25	1	Jack knife Pen'd Horse Flem		50
1 tin pan	6	1	Inkstand Tumbler & Skimmer		25
1 do pail	12½				
1 do Canniter	50	1	Tin Kitchen	2	—
2 do Coffee pots	40	3	brass Candlesticks	1	—
1 do Apple Roaster	20	1	pr. do square feet	2	50
29 do Harts & Rounds	87	1	pr large do Lamps	1	75
1 Wooden Piggin	12½	1	pr do do	2	—
1 Tin Cullender	12½	1	pr do do		50
17 brown patty pans @ 6/100	1 02	1	Japan Lamp		25
5 white do	25	1	large brass Skimmer		25
2 Coarse earthen Plates	25	5	green handled Case knives & 2 forks	1	—
1 do do Bowl	12½				
6 small stone Pots	50	5	Tea forks (white handled)		50
1 do do do	75	1	Lanthorn & Lamp		50
1 do do do	50	1	Wooden Funnel		12½
1 do do do	25	5	Flats	1	25
1 black Earthen Pot	12½	7	Lingham boxes		75
1 do do Milk Pan	25	6	Table Mats		36
1 Brass Bowl	50	2	Flat Iron grater		25
1 Corn grater	12½	1	Japan wash bowl		50
2 Iron Basons	1 —			$ 550	88½
2 Worst Iron Pans	50				
	$ 515	86			



Written for Neal's Saturday Gazette.

AMERICAN FEMALE POETS—DAGUERREOTYPE SKETCHES.

No. XIII.

MRS. MARY E. HEWITT.

"We are all going to Malden—you and I, and all of us"—was the joyful exclamation that greeted us, on returning from school one bright Saturday morning.

That was years ago, when we trudged merrily through the crooked streets of Boston, with the first part of the North American Arithmetic, and Parley's Geography, in the little satchel swinging at our side. A visit to Malden was a great event, and no wonder—we feared the stage would certainly forget to call for our party, or that "mother might change her mind," and leave the little ones at home. But no such dismal accident happened; and that very afternoon, before dark, we were driving through the streets of the neat country town. We have to this day a vivid and delightful recollection of the pleasant days passed here, including the "election cake" we were indulged with at tea, by a dear, precise old lady, whom every one called "Aunt Cranne," and the butternuts she gave us one rainy morning, to amuse ourselves by cracking them and our fingers together.

Pardon our childish reminiscences, dear ladies, but they crowded upon us so fast, roused by seeing that Malden—neat, quiet, pleasant Malden—was the birth-place of Mrs. Hewitt—Mary Moore, she was called then. Her father, a man of education and refinement, died when she was very young, and her mother subsequently removed to Boston, where her education was completed, and where she resided until her marriage with Mr. James L. Hewitt, of New York city.

The witty author of the Bachelor of the Albany thus suggests that children should be punished by being made to commit poetry to memory:

"Whip Theodore well with the 'Omnipresence,'" said St. Leger.

"Give him the 'Excursion,' smartly," said Barker.

"Or 'Bells and Pomegranates,'" added Louise. "…both Mr. and Mrs. Brownrig on him," …ger.

… teacher to whom Miss Moore's early …as entrusted, held the reverse view of … With Coleridge, she thought "poetry …*ng great reward*," and the good children …wed to read any short poem they might … daily, until it was fairly learned by them. …his practice Mrs. Hewitt traces her first …r poetry, and as she stored her memory with … gems, we may conclude that she was one …he good children" very often.

… commenced writing at a comparatively … age; her first poems appearing in the Knick…cker Magazine, under the signature of "Ione." … volume under the title of "Songs of our …d, and other poems," was issued by Ticknor … Co., some two years since, and added much to …r reputation as a poetess. The "Lore of the …ea and all its belongings," and the proud patriotism which chiefly distinguish her poems, she thus accounts for, in a letter to a friend, from which we have kindly been permitted to extract the passage—"I think this was first learned from a shabby volume of sea songs, that had somehow found its way into my playmate-brother's possession—songs of glorification to 'Columbia,' defiance to 'Britain,' that we used to sing toge… to our own ideas of 'the tunes,' very loudly, …h much to the annoyance of all within hearing …e piping voices." The "Songs of our Land" … captain …

The same person has seen a stout hickory … are dedicated to the brother here *referred to*—Josiah Moore, Esq., late of Manilla, whose recent death has brought deep sadness to the sister who from youth up had been a devoted and affectionate friend.

Mrs. Hewitt has a tall, commanding figure, an abundance of black, glossy hair, and eyes of "an unfathomed darkness," large and eloquent. She is well beloved by all who know her, for her *womanliness*, and warm, sincere heart. The following poems are from the volume we have before referred to.

Written for Neal's Saturday Gazette.

A REVERIE AT MIDNIGHT.

BY SOPHY ORVILLE.

'Tis midnight—and above the busy mart
Of this vast host a solemn stillness rests,
Like that which hangs at midday o'er the dense
And silent forest, when the warbling tribes
Are closely sheltered 'neath its cool retreats,
Ceasing their songs till night begins to cast
Its lengthy shadows o'er its mossy dells,
And then anew burst forth in harmonies,
That echo and re-echo through the groves,
In cadence of rich praises unto God.

In quiet splendor Orion rides above,
And oft, methinks, upon him I can trace
The varied hues that fancy sometimes sees,
Of local climes, where living creatures throng,
And where the soul, in meditation, loves
To fly and wander in an hour like this.

Ten thousand stars bedeck the dome above,
And twinkle, as with pleasure, at the scenes
That are enacted on the earth, to which
They stand as sentinels—a link between
The great Creator and the creature made.
Even now, methinks, they seem to herald forth
The welcome tidings of a soul released
From the deep turmoil of a mortal life,
And turn aside the flaming bar that guards
The portals to the paradise above;
And at Jehovah's throne presents it pure,
Absolved from every taint of sin or death.

I had a sister once—a gentle girl,
Too pure she seemed for such a world as this!
And, at the calm and holy hour of night,
When earth in silence owned its Maker's sway,
And now, methinks, I hear her angel-voice
Bidding me welcome to her blissful home,
To share with her the joys of endless life.

Philadelphia, Aug. 2, 1848.

Written for Neal's Saturday Gazette.

"I LOVE THE STILL."

BY MAY LILIAN.

Hast thou thought that e'er for thee
I could cherish enmity:—
That I could forget to love,—
That I would unfaithful prove?
Think again! Thy friend I've been
While years have passed away;
Trust me, then, and do not deem
My words unmeaning when I say,
I love thee still!

Dost thou care no more for me—
Must we cold and distant be—
We who foot to foot have stood,
And the same glad path pursued?
Think again! In sun and gloom
I have been always true.
Has thy heart no longer room?
Mine tells in every pulse anew,
I love thee still!

Friends should never lightly part;
There are chords within the heart
Which if once they lightly break,
Friendship's strains will ne'er awake.
Think again! Ere thou wilt go,
Let mem'ry wander free;
She will bring some hours, I know,
When truthful were these words to thee,
I love thee still!

And does falsehood prompt them now?
Did it when Death pressed my brow—
When the leaves had fall'n, and I
Dreamed that 'neath their shade I'd lie?
Think again! I'll ne'er forget
The friend who would not part.
Trust me, then—though thou shouldst yet
Spurn mine image from thy heart,
I love thee still!

A cargo of live hogs is on its way from New York to Liverpool. A wag calls them *omi-grunts*.

A GOSSIP WITH A CORPS OF YOUNG LADIES.

We have received the first number of a weekly paper bearing the blooming title of "The Rose Bud," and "edited by a corps of young ladies of the La Grange (Ga.) Female Institute." The Rose Bud has been ushered into existence with the view of settling finally and affirmatively the question whether the mental capabilities of lovely woman are or are not fully equal to those of the assumed lords of creation. We have not the slightest intention to enter into a controversy with our fair cotemporaries, particularly when they are armed with the suffrages of a boarding school of lovely and loveable misses, one and all firmly convinced that Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and a slight knowledge of the Sanscrit are absolutely indispensable for the crowning glories of an education indispensably necessary for young ladies. Far from it. If one woman could effectually silence the long-suffering Socrates, what amount of success can we hope for in an encounter with a whole "corps of young ladies"—armed with the sunniest faces, the darkest eyes, the glossiest curls, to say nothing of their well nibbed pens, from which flows the eloquent ink in a steady and sparkling stream? "The Rose Bud," (and we say it tremblingly,) is more piquant than profound, and with a charming originality peeping forth from every paragraph that is truly refreshing. The leading article, to be sure, reminds one of coats, vests, whiskers, and such other monstrosities, for we are informed that some rumor in regard to an alleged waning in the patronage of the La Grange Female Institute "is as false as malicious." We do not wish to be thought uncharitable, but still in every line of this article we see, or fancy we see, the white neckcloth and gold spectacles of the principal of the said Institute, who, we are informed, belongs to the genus *homo*. The next article in size and dignity is in the form of an editorial discussion, one of the "corps" asserting that boarding school misses should, in the pursuit of scientific and literary knowledge, be kept free from the companionship of young, old, or middle aged gentlemen, while another member of the "corps" stoutly insists upon the absolute necessity of young girls, and very young girls, going into company where coats have the preponderance over flounces. Our sympathies are spontaneously with the last named member, who writes under the initial "F."—Fanny, no doubt. Fanny, indirectly, assures us, that to be deprived of the society of polite and well informed gentlemen, "maketh the heart sick." After such a *naive* confession, we need not bring forth any more of her soul moving, heart subduing arguments. The question, to our minds, is definitely settled; and, hereafter, no principal of a Female Seminary can hope for pupils and dollars, and the countenance of an enlightened public, unless he can procure and secure the services of a respectable number of respectable young gentlemen, in order that the young misses confided to his charge may enjoy the advantages of a free intercourse with "agreeable and intelligent gentlemen." How delighted parents and guardians will be when such an arrangement can be carried into practical and universal operation!

"I say, Mr. Johnsing, did you hear 'bout de catalebsy that befel Philis?" "Oh, course I did'nt, wot was it?" "You see, de doctor ordered a blister on her chist—well, as she hadn't no chist, no how, she put 'em on de bandbox, and it draw'd her new pink bonnet all out ob shape, and spile um entirely."

FREAKS OF GENIUS.—"Kitty, where's the frying pan?"

"Johnny's got it, carting mud and clam shells up the alley, with the cat for a horse."

"The dear little fellow, what a genius he'll make; but go and get it. We're going to have company, and must fry some fish for dinner."

"Do you keep the bar here?" inquired a traveler of a gentlemanly bar-room loafer, a few days since. "No, sir, it stays here itself, and has ever since I have known it." The traveller travelled.

The Roaring Lion.

A FEARFUL STORY.

The lions of Africa, as they roam at large, and rove for their prey among their native forests, or crouch in the deep glens at noon-day, are fearful to encounter. "Thou hauntest me as a fierce lion," said Job, ages gone by; but that possage finds a striking illustration in the following fearful story, which is related in "Moffat's Scenes in Southern Africa."

A man belonging to Mr. Schmelen's congregation at Bethany, returning homewaad on a visit to his friends, took a circuitous course in order to pass a pool, where he hoped to kill an antelope to carry home to his family. The sun had risen to some height by the time he reached the spot, and, seeing no game, he laid his gun down on a shelving low rock, the back of which was covered with a species of dwarf thorn bushes. He went to the water, took a hearty drink, and, being a little tired, fell asleep. In a short time, the heat reflected from the rock awoke him, and opening his eyes, he saw a large lion crouching before him, with its eyes glaring in his face, and within a little more than a yard of his feet. He sat motionless for some minutes, until he recovered his presence of mind; then eyeing his gun, moved his hand slowly towards it; the lion seeing him, raised his head and gave a tremendous roar. He made another attempt, but the gun being far beyond his reach, he gave it up, as the lion seemed well aware of his object, and was enraged whenever he attempted to move his hand. His situation now became painful in the extreme; the rock on which he sat became so hot that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it, and kept moving them, alternately placing one above another.

The day passed and night also, but the lion never moved from the spot. The sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered his feet past feeling. At noon, the lion rose and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, looking behind him as he went, lest the man should move, and seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, turned in a rage, and was on the point of springing upon him. The animal went to water, drank, and returning, lay down again at the edge of the rock. Another night passed. The man, in describing it, said he knew not whether he slept, but if he did, it must have been with his eyes open, for he always saw the lion at his feet. Next day in the forenoon, the animal again went to water, and while there, he listened to some noise, apparently from an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes. The man now made another effort, and seized his gun, but on attempting to rise, he fell, his ankles being without power. With his gun in his hand, he crept towards the water and drank, but looking at his feet, he saw, as he expressed it, his "toes roasted," and the skin torn off with the grass.

There he sat a few moments, expecting the lion's return, when he was resolved to send the contents of the gun through his head; but as he did not appear, the poor man, tying his gun to his back, made the best of his way, on his hands and knees, to the nearest path, hopeing some solitary individual might pass. He could go no further, when happily a person came up, who took him to a place of safety, whence he obtained help, though he lost his [illegible] cripple for life.

Getting at a Secret.

The Daily Sentinel says the French are a droll people—so their newspapers contain the queerest reports. Here is the latest: A M'lle de A——— became indisposed, so her father called in the family doctor and left them together. The doctor was curious and suspicious as to the cause of the young lady's sickness. He drew a lancet from his pocket to bleed her, but at the moment he pressed the vein, he exclaimed:

'Ah, mon Dieu!'

'What is the matter, Monsieur?'

'M'lle, I had nearly killed you.'

'Killed me?'

'Listen!' (here he drew a lancet from his pocket) 'here are two lancets; the first is for wives, the second for maids. You see how necessary it is to be careful in the use of surgical instruments. You are a maiden of course?'

'Certainly, Monsieur.'

'Well, if I bleed you with the wife's lancet, I should kill you—and vice versa. Now, M'lle, hold out your arm—this is the right lancet!'

'Doctor!'

'Mademoiselle!'

'Take the other one.'

Alphonsus, King of Naples and Sicily, was once asked why he was so favorable to all men, even to those most notoriously wicked. 'Because,' answered he, 'good men are won [illegible] justice; the bad by clemency.'

A True Brother.

THAT brother who loves the Institution of Odd Fellowship, the fundamental principles of which are Friendship, Love and Truth, and the object of which is to exemplify in full the golden rule, will exhibit those virtues in his conduct toward his brother, and also towards those unacquainted with the mystic ties that bind us together. He is a true brother who will treat with respect those who entertain opinions different f[illegible] his own, and who allows no small matter to excite his feelings so much as to overcome his reason and his better judgment. He is not a brother in the spirit of Odd Fellowship, who will forsake an Institution he really loves, because some person has been admitted into it whom he deems unworthy to be hailed a brother. He only will make a true brother whom God has made to take delight in doing deeds of benevolence and charity, and who will give with no begrudging hand to aid the poor, to relieve the distressed, who can sympathize with the unfortunate, and will endeavor to guide aright those wandering from the paths of rectitude. Is it the spirit of the doctrines that Christ taught, for one, favored with an abundance of this world's goods, to look upon those poor in circumstances with an air of superiority? Will a true Christian refuse to visit the house of God, and to commune with his Christian friends, because there may be one among them whom he thinks is unfaithful, and whose religion is pretended only?

Will he neglect *his* duty because others neglect theirs? Will a true Christian withdraw from the Church, because some members of it doubt the sincerity of his particular friend? So, is he a true brother who will leave an institution that commands its members "to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan," because some of his brothers consider his friend unworthy to become a member of the fraternity? Is it reasonable for one brother to expect that other brothers will think, in regard to the character of a person desiring to be made acquainted with the Order, as he does, or even would wish them to do? He is a true brother who conducts himself according to the spirit of Friendship, Love and Truth, and who will not permit his personal feelings to influence his actions to the injury of the whole.

A. F.

THE POOR, GOD HELP THEM.

Old winter comes with a steady tread,
O'er the fallen autumn leaves,
And shrilly he whistleth overhead,
And pipeth beneath the eaves.
Let him come! we care not, amid our mirth,
For the driving snow or rain;
For little we reck of the cheerless hearth,
Or the broken window pane.

'Tis a stormy night, but our glee shall mock
At the winds that loudly prate,
As they echo the moan of the poor that knock
With their cold hands at our gate.
The poor! we give them the half-picked bone,
And the dry mildewed bread;
Ah! they never, God help them, know the pain
Of the pampered overfed.

Fill round again with cheering wine,
While the fire glows warm and bright;
And sing me a song, sweet heart of mine,
Ere you whisper the words "good night!"
You will never dream, 'neath the covering warm
Of your soft and curtained bed,
Of the scanty rug and the shivering form,
And the yawning roof o'erhead.

The poor! God pity them in their need!
We've a prayer for their every groan;
They ask us with outstretched hands for bread,
And we carelessly give a stone.
God help them! God help us! for much we lack,
Though lofty and rich we be;
And open our hearts unto all that knock
With the cry of CHARITY.

Gen. Hamilton and the Juggler.

The following anecdote, told of the celebrated Alexander Hamilton, is quite amusing. While on a journey to Albany, he chanced once to put up for the night at a tavern in one of the small villages on the Hudson river, where a mountebank had advertised a display of his ingenuity at slight of hand, &c., on that evening. Induced by motives of curiosity, and a desire to while away the tedious hours of a winter's evening, the General took a front seat in the apartment allotted for the performance. His keen piercing eye did not escape the observation of the juggler, who, stepping up to him and handing him a silver dollar, politely requested him to hold it until he should call for it, adding that it might escape his fingers without his knowledge.

The General, thinking some harmless trick was intended, and being desirous of humoring the joke, readily accepted the dollar, and clenching it fast in his hand, waited in momentary expectation of some attempt being made to extricate it from his grasp without his privity. The juggler, when he attempted a new trick, would first cast an inquiring glance at the General, as much as to say, 'Look out for the dollar,' when the former would immediately open his hand to convince himself that he was yet in possession of it. After the performance was over, the mountebank requested his dollar of General H., who, on returning it, observed that he could discover no trick in it. 'I do, though,' replied the mountebank. 'You had not been present three minutes, when I perceived that if I did not do something to divert your attention, you would detect me in every trick I attempted; I therefore gave you the dollar to hold, and managed to have it absorb so much of your attention, that I got through the performance much better than I expected when you first fixed your eyes upon me.' Gen. H., it is said, was highly amused with this chef d'œuvre of the juggler, and pronounced it the best trick performed that evening.

Love in a Wigwam.

About a twelve-month ago, a Mr. Warr, an aid-de-camp to the late Sir R. Jackson, commander of the forces in Canada, went out with a brother officer on a sporting expedition to the north-west, to shoot buffaloes, &c. On getting there he met with some of the wandering tribes of Indians and fell in love with the daughter of a chief. It is supposed he expressed his passion for the lady; but, however that may be, the chief determined to make him a present of her. Mr. Warr, had of course, only anticipated a marriage de convenance—a liaison for the moment—to terminate at the end of the buffalo hunting. But not so the chief. He insisted on a regular marriage; and in the end, the polished Mr. Warr, the pink of fashion, and having noble blood in his veins, was married to a crow or Blackfoot wife, by a missionary who happened to be at hand!

This was nearly twelve months ago, and the young gentleman has been with his savage relatives ever since. In this time, report says, his civilized clothes have worn out, and he has been equipped *a la* Indian, with all the embellishments of paint, tattoo, &c. Nor will the tribe hear of his coming away, which, as may be imagined, he is most anxious to do; but he has been given to understand that if he should show so little gratitude and good taste, a bullet will most assuredly put an end to his Indian existence. The circumstance has occasioned a good deal of amusement here. It is understood the Hudson's Bay Company will use their influence to redeem the unfortunate wight, one of whose great merits in the eyes of the tribe consists in his having red hair, which the Indian regards as a Divine gift!

From the Bristol Gazette.

"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

A new ode for the Fourth of July, 1837.

On the Fourth of July when ye vaunt of those rights
Which the blood of our fathers was shed to recover,
And our country's broad flag is unfurled on her heights—
Know ye not 'tis a mock of the living Jehovah?
Whose ear is not deaf
To the accent of grief,
Or the prayer that ascends to his throne for relief,
From those fields where the "Star Spangled Banner" still waves
In the breeze that sweeps over *two millions of slaves!*

The Star Spangled Banner! That beautiful flag!
Maintaining with all the most friendly relation—
Wherever it visits, still fated to drag
The damning reproaches of all christian nations!
There's a people who dare,
To all nations *declare*,
That "*all men are equal*," and yet, even *there*—
That Banner—the star Spangled Banner, still waves
In the breeze that sweeps over *two millions of slaves!*"

"The *Republican flag!!* which every poor soul,
That's struggling for Freedom, would claim for Protector!
Which would fain guard the *people*—the *Greek* or the *Pole*,
From the ruthless dominion of *Tyranny's sceptre!*
But why talk ye of kings
When every gale brings
The scream of despair as the *driver's whip* rings,
Where the Star-spangled Banner so gorgeous waves
In the breeze that sweeps over *two millions of slaves!*

"Dionysius and Nero, mere novices! knew
No parallel system of hellish oppression!
And moderns may come and take lessons of you,
For refinement in tortures—The Turk and the Rusian."
No! Religion shall plead,
For the wretches that bleed,
Till through our broad land the last victim is freed;
And the Star-spangled Banner no longer shall wave
In the breeze that sweeps over one trodden-down slave!

When borne on the wings of the wind o'er the deep,
We spy in the distance some rover of ocean,
Manœuvering to speak us as onward we keep;
What object awakens the deepest emotion—
When we see her display,
O'er the billowy way,
That flag which our foes aye beheld with dismay?—
'Tis the Star-spangled banner!—Alas! that it waves
In the breeze that sweeps over two millions of slaves!

When approaching our country we see her green hills,
And that flag—the Palladium of her constitution—
What bosom that glows not? What eye that not fills,
To see that fair banner thus stained with pollution?
Then let's vow that the stain,
Shall no longer remain;
Nor the friends of humanity henceforth complain
That the beautiful Star-spangled Banner doth wave
In a breeze that sweeps over *one* trodden-down slave!

For the Boston Recorder.

THE OPIUM SHIPS.

Almost incredible quantities of Opium are at present smuggled into China, under the sanction of the government of British India. At this very time, says Malcom, though efforts so extraordinary and persevering have been put forth by the Chinese authorities to stop this infernal traffic, there are TWENTY-FOUR opium ships on the coast.

Aye, flap your wings, ill-omened birds,
Impatient for your prey;
Infest, in swarms, the Chinese seas,
For who shall say ye "nay?"
Watch for the moment to inflict
Foul wrong, in spite of interdict.

What though your fearful errand's fraught
With death, death which is *hell*—
And by the traffic Mercy bleeds,
Flock on! for all is well:—
The end shall justify the means,
Your trade is nursed by kings and queens.

Through all her unoffending realm
The ripened plague-spot bear,
Till China is one lazar-house
Of misery and despair:
Let Avarice urge your flowing sails,
Let Selfishness bestow the gales.

The Upas flings its poison forth,
(In this resembling ye,—)
And wo to bird or beast or man
That sees the dreadful tree:
The Upas to *one* spot's confined,
Ye carry death on every wind.

And laugh, ye men, as their vile cha
Your idiot-victims hug;
And mock, as they suck endless pain
From your forbidden drug:
What's law to him who wins the gos
Compared to money what's the so

Ye may—ye may—for *Christians*
That deed to line
Which

THE TRAVELLER ON THE ALPS.



HIGH MOUNTAINS.

There are some very high mountains on the Eastern continent, called the Alps. The tops of these mountains are always covered with snow. Some very kind men live in a large house upon one of these mountains. These men have strong dogs, which do not mind the snow, and when these dogs meet any travellers who are cold or tired, they show them the way to the place where those good men live. Here they are warmed and fed, and treated with great kindness. A great many people would have frozen to death or been buried in the snow on the Alps, if these dogs had not led them to the house of their kind masters.

One stormy night, upon the Alps,
A traveller, weak and old,
Walk'd sadly on, through ice and snow,
And shiver'd with the cold.

His eyes were dim with weariness,
His steps were short and slow;
At length he laid him down to sleep
Upon a bed of snow.

Before he closed his aching eyes,
He heard a cheerful bark!
A faithful dog was by his side
To guide him through the dark!

And soon beside the fire he stood,—
And earnestly he pray'd
For those who train'd that noble dog,
And sent him to his aid.

Though, dearest, all the world may leave,
Though poverty come nigh,
Though chosen friends forsake and grieve,
Yet Love will never fly.

Come then, and be my cherished bride,
I'll hide thee from life's storm;
Come, for Love's arms are open wide,
To shield thy beauteous form.

We'll dwell together free from fear,
Rejoicing all the while,
And thou shall never shed a tear,
But often, dearest, smile!

Hast thou not sighed because alone,
And often felt how sweet,
Thine heart would echo to love's tone,
Could'st thou with true love meet?

And here, with Love's undying breath,
My heart is wholly thine—
Life without thee would be but death;
Then, Love, wilt thou be mine?

Yes—thou within this loving heart,
Hast found a truthful home;
Then let distrust and fear depart,
Come to my bosom, come!

Poetry.

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

To prayer, to prayer,—for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes;
His light is on all below, above,
The light of gladness, the light of love.
Oh then, on the breath of the early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer—for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on,
Like a curtain from heaven's high hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose;
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer,—for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest;
It speaks of creation's early bloom:
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallowed hours.

POETRY.

From the Philanthropist.

THOMAS MORRIS.

Free Senator! accept the lay
The unknown muse attunes for thee:
Not for the valorous display
Of martial feats and chivalry:
Or for the blood-stained laurels won
By knightly deeds of daring done.

Not for the palm of high renown,
The price of blood and chains and tears;
Nor for the talents vainly shown
In windy war with thy compeers;
But for a deed more nobly brave—
The pleading for the outcast slave.

For this thy name shall live in song
If song of mine itself shall live,
And living bear the meed along
Thy deeds have earned, and faithful give
To future time thy moral worth,
When cold thy ashes rest in earth.

And when thy proud com-patriots' lie
Forgotten, 'neath the silent sod:
And when their words and memories die,
Scathed by the blighting curse of God—
Thy deeds shall gain enduring fame,
And men unborn revere thy name.

Ah! yes, the ransomed slave shall bless
Thy name when thou art laid at rest,
And pointing to thy tomb express,
"There lies in peaceful slumber blest,
"The advocate of the opprest,
"Friend of the poor and the distrest."

Intrepid Statesman! when the tongues
Of Northern Senators were hushed,
And despots triumph'd o'er the wrongs
Of minds debased and spirits crushed;
When even Webster's spirit quailed,
And firm John Quincy's ardor failed—

'Twas then thou rose to breast the storm,
And throw thyself as in the breach—
To raise the captive's bleeding form,
And with undaunted manly speech,
To show his wrongs—the sighs and tears
That preyed upon his soul for years.

Thou spake and on the oppressor flung
The burden of thy strong rebuke,
Till guilt alarmed and conscience stung,
With rage and consternation shook;
And haughty southrons awe-struck hung
Upon the thunders of thy tongue.

Firm and erect thou stand'st alone,
And slavery's haughty champions met;
Not the stern brow of fierce Calhoun,
Nor Patton's gag, nor Preston's threat,
Thy dauntless spirit could dismay—
Thou fearedst not *the face of* CLAY.

Let fiery Rhett and Campbell rave,
And woman's weak petition spurn—
Let Waddy Thompson—Slavery's slave—
With fury rage—and anger burn—
Let Pinkney, Wise, and Atherton
Reap all the fame their deeds have won.

But thou shalt gain immortal praise,
Thy country's blessings rest on thee:
The bondman freed his voice shall raise,
And link thy name with Liberty:—
For lo! thy monument shall be
Raised in the hearts of slaves made free.

A. L. B.

...ose that uphold slavery!

Daddy's Name.

"What's that?" asked a schoolmaster, pointing to the letter X.

"Daddy's name."

"No, it isn't daddy's name, you blockhead—it's X."

"No, no, it ain't," said the boy; "'tis daddy's name; I've seen him write it often."

YOUTH.

Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells the sails, and passion steers his course.
Safe glides his little bark along the shore
Where virtue takes her stand; but if too far
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.

understanding } 25

168 7

The same person has seen a stout hickory

The Last Chance;

OR, IMPROVING THE OPPORTUNITY.

Miss Jane Gladdings, an oily, round young lady of some celebrity in the police annals, found herself, last evening, in the predicament of many other young ladies who have neglected the golden opportunities and privileges of leap year. She had suffered the time to glide by without improvement, till the hour of ten on New Year's Eve had arrived, and consequently there were only two hours more in which the ladies were privileged to become suitors to the other sex. Miss Jane, suddenly made aware of the urgency of the occasion, fortified her resolution with three or four glasses of a strong cordial, and then left her home in Blackberry Alley, resolved that no effort on her part should be spared to procure some sort of a connubial partner before the iron tongue of time should sound the knell of 1848. In Ninth street, she happened to encounter a thin, small, sour-visaged young fellow, named Joseph Haynes, clerk in a dry goods' store, who was speeding homeward,—somewhat chafed in his temper by the vexations to which young gentlemen in his vocation are daily subjected. Walking up to Joseph's side, Jane took his arm, and remarked that 'she had something particular to say to him.'

'What do you want?' said Joseph, gruffly.

'I want a husband,' answered Jane.

'Don't bother me;—I'm in a hurry,' said the youth.

'So am I in a hurry,' replied the maiden—'in a hurry to be married. Let us show our spunk,—go right off at once and get spliced.'

'Are you drunk or a fool?'

'Is everybody that gets married drunk or foolish, young man?—come, don't be cross-grained. I'll make you a first rate jolly little wife. I won't mind if you stay out a little late at night, for I don't always keep early hours myself; and I don't care if you spree it a little, for I can spree too, to keep you company. Won't we be a couple of jolly fellows promenading along Chestnut street!'

'Let go my arm—I'll have nothing to say to you!'

'What! so savage before marriage? What will you be after the honey-moon?'

'Will you go?'

'Never;—leap-year comes only once in four years, and before another leap-year comes, I might be an old maid; and if I let you slip I might get a worse one, perhaps. At any rate, there's no time now to pick and choose;—so I'll hold on to you, my lad.'

Quite a lively struggle followed, but Jane was too much for Joseph;—she kept a firm grip, till the exclamations of the poor fellow brought a watchman to his assistance. Miss Jane found herself still without a husband in the morning, but not without a home—for thirty days.

LINES,

Suggested by a Sermon of Rev. Mr. Abbott, on the blessings which the Bible carries with it wherever it goes.

Go, blessed Bible! visit every land!
Diffuse thy healing beams through all the earth;
Thou art the "moral sun," whose radiance can
Light to the blind restore, the blind by birth.

No blessings to mankind so great can be,
As the bless'd Bible scatters in its train;
Darkness and sin before its light shall flee,
And moral wastes with verdure bloom again.

Go, bid the savage of this western world,
His tomahawk and scalping knife resign,
The banner of the cross to him unfurl,
Behold him now, meek, merciful and kind.

Go to poor Africa's benighted shore,
Bid her degraded sons thy light receive,
Tribe shall on feebler tribe make war no more,
But in true amity and peace shall live.

Go to the farther Ind, her rites of blood
And thousand gods before thy smiles retire!
No more her infants drowned in Ganges' flood
Or widows on the funeral pile, expire.

Go, blessed Bible, visit every shore;
Diffuse [illegible] beams throughout the world.
Peace, [illegible] and happiness once more
Shall re[illegible]n from his throne be hurled.

Boston, June [illegible] 9. B.

☞ The editor of a Vermont paper is in raptures with the operation of Baby Jumpers. He thinks Mr. Tuttle the greatest philo-babyist of the day. Infant felicity was never complete till now; but, since the invention of the Jumper, young 'uns are the happiest little "critters" in creation. Really, he is so enthusiastic, that we almost wish we could be born over again, just to "try the thing on." We never liked cribs and cradles—even in our most incipient days, our infant soul indignantly revolted at them, the swinging things!—and we squalled accordingly. A baby Jumper, if it is so mighty nice, would have saved us all this.

☞ The hot weather seems to have a smothering effect on the ideas of our brother quill-drivers. We never knew our exchanges so dull as at present. Even the best of them fail us. Vainly do we explore their broad and ample pages, scanning every nook and corner for a decent joke, or tolerable pun. From title to advertisements, all is barren—barren—barren. Can't somebody invent a new idea-trap, that will catch the little jokers as well in summer as in winter? T'would be a safe speculation.

☞ It may be questioned, we think, whether the elaborate articles that appear, from time to time, in the papers, against certain licentious books, do not more harm than good. We never read one of these denunciatory criticisms, but we think of the story of the hostler, who was asked one Confession day by his priest, if he had never greased the teeth of the guests' horses, to prevent their eating their allowance of hay and oats. "Never!" promptly responded he. Subsequently however, he confessed the frequent perpetration of that rascality. "How?" exclaimed the astonished Father, "I thought at your last confession you said you had never played the trick?" "True, nor had I *then*," was the answer, "for *till you told me, I never knew that greasing a horse's teeth would prevent his eating.*"

Rum and Murder.—We learn from the Marion Pio neer that Mr. Starrett, who resided about six miles from Fairmont, Marion co. Va., was murdered on the 10th inst. by two young men named Coon and Booher. The parties got into a quarrel at a woodchopping frolic, and the deed was done under the influence of rum.—The murderers had not been found, but officers were in pursuit of them.

LINES,

Sacred to the Memory of George Washington.

BY WILLIAM SANDERS, PRIMITIVE METHODIST MINISTER.

To speak thy praise, be mine,—brave Washington—
Thou for thy country, hast the laurel won.
Heaven raised thee up and sent thee to the field—
Thy country's foes, at last were forced to yield.
Wisdom and zeal, were both in thee combined—
Thine was a noble and a virtuous mind
To thee, Most High, unnumbered thanks belong—
'Twas He who nerved thy arm, and made thee strong.

Nations across the sea, have heard thy fame—
Heroic deeds immortalize thy name:
Forever dear thy memory shall be,
To every lover of sweet Liberty.
Brave Washington, the land that gave thee birth,
Is now the glory of the spacious earth;
No monarch bears the sceptre—lifts the rod—
The only sov'reign, here confessed, is GOD.

While on Jehovah's arm our hopes are stayed,
No foreign power can e'er this land invade.
Before no earthly potentate we fall,—
God is our King—we'll "crown him Lord of all."
This land, almost exalted to the skies,
Still higher in true excellence would rise,
Would she but set her *colored bondmen* free
Give them to share the sweets of *Liberty*.

If Washington—(who endless glory shares,)
Knows any thing in bliss—of our affairs,
Sure he would smile, to see their fetters fall,
And find dear Liberty held out to all.
In this fair clime, where freedom's joys are known,
Why should the *colored race* in bondage groan?
When will the happy Jubal year appear?
Its trump, throughout the land, I long to hear.

Beat That!

Isaac Shriver raised at Westminster, Md., a single leaf of rhubarb, measuring fifteen feet in circumference, exclusive of stem or stalk!

A judge in one of the new counties in Western Virginia, inquired of the sheriff whether he had made up a jury? The sheriff replied that he had empannelled eleven and expected to have the other soon, as they were running him with dogs.'

'Papa,' said a little fellow, as he looked up in his father's face,—'Papa, does the logwood they put into wine give it its red color?'

'Yes certainly.'

'Well, papa is it the logwood in the wine that makes your nose so red?'

'Hush your nonsenee, child; hers Betty, get a candle, and put this child to bed.'

It is a good sign to see a man sit at a second story window over the sidewalk of a thronged street, and spit out, without noticing whether people are provided with umbrellas or not. It is an indisputable evidence that he doesn't defile the carpet.

Some thousands of teeth, taken from the heads of the persons who were killed during the insurrection in Paris in June, have been imported into London for the use of the dentists.

EMIGRATION.—On Saturday and Sunday 6,100 steerage passengers arrived at New York from Europe, a larger number than has ever been known to have arrived during the same space of time, in that or any other city on the continent.

WHILE THE BELL IS RINGING.

BY G. W. BUNGAY.

With lungs of fire, and ribs of steel;
With sighing valve, and groaning wheel;
With startling scream, and giant stroke;
With showers of sparks, and clouds of smoke
The iron steed the train is bringing;
So look out while the bell is ringing.

The gazing, gaping crowd stand back!
Will ye be crushed, or clear the track?
Now all aboard and off again!
The drones behind can't reach the train,
They stumble while the switch is swinging;
So look out while the bell is ringing.

Just so the engine of Reform
Rolls on, through sunshine and through storm;
O'er kings and sceptres, crowns and thrones,—
Through sleepy crowds of idle drones,
'Tis Freedom's song the mass are singing,
So look out while the bell is ringing.

The slave will doff his yoke and chain,
The drunkard will not drink again,
The soldier 'll throw his sword away;
We see the dawn of that bright day,
Glad news the harnessed lightning bringing—
So look out while the bell is ringing!

[For the Patriot.]

The Mind.

Immortal is the Mind of Man,
It heeds no bound of time—
Endless its being as its Sires,
Its "origin Divine."

No fetters can restrain its power,
Or circumscribe its will—
When sleep enchains the mortal frame,
The spirit's active still.

It bears no mark of time or place,
It asks but freedom's boon;
Earth is the casket—Mind the gem
That glows beyond the tomb.

How spirit upon matter acts,
The wisest cannot tell;
The simple truth alone we know,
That minds in bodies dwell.

Nearest approach to Deity,
Encased in feeble clay,
Doomed by its Maker here to roam,
Till called from earth away.

[illegible]fleet, 1847. CHARLOTTE.

An Abstemious Man.

A man in Providence, R. I., bet five dollars that he could eat a large basket of peaches in one hour. He was successful, having dispatched *one hundred and fifty-two* good sized peaches in fifty-two minutes.

BY REV. M. SPRINGER.

Martha's Vineyard is the largest of the group of beautiful islands which lie off the south shore of the Old Bay State. During a delightful visit of two weeks on this island, I spent much of my time in roaming over its old fields, and ascending to the summit of the Chilmark hills, from whence there is a fine view of Noman's Island at the southwest, the Elizabeth Islands in the northwest, and Nantucket at the east. Often have I strolled for miles upon the sandy beach, watching the ever-rolling surf, and picking up curious pebbles and strange shells. At other times, from the tower of the Methodist church, in Edgarton, which is the grand look-out for approaching whale ships and fishing craft, I have explored with the telescope the south shore of Cape Cod, and looked in upon the beautiful villages, which are scattered along from Falmouth to Chatham. From this elevated position, in a clear day, may be seen hundreds of vessels, dotting the surface of the ocean in every direction, as far as the eye can reach.

My most interesting visit, however, was to Gay Head, on the westernmost extremity of the island. It is an elevated promontory, terminating in a bold perpendicular cliff, about one hundred and sixty feet high. The cliff is composed of clay of different colors, blue, red and white in alternate strata, and presents, from the ocean, a strange, fantastic appearance, not unlike a lady's head dress, from which circumstance sailors have given it the appropriate name of Gay Head. A deep gorge, or ravine, in one place, leads by a tortuous passage to the water's edge, and from a singular Indian tradition, is called the Devil's Den. In this gorge are found, mixed with the soil, bones and teeth of sharks, whales and other fish, with fragments of fossil charcoal, supposed by some to be the residue of fires, kindled by the ancient aboriginal inhabitants, for the purpose of cooking and celebrating their piscatory feasts.—Imbedded in the clay, also, of the bluff, are found skeletons of fish so perfect, and in such positions, as to induce the belief among scientific men, that Gay Head was suddenly elevated from the sea by volcanic or subterranean force.

The little peninsula forming Gay Head has been set apart, and appropriated by the Legislature of Massachusetts, to the remnant of a once numerous tribe of Indians, who now live in neat, substantial houses, cultivate the soil, and furnish some of the most fearless and successful adventurers in the whale fishery.

There is an ancient tradition still preserved, and familiar with these descendants of the aboriginals, and which is found in Jones' traditions of the North American Indians. From this it appears that the first adventurer from the main land to the Island of Nope, (the original name of Martha's Vineyard,) was an Indian, who, many ages since, went across on a cake of ice, accompanied by his dog. The only inhabitant he found was a giant, named Moshop, who, with his wife and five children, lived in the Den at Cape Higgin, (the Indian name of Gay Head.) He was tall as the pine tree, and, assisted by his wife and sons, used to wade into the ocean and catch whales, drag them on shore, and with a fire made of trees which they had plucked up by the roots, roast them for their daily repast.*

Unlike those cannibal monsters, Slaygood and Grim, who, in the days of Bunyan, delighted in picking the bones of poor pilgrims, Moshop was placable and good-natured. Conscious of his superior prowess, he saw with complacency the arrival of fresh emigrants from the main, parcelled out his island to their chiefs, assisted them in their enterprises, and taught them the art of killing whales. At this time there settled on the southern shore of Nope a powerful chief named Hiwasse who became the great sachem of that portion of the island which lies most exposed to the fogs of spring. He was a rich and mighty man, had much land well adapted to the growing of maize, swamps filled with terrapins and cranberries, numerous ponds stocked with clams, oysters, perch, and wild fowl, and forests abounding with deer. He was, moreover, on excellent terms with Moshop, and thus escaped all taxes, contributions and tenths; only making him, now and then, a present of grapes and cranberries for a dessert to his more substantial dinners of whale's flesh and oil.

The sachem had an only daughter, young, and more beautiful than any other maiden in all the Island of Nope. Her hair was long and glossy as the raven's plume; her step light as the bounding doe. None in the mimic sport could draw the hunter's bow so dexterously, or manage the light skiff in the tumbling surf with so much skill as Nanina, (the Little Raven.) When her hair was decked with scallop shells, and her ears ornamented with pendant crab claws, she was perfectly bewitching. She was, indeed, a beautiful creature, and understood better than any other art of attracting all [illegible]

The same person has seen a stout hickory

the land [illegible] wigwam was visited by numerous suitors, who came to solicit Nanina's love. Thither came the chief of tribes that dwelt at Chapoquiddick, Popannessett, and Suckatasket,† who asked of the grand sachem his daughter in marriage. But the Little Raven was deaf to all their tales of love. She laughed at their presents of conch shells, terrapins, and eagle's feathers, and barred her father's wigwam against their approach. The truth must be told. Nanina had long placed her affections upon a young warrior named Waposset, who dwelt at the west end of the island. He was reckoned a great favorite of Moshop, and some even said he was a son of the devil of Cape Higgin. Waposset was taller and more graceful than any other young man of all the tribes of Nope. Though an orphan, and without inheritance, he had become distinguished for uncommon bravery and prowess in battle: and, while terrible as the lightning stroke to his foes, to Nanina he was all gentleness and love.

Long had they loved each other with the truest affection, and all their hopes centered in a union. But Hiwasse was proud, and like many other fathers, objected to the marriage of his daughter with one so penniless as Waposset. What was to be done? The lovers talked the matter over again and again, and finally determined to apply to Moshop for his counsel and aid. They forthwith repaired to the residence of the goblin. It was an auspicious moment; for Moshop was in the height of glee and good nature at his extraordinary success in whale fishing. A school of these monsters, in a recent dark and stormy night, becoming bewildered, had foundered on a neighboring ledge, and a great many young whales had been deposited near the mouth of his den. Withal he had just received a present from a distant friend, of several hundred pounds of tobacco, and was now enjoying his pipe after a luxurious [illegible]. He was, indeed, just in that joyous and [illegible] when a man, whose utmost wants [illegible]tly supplied, is disposed to let [illegible] the happiness which he himself [illegible]. He listened auspiciously to the tale of [illegible]rs, and, rising from his grassy couch, [illegible]t a hundr[illegible] [illegible]acco into his [illegible] of a grampus, on [illegible]ained, into his huge pocket, [illegible], with Waposset perched on [illegible] Nanina sitting on his folded [illegible]ded forthwith, at a pace that would [illegible]nged the man with the seven league boots, to Sanchequintacket,‡ the residence of Hiwasse. The chief was engaged with the other sachems of the east end in celebrating a feast. All rose with profound respect at the appearance of Moshop, who, without preface or ceremony, demanded of Hiwasse his objections to the marriage of Waposset with the beautiful Nanina. Hiwasse replied. His reasons were the same that have a thousand times been urged by rich and purse-proud fathers, to the marriage of the daughters with poor but meritorious lovers, "Poverty."

This was the sum of Hiwasse's objections. If he were sachem of an honorable tribe, or did he own an island of the surrounding group, or if he could pay a large dower in wampum, eagle's feathers, and wolf skins, he might be welcome to his daughter. "Good," said Moshop, "follow me." At the time of which we write, Nantucket had no existence. The little Island of Tuckernuck then formed part of the great Island of Nope, from which it was afterward dissevered by the washing of the sea, during a mighty storm. To a high cliff upon the eastern side of this same Tuckernuck, Moshop conducted Hiwasse, his daughter, her lover, and a great crowd of Indians who followed to see what mighty feat the goblin was about to perform. First he dug a great hole in the earth, the contents of which he threw into the sea. Into the hole he casted heated stones, muttering all the while strange words, the meaning of which none but himself could understand. Once he bowed to the setting sun, twice to the north star, blew thrice an immense conch shell, when, in a few moments, the clouds arose, it grew black as mid-night, while muttering thunders were heard and lightning flashed. Moshop charged heavily his pipe with tobacco, and presenting it with his right hand to the clouds, kindled it with a flash of lightning. He now commenced smoking at a huge rate. Presently a hissing noise was heard: Moshop had emptied his pipe into the sea. Soon it grew light; a gentle breeze wafted away the vapors which surrounded them, and there, in all its original beauty, lay Nantucket, the name of which Moshop pronounced, (meaning Nanina's Island,) and gave it to the maiden for her dower. The couple were married, and Waposset lived long the happy and powerful sachem of Nantucket.

*There is a ledge in the Vineyard Sound, stretching off in the direction from Gay Head toward the Elizabeth Islands, known to sailors as the "Sow and Pigs." Indian tradition informs us that these rocks are remnants of an ancient bridge, built by Moshop, which was afterward washed away by the sea.

And devote to heaven [illegible] bowed [illegible]

The Death of the Dominie.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

'Take him up, says the master.'—[Old Spelling Book.

My old schoolmaster is dead. He 'died of a stroke,' and I wonder none of his pupils have ever done the same. I have been flogged by many masters, but his rod, like Aaron's, swallowed all the rest. We have often wished that he whipped on the principle of Italian penmanship—up strokes heavy, down strokes light; but he did it in English round hand, and we used to think with a very hard pen. Such was his love of flogging, that, for some failure in English composition, after having been well corrected, I have been ordered to be revised. I have heard of the road to learning, and he did justice to it; we certainly never went a stage in education without being well horsed. The mantle of Dr. Busby descended on his shoulders and on ours. There was but one tree on the playground—a birch, but it never had a twig or a leaf upon it. Spring or summer, it always looked as bare as if the weather had been cutting at the latter end of the year. Pictures, they say, are good incentives to learning, and certainly we never got through a page without cuts; for instance, I do not recollect a Latin article without a tail-piece. All the Latin at that school might be comprised in one line—

'Arma virumque cano.'

An arm, a man, and a cane. It was Englished to me one day in school house, when I was studying Robinson Crusoe, instead of Virgil, by a storm of bamboo that really carried on the illusion, and made me think for a time that I was assaulted by a set of savages. He seemed to consider a boy as a bear's cub, and set himself literally to lick him into shape. He was so particularly fond of striking us with a leather strap on the flats of our hands, that he never allowed them a day's rest. There was no such thing as Palm Sunday in our calendar. In one word, he was disinterestedly cruel, and used as industriously to strike for nothing as others strike for wages. Some of the elder boys, who had read Smollet, christened him Roderick, from his hitting like Random, and being so partial to Strap.

His death was characteristic. After making his will he sent for Mr. Taddy, the head usher, and addressed him in these words:—'It is all over, Mr. Taddy—I am sinking fast—I am going from the terrestial globe—to the celestial, —and have promised Tomkins a flogging—mind he has it, and don't let him pick off the buns—I have asked Aristotie,' (here his head wandered,) 'and he says I cannot live an hour —I don't like that black horse grinning at me —cane him soundly for not knowing his verbs —Oantego to, non quod odio habeam—O, Mr. Taddy it's breaking up with me—the vacation's coming—there is that black horse again —Dulcis moriens reminiscitur—we are short of canes—Mr. Taddy, don't let the school get into disorder when I am gone—I am afraid through my illness—the boys have gone back in their flogging—I feel a strange feeling all over me—is the new pupil come?—I trust I have done my duty—and have made my will —and left all' (here his head wandered again) 'to Mr. Souter, the school bookseller—Mr. Taddy, I invite you to my funeral—make the boys walk in good order—and take care of the crossings. My sight is getting dim—write to Mrs. B. at Margate—and inform her—we break up on the 21st. The door is left open—I am very cold—where is my ruler gone—I feel—John light the school lamps—I cannot see a line—O, Mr. Taddy—venit hora—my hour is come—I am dying—thou art dying—he is dying. We—are—dying—you are dy——.' The voice ceased. He made a feeble motion with his hands as if he was ruling a copy-book—the '*ruling* passion strong in death,'—and expired.

An epitaph composed by himself was discovered in his desk,—with an unpublished pamphlet against Tom Paine. The epitaph was so stuffed with quotations from Homer and Virgil and almost every Greek and Latin author [illegible] the mason who was consulted by [illegible] widow declined to lithograph it under a hundred pounds. The Dominie consequently reposes under no more Latin than Hic Jacet; and without a particle of Greek, though he is himself a Long Homer.

The Duck-Weed Hawker.

Walking one day by the river side, in the neighborhood of Battersea, sketch-book in hand, and meditating a design upon the Red House, I was arrested by a picturesque-looking figure, engaged in raking the surface of a stagnant pool. By his side, on the bank, stood an old wine-hamper, reeking with muddy ooze. Feeling curious to ascertain what was going forward, I approached the operator, and civilly questioned him as to his proceeding. The following dialogue may give the reader an idea of a branch of industry which I confess was unknown to me till then.

'My good fellow, if I may be so bold, what is it you are doing?'

'Oh, bless your honor! no harm. I only vants the duck-veed you see, sir; and they never sets no vally on it, so I gets it for nuffin.'

'But of what use is that green scum, or duck-weed as you call it?'

'Did your honor never keep ducks? (I was compelled to confess my inexperience) 'Vy, then, I'll tell your honor. Yer see this ere as grows on the top of the water is duck-veed, and in course the duck is fond on it; them as keeps ducks is glad to git it, in course, at a low figure. So ye see, as I gits it for nuffin but my trouble, I can afford to sell it cheap.'

'You don't pretend to say that people buy it?'

'Don't I though! Ketch me givin on it away! I gits a penny a misure for every morsel on it; and voth the money, and no mistake.'

'And where do you find customers?'

'Vy, that's the vorst on it too. 'Taint much of a nosegay to carry about a feller; still I don't travel no werry great vays—hadn't need, you s'pose. Vell, then, sir, as you don't calkilate no hopposition, an' p'r'aps you'll stan' the price of a half pint, I don't mind tellin' ye.—My valk is Tuttle Street, the Hambury, and Strutton-ground, and Brewers' Green, and Palmer's Willage, and York street, where there's lots o' courts and alleys, and ducks in course.'

'Keep ducks there! Why, those are the filthiest neighborhoods in Westminster.'

'That's the werry reason, sir: there is so much mud, they vants the ducks to gobble it. He—he!'

'But where do they find room for them? There are neither yards nor ponds.'

'Oh, there's the street door front by day, and they doos werry vell under the beds o' nights. But I'm werry dry a'talkin', yer honor, and I musn't vaste no time, for yer see this ere sort o' green stuff vont keep no how, and must all be sold to-night.'

'Dry! why, you are dripping wet from head to foot.'

'Nothin' but vater, sir; and vater never vets Jakes, cos, d'ye see, I prefer beer.'

'Is your name Jakes?'

'No, sir, my name's Villiams. But they calls me Jakes cos I scums the mud-pools and ditches. But them as calls names pays their pennies; so I takes their tin and their compliments together, and never minds. Yer honor's a going to stan' summat, I know!'

Having complied with the poor fellow's demand, and helped him, as I best could, to shoulder his nauseous burden, I saw him trudge off beneath it, at a good five-mile-an-hour pace, to the sale of his moist merchandize. As he vanished with his dripping load, I could not help mentally comparing the present contents of the wine-basket to those of a past day—the sparkling juice of the grape to the reeking weed—and the different destinies of those who revelled round the bottles, and his who catered for the ducks. But the fellow was not to be pitied, and I felt that compassion would have been in his case injustice. He had health, humor, and spirits, which a wine-bibbing dyspectic might have envied, and if his philosophy was not as elevated as [illegible] that of Wordsworth's 'leech gatherer on the [illegible] you m[illegible]' it was, to say the [illegible] of it,

Varieties.

"Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk.

THOU ART NOT HERE.

Lamps of silver hang above me
Shedding floods of golden light,
And the looks of those who love me
Chide my cold reserve to-night.
Rosy coronals are flinging
Round their gifts of odor sweet;
Vaulted roof and floor are ringing
With the fall of dancing feet,
While young joy, with tress unbraided,
Charms with viol-note the ear,
Darkly is my forehead shaded—
Thou art not here!

Often, often have I lifted
To my lip the cup of mirth,
When the beautiful and gifted
Crowded round the festal hearth;
Once this aching heart of brighter,
Gayer feelings was the shrine,
And no dancing foot felt lighter
In the mazy reel than mine.
Ruby lips are breathing gladness—
Eyes of star-like beam are near;
Why then is my brow all sadness?
Thou art not here! W. H. C. Hosmer

HOUSEHOLD LYRICS.---Second Series.

WRITTEN FOR THE YANKEE BLADE BY TOMMY TEWKSBURY.

Our sister Kate has got a beau,
But she don't care for him; Oh no!

I often hear Miss Katy sigh,
'Tis 'cause he *vexes* her, says I;
And when she meets this prince of beaux,
She blushes like a crimson rose;
But sister Kate was always *queer*—
A very *bashful* girl, I fear.
Our sister Kate has got a beau,
But she don't care for him; Oh no!

He often happens here, 'tis true,
But this, I'm sure, is nothing new;
And when he leaves 'tis always late;
No doubt, this much displeases Kate,
But she can't order him away.
If the great booby wants to stay!
Our sister Kate has got a beau;
But she don't care for him; Oh no!

Before he comes on Wednesday nights,
She always sets the things to rights;
How beautifully she curls her hair!
How fine her evening dresses are!
But then our Kate is hard to beat,
And not to blame for being *neat*.
Our sister Kate has got a beau;
But she don't care for him; Oh no!

She seems, of late, less fond of *prose;*
She's growing *wiser*, I suppose;
She's daily writing *notes*, I see,
But then she hints ('twixt you and me)
That all those notes, she sends by Teddy,
"Are only for the *doctor's lady*."
Our sister Kate has got a beau;
But she don't care for him; Oh no!

She does not much *misuse* her knight,
But that, you know, is not polite.
I've often seen them *looking sweet*,
And once I saw their *four lips meet*,
And other things that can't be told—
But then *some* fellows are *so bold*.
Our sister Kate has got a beau;
But she don't care for him; Oh no!

Our sister Fan thinks Kate will wed;
But Fanny has a silly head—
For Kate a thousand times has said
She meant to live and die a maid;
And what Miss Katy says is true,
At least, *I think so*—pray, don't you?
Our sister Kate has got a beau;
But she don't care for him; Oh no!

PHILADELPHIA, February, 1849.

Written for the Yankee Blade.

A REMARK.

BY TOTOTOT.

You say you like my rhymes. At first,
I felt the praise, and was inclined
To think they ranked not with the worst,
But now, L. A., I've changed my mind.

Seen thro' a prism, a rushlight's blaze
Is clothed in its own brilliant dyes,
And that is why you like my lays.
What could seem ugly to your eyes?

NEW USE FOR CHLOROFORM.—A gentleman was robbed in London recently of a watch and some five pounds in money, by a woman who suddenly threw her arms around him as if to give him an affectionate embrace, as he was quietly walking the street in the evening. The gentleman was found lying almost insensible by a policeman, and could recollect nothing after the affectionate embrace, except that the woman pressed a handkerchief to his nose. It was presumed that chloroform had been sprinkled on the handkerchief.

[From the Albany Daily Advertiser.]

THE LAST BELL.

It was a beautiful morning in the month of May, 1825, I was sitting by the side of Helen Harris, the only girl I ever loved, and, I believe, the only girl that ever loved me—any how, she was the only one that ever told me so. We were sitting in the piazza of her father's house, about a quarter of a mile from the landing-place, waiting for the bell of the steamboat to warn me of the moment that was to part "my love and me." It came to pass, in the course of my history, that, in order to accumulate a little of this world's gear, that I might be the better prepared to encounter the demands of matrimony, I was destined to cross the blue Chesapeake, and seek, in the metropolitan city, the wherewithal so much desired. How many swains have been compelled, like me, to leave home, and the girl they loved, in search of gold! and, how many have been disappointed! But to the piazza.

Well, we were sitting in the piazza, and talking of our love, separation, &c. We were waiting for the unwelcome sound of the steamboat bell, and you may rely on it, we talked fast, and abreviated our words into such rugged sentences that no body but ourselves could understand them. The first bell rang, and I sprung to my feet and trembled like an aspen. "Oh, George, wait till the last bell rings," said Helen, as the "big bright tears came over her blue eyes." "Do no such thing," answered the hoarse voice of Mr. Harris, as he arose like a spectre from the cellar, where he had been packing away his cider. "George, never wait for the last bell." I was off like a deer, and I arrived at the steamboat merely in time to go on board before she was pushed off from the wharf.

My career in the search of pelf has in a degree been successful; but I believe had not the old farmer told me "never to wait for the last bell," that I now should have been as poor as the morning that farewell shivered from my lips upon the heart of my lovely Helen. Any person who has lived at a hotel even for a single day, knows the danger of waiting for the last bell. I did it once, and lost my dinner. The first stroke of the dinner bell since then has always found me at the table. For six months I was a clerk, and my never waiting for the last bell secured for me the affections of my employer, who offered me a partnership, which I accepted, and in every instance when the bell rung, I was ready.

I had almost forgotten to tell you, that Helen Harris was my wife, and she will never repent the morning I took her father at his word, and ran over the field to get to the boat in time. When I arrived at Baltimore, I called on some gentlemen to whom I had introductory letters, and they recommended me for a situation; one was soon offered, which had been refused by four young men who were waiting for the last bell, and which I accepted—it was the making of me. Haste for the first bell; accept the first offer, and keep it till you get a better. Life is short, and he who puts off untill the last bell, will, as Farmer Harris predicts, "come out at the little end of the horn."

Young ladies, I have a word for you. In the street I live, there is a lady who has been seven years in choosing a partner for life. She has had several respectable offers, but she was waiting for the "last bell," and she is now likely to remain to the last a belle, for she is turned of thirty, and it is more than probable that she must bide her blessedness for ever. Now I beseech all of you who may read this sketch, whenever you may feel a disposition to postpone any thing which should be done now, to remember the words of Farmer Harris, "Never wait for the last bell."

THE LAST WISH.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.

The celebrated Wilson, the ornithologist, requested th he might be buried near some sunny spot, where the bir would come and sing over his grave. This wish is mo beautifully expressed in the following lines.—*Backwoodsma*

In some wild forest shade,
Under some spreading oak, or waving pine,
Or old elm, festooned with the gadding vine,
Let me be laid.
In this dim, lonely grot,
No foot, intrusive, will disturb my dust;
But o'er me, songs of the wild bird shall burst—
Cheering the spot.
Not amid charnel stones
Or coffins dark, and thick with ancient mould,
With tattered pall, and fringe of cankered gold,
May rest my bones.
But let the dewy rose
The snow-drop and the violet, lend perfume,
Above the spot, where in my grassy tomb,
I take repose.
Year after year
Within the silver birch tree o'er me hung,
The chirping wren shall rear her callow young,
Shall build her dwelling near.
And ever at the purple dawning of the day
The lark shall chant a pealing song above,
And the shrill quail, when eve grows dim and gray,
Shall pipe her hymn of love.
The blackbird and the thrush,
And golden oriole, shall flt around,
And waken, with a mellow gust of sound,
The forest's solemn hush.
Birds from the distant sea
Shall sometimes hither flock, on snowy wings,
And soar above my dust in airy rings,
Singing a dirge to me.

From the Knickerbocker for June.

OLD MASSACHUSETTS.

The nation's wreath is lit with stars,
A bright and glorious number;
And o'er them Freedom's eagle keeps
A watch that knows no slumber.
In every gem that garland bears,
Fair beauty hath a dwelling;
Yet beams old Massachusetts' star,
With lustre far excelling.

A halo gilds Virginia's name,
For Yorktown tells a story;
New York hath Saratoga's fame,
And Jersey, Monmouth's glory;
Points Delaware to Brandywine,
And La Fayette, the finger;
And still o'er Carolina's fields
Doth Eutaw's memory linger.

Vermont may boast of Bennington,
And Pennsylvania wonder
O'er unforgotten Valley Forge,
And Red Bank's fatal thunder.
But O, 'tis Massachusetts tells
Of Bunker's fame, ne'er ending,
And guards their dust who earliest died,
Their inborn rights defending.

Ay; on her 'scutcheon, blazoned high,
Read Lexington's invasion;
Where cannon-peal and rolling drum
To freedom woke a nation!
Those mossy walls, whence death shots fell
Like hail upon the foeman,
Speak prouder things than Grecian fanes,
More glorious than the Roman!

They heard the knell of Britain's power,
When first in thunder given:
They first caught Freedom's 'larum-cry
And echoed it to Heaven!
They saw the bloody fountain ope,
To seal her priceless charter;
And heard the latest anguished prayer
Of Freedom's earliest martyr,

Time-honored Massachusetts! thou
A sacred trust art keeping;
For there the dust of pilgrim sires,
And patriot, is sleeping:
Their names are whispered on the hills,
And murmured by the fountain;
And tireless echoes fling them back,
From valley, rock and mountain!

And never shall thy sons forget
The 'haunted air' they're breathing;
Bold hearts shall guard the altar-fires
Their fathers died bequeathing.
While Bunker lifts its awful height,
And Boston lives in story,
Shall Massachusetts guard her trust,
And hand it down in glory.

Wheeling, (Va.) E. W. B. C.

Gaily the Fishermen.

We are very fond of parodies, especially when don as neatly as the following, to the air of 'Gail the Troubadour.'

Gaily the fishermen
Pulled the light oar
As they were hastening
Home from afar,
Singing 'From Chesapeake
Hither we come—
Pull, my boys! pull my boys!
We're nearing home.'

None for the fishermen
Hopelessly wept,
As they pulled the bark
While others slept;
Singing 'This bonnie night
We will not roam,
Pull, my boys! pull, my boys!
We're nearing home.'

Hark! 'tis the fishermen
Dropping the oar,
As they so merrily
Leap on the shore—
Singing 'From Chesapeake
Hither we come,
Rest, my boys! rest, my boys!
We are at home.'

The Broken Promise.

I knew man kept no promise—or none
At least with woman—and yet knowing this,
With credulous folly, still I trusted one
Whose word seemed so like truth, that I forgot
The lesson I had learnt full oft before;
And I believed, because he said he'd come,
That he would come—and then, night after night,
I watched the clouds and saw them pass away
From the bright moon and leave the clear blue sky
As spotless, and serene, and beautiful
As if no promises were broken e'er
Beneath it. Man forgets in his busy hours,
What in his idle moments he has said,
Nor thinks how often woman's happiness
Hangs on his lightest words. It is not things
Of great importance which affect the heart
Most deeply. Kisses often weave the net
Of misery, or of "bliss of human life;"
There's many a deep and hidden grief that comes
From sources which admit of no complaint;
From things of which we cannot, dare not speak,
And yet they seem but trifles, till the chain,
Link after link, is fastened on each thought,
And wound around the heart. They do their work
In secrecy and silence; but their power
Is far more fatal than the open shafts
Of sorrow and misfortune; and they prey
Upon the heart and spirit, till the bloom
Of hope is changed to fever's hectic flush;
They break the charm of youth's first brightest dream,
And thus wear out the pleasures of the world,
And sap, at length, the springs of life;
But this is woman's fate. It is not thus
With proud aspiring man. His mind is filled
With high and lofty thoughts; and love and hope
And all the warmest feelings of his heart
Are sacrificed at cold ambition's shrine;
He feels that the whole world was made for him,
Nor broken promises, nor hopes destroyed,
Are e'er allowed a place on memory's page;
'Tis only woman, in her loneliness,
And in the silent, melancholy hours,
Who treasures in her heart the idle word
That has no meaning; and who lives in hope
Till it has stole the color from her cheeks,
The brightness from her eyes, who trusts her peace
On the vast ocean of uncertainty;
And, if 'tis wrecked, she learns her lot to bear,
Or she may learn to die, but not forget:
It is for her to hoard her secret thoughts,
To brood o'er broken promises, and sigh
O'er disappointed hopes, 'till she believes
There's less of wickedness in the wide world
Than in her single heart. [*N. Y. Mirror*

"The land of the free and the home of the brave"

Hail, land of my birth!
Hear ye not on the wind
The taunt ringing aye
In the ears of mankind,
"Your motto is false!
You 're a nation of knaves!
Away with your boast,
Or relinquish your slaves!"

Away with your laws
To the Pit whence they came!
Are there hearts in your bosom,
And is there no shame?
How can ye profess
In Jehovah to trust,
And still grind the face
Of his image in dust!

The land of the free!
Where the sons of the soil
Are destined for life
To unrecompensed toil!
Where millions of MEN,
As the census records,
Are treated as BRUTES
By their civilized lords!

The home of the Brave!
'Tis most brave, to be sure,
To plunder and torture
The helpless and poor!
'Tis brave to tear brethren
And sisters apart,
And sever their sire
From the wife of his heart!

'Tis brave to withhold
Every light from the soul,
And then call it stupid,
Benighted, and dull;
Alas the poor slave!
If not fit to be free,
He 's fit as the Pirate
Has taught him to be!

Go on, sordid wretch!
And efface, if you can,
In yourself and your slave
All resemblance to man!
Though base laws may screen you
From human award,
You can never escape
The revenge of THE LORD!

New York, February 4.

The same person has seen a stout hickory

THE SANCY DIAMOND.

Charles, Duke of Burgundy, was possessed of a most costly and splendid diamond, which he wore on his hat at the battle of Nanci. This valuable jewel was found amongst the spoil by a Swiss soldier, who sold it to a French gentleman of the name of Sancy. In his family it remained above a hundred years, until a descendant of the family, who was captain of the Swiss soldiers in the service of Henry III., was employed by that monarch to procure him a re-inforcement of soldiers from Switzerland. The King, being driven from his throne by a league which was formed against him by his subjects, was so totally without resources that he was unable to send any money for the payment of his troops. He therefor borrowed Sancy's family jewel, which was to be sent into Switzerland as a pledge. Sancy sent the diamond by one of his own servants. But he and the diamond both disappeared. The King reproached Sancy for his credulity in trusting so valuable a treasure to a menial; and he, piqued for his own credit and that of his servant, in whose fidelity he had implicit reliance set out in search of him. He found that he had been waylaid and murdered, and that his body was concealed in the forest. Sancy, still confident in the poor fellow's zeal and integrity, caused the body to be disinterred and opened, when it was found that to preserve the jewel from the robbers he had swallowed it. This diamond, which went by the name of the Sancy, afterwards became the property of the crown, but was stolen in the general wreck of French royalty during the revolution.

SCOTTISH POETRY.

A curious literary discovery, connected with Burns, has just been announced, says the Spectator. It is stated that there is manuscript evidence to show that much of the good poetry in the Scotch hymns and paraphrases, owes its existence to the emendations of the Ayrshire bard. Hitherto the corrections on those compositions have been ascribed to Logan, a minister of South Leith, and author of "Runnymede," a tragedy, and of the posthumous Sermons which bear his name. In collections of poetry he is named as the author of "Ode to the Cuckoo;" but even of this honor his memory is about to be deprived for that ode, as well as other pieces of which he obtained the credit, is now said to have been written by Michael Bruce, well known as the author of the verses entitled "Spring." It is curious, if true, that the people of Scotland should all this time have been singing Burns in their devotions, without a suspicion of the fact.

A LOVE STORY BEHIND THE SCENES.

The *Bouquet de l'Infante*, at the Opera Comique Paris, has met with a success, a little from its own merit, more from its being the production of the son of one who was so long and so deservedly a popular favorite, and most of all from the romantic history of its composition. The young composer had formed an attachment to a young lady of fortune—the daughter of one of the Parisian *dilettanti*.

"It is not enough, young man, that you should have inherited your father's name and fortune; you should show the world that you have succeeded to his talent likewise," was the answer of the old musician to all tender appeals of the lover.

Finding the father resolute, Adrian Boieldieu set about his task, and composed the *Bouquet de l'Infante*, with what terrible misgivings you can well imagine. But fortune for once was on the side of true love; the piece was successful; and on the very night of its *debut*, the obstinate old Geronimo received its composer as the affianced husband of his daughter.

EXTRAORDINARY STUPIDITY.

Recently, two laboring men were at work in a field at Bunny, England, seven miles from Nottingham, when a son of John Wootton, footman to Lord Lancliffe, accidentally slipped into a pool at the end of the field. The water was not deep, and the child might have been got out in a minute, but instead of attempting to save him, these thick-headed fellows ran three quarters of a mile to the village to fetch a constable! On being asked why they let the boy drown, they replied, that they made "no attempt to get him out of the water, as they thought it was not according to the laws of the country, and that there would be some other witnesses to seeing him in the water!"

HOW THE BEST DISTINCTIONS ARE GAINED.

Spain is the country for rank and promotion. Nobles and gencrals are here as cheap as stock fish. This plentiful distribution surpasses the universality of decorations amongst Russian officers, which so excited the astonishment of Prince Talleyrand, who, seeing the English Ambassador enter the room in a plain blue coat, at a Russian party, amidst the galaxy of stars with which he was surrounded, exclaimed, "Here's the most distinguished gentleman of them all!" A man, to acquire distinction in the streets of Madrid, must either go on foot, or appear without a riband at his button-hole.

THE "CAMEL" AND THE "NEEDLE'S EYE."

Lord Nugent, in his recent publication, "Lands Classical and Sacred," has given an application of the words which at once proves the fitness of the expression for the object our Saviour had in view. Lord Nugent describes himself as about to walk out of Hebron through the large gate, when his companions seeing a train of camels approaching, desired him to go through "the eye of the needle;" in other words the small side gate. This his lordship conceives to be a common expression, and explanatory of our Saviour's words: for, he adds, the Sumpter camel cannot pass through unless with great difficulty, and stripped of his load, his trappings, and his merchandize.

A PAINTER'S WIT.

One day when Giotto, the painter, was taking his Sunday walk, in his best attire, with a party of friends, at Florence, and was in the midst of a long story, some pigs passed suddenly, and one of them running between the painter's legs, threw him down. When he got on his feet again, instead of swearing a terrible oath at the pigs on the Lord's day, as a graver man might have done, he observed, laughing:

"People say these beasts are stupid; but they seem to me to have some sense of justice, for I have earned several thousands of crowns with their bristles, but I never gave one of them even a ladleful of soup in my life."

A BARGAIN!

Twelve hundred million dollars! Mr. Clay
Says that's the price, we freemen (?) ought to pay
(All levied from the free states by a tax)—
As compensation, if the South relax
Twenty-four hundred thousand negro blacks
From their accustomed rate of raw-hide dressing,
And "turn their slaves all loose," with freedom's
blessing!

A pretty bargain this! for it appears
That a slave "clears himself" once in five years.
Take, then, "a *boy*" that is, like most slaves bred,
Up with the light, and very late to bed,
Fed quite as full, and clothed about as dirty,—
And, between fifteen years and five-and thirty,
If we have rightly reckoned in our rhymes,
He pays his master for himself *four times!*
For,—for the master's tenderness and cares,
His kind attentions and his daily prayers,
His counsels, and his hominy, we ween,
He is well paid before the boy's fifteen;—
So, at that age, says Equity, who sits
In judgment here,—the man and *thing* are quits.
All beyond this, then, is clear profit, wrung
From nerves and muscles,—nerves and muscles strung
To their full tension by the twisted lash,
That on the limbs leaves many a gory gash;
And this that what the Lord ordained at first,
As man's great blessing may be so revers'd,
That the rich few, exempt from labor now,
May eat their(!) bread without a sweating brow,
While the poor many must, with drooping head,
And sweating face, toil without eating bread!

Things, then, of human aspect, that survive
The kick and cow-skin till they're thirty-five,
Whether they've toil'd at cotton or at rice,
Have, four times bought themselves at market price!
Yet, not a limb, a muscle, or a bone
That God made for them, is, as yet, their own;
Yet their frail hearts and brittle hopes are shivered;
For, though they're *paid for*, they are not DELIVER'D.

And now, forsooth, before they go away,
(Such are the terms proposed by Mr. Clay,)
They, or their friends for them, *again* must pay!
It is, indeed, a very pretty sum!
State it again, "it doth the mouth become."
Forty-eight hundred million dollars, laid
Down at your feet,—and yet you are not paid;
But, ere you open to the slave his door,
Must have twelve hundred million dollars more.

Nay, friend, we think, if we the truth must tell,
This looks as though you did'nt mean to sell.
We think that, dealing on so large a scale,
You might propose some better "terms of sale,"
For, if you don't we cannot trade—we guess:—
Can't you, good sir, now *take a* LEETLE *less?*

PEDLER.

for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

E IDEAL ONE

BY T. D. ROGERS.

with backward glance, revives
isons of departed years,
Past, with all its tears and joys;
promise of long days of bliss
with her welcome prophecy
villing ear—whene'er I feel
thought and sadness on my soul,
bodies forth" thy form,
auty, thou IDEAL ONE.
t a phantom of the brain,
tence but a pleasing dream!
't dream my last, my life-long dream.
seen thee with the eye of sense,
ee speak; but as a presence, I
r spiritual beauty.
in my dreams,

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain—
Men start not at the battle cry,
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought—but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife,
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not!

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The hissing, stinging bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are her's,
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When those who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Poetry.

From the Green Mountain Emporium.

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

"Away from the ruin!—Oh, hurry ye on,
While the sword of the Angel yet slumbers undrawn!
Away from the doom'd and deserted of God—
Away, for the Spoiler is rushing abroad!"

The warning was spoken—the righteous had gone,
And the proud ones of Sodom were feasting alone;
All gay was the banquet—the revel was long,
With the pouring of wine and the breathing of song.

'Twas an evening of beauty. The air was perfume,
The earth was all greenness, the trees were all bloom;
And softly the delicate viol was heard,
Like the murmur of love or the notes of a bird.

And beautiful creatures moved down in the dance,
With the magic of motion and sunshine of glance;
And white arms wreath'd lightly, and tresses fell free,
As the plumage of birds in some tropical tree.

And the shrine of the idol was lighted on high,
For the bending of knee and the homage of eye;
And the worship was blended with blasphemy's word,
And the wine-bibber scoff'd at the name of the Lord!

Hark! the growl of the thunder—the quaking of earth!
Wo—wo to the worship, and wo to the mirth!
The black sky has open'd—there's flame in the air—
The red arm of vengeance is lifted and bare!

And the shriek of the dying rose wild where the song
And the low tone of love had been whisper'd along;
For the fierce flames went lightly o'er palace and bower
Like the red tongues of demons, to blast and devour!

Down—down, on the fallen, the red ruin rain'd,
And the reveller sank with his wine-cup undrained;
The foot of the dancer, the music's loved thrill,
And the shout and the laughter grew suddenly still.

The last throb of anguish was fearfully given;
The last eye glared forth in its madness on heaven!
The last groan of horror rose wildly and vain,
And death brooded over the pride of the Plain!

In Easy Circumstances.

Our readers have heard of the death of Mons. Aligre, by which some of the Wall street institutions gained some thousands of dollars. The Parisians complain that he left his only daughter but half his fortune.

"Poor Mad. de P———," said Baron de Rothschild, "to have but twenty millions left her! She must have expected to be in more easy circumstances after the death of her father!"

[From the Albany Daily Advertiser.]

THE LAST BELL.

It was a beautiful morning in the month of May, 1825, I was sitting by the side of Helen Harris, the only girl I ever loved, and, I believe, the only girl that ever loved me—any how, she was the only one that ever told me so. We were sitiing in the piazza of her father's house, about a quarter of a mile from the landing-place, waiting for the bell of the steamboat to warn me of the moment that was to part "my love and me." It came to pass, in the course of my history, that, in order to accumulate a little of this world's gear, that I might be the better prepared to encounter the demands of matrimony, I was destined to cross the blue Chesapeake, and seek, in the metropolitan city, the wherewithal so much desired. How many swains have been compelled, like me [illegible] ge [illegible] ease from the appearance of [illegible]

[illegible] capital, after the style of Hood's 'Song of the Shirt;' but yet how can the song of the tea kettle be said to be *after* the song of the shirt? for, to think of it, the tea-kettle must have sung before Hood was born.

With a gurgling noise in its spout,
And not an unmusical sigh,
A tea-kettle old and most worn out
Sat itself down to die.
Slowly and sadly it sung,
Begrimmed with soot and smoke;
I never heard that a tea-kettle's tongue
Could have uttered so sad a croak.

'Sing, sing, sing,
The long winter evenings through;
O, I have sometimes hoped at the coming spring,
I should have left to do.
O man, that makes the fire,
O women, that drink the tea,
Oft of your labors ye weary and tire,
Why don't you have pity on me?

'Tea, and coffee, and toast,
Coffee, and toast, and tea,
Ye eat and ye drink, while I burn and roast
Why don't ye have pity on me!
Crack, and snap, and burn;
The fire my song derides,
Not only wood and coal to burn,
But a poor old tea-kettle's sides.

'O ladies, who drink your souchong,
And pour out your hyson with glee,
Remember the boys and the frogs in the song,
And that it's no sport to me.
Aunt Parshall's dish-kettle's fate
Surely was nothing to mine;
That had variety still in its state,
But I never go out of my line.

'Fill, fill, fill
The tea-kettle up to the brim,
And fast as hot water for coffee's goes out,
Cold water for dishes comes in.
Sing, sing, sing,
For breakfast, dinner and tea;
O there's a rest for every thing,
But there's never a rest for me.

These Times.

What a thunder and lightning age this

[illegible] for [illegible]
[illegible] his time.

For [illegible]rms, or further explanation, [illegible]y, or by letter, post paid, to [illegible]ub-
lisher of the 'Flag of our Union.'

[illegible]ole, a[illegible]

captain thinks [illegible] have been [illegible]
The same person has seen a stout hickory

Light that Clock.

Here's a good thing, in the metre of 'Woodman, spare that tree.' It is capital, and is founded in the fact of the custom of lighting by gas, some of the clocks of the metropolis. The London poet relieves himself thus:

Gasman, light that clock,
The time I cannot see;
It can't be more than twelve,
And yet it looks like three!
Its hands are all confused,
Its numbers none can trace;
Say, is that humble clock
Ashamed to show its face?

It can't be very late:
True, I've been out to sup;
But, ho! what says the clock?
Come, gasman, light it up.
Say, can the mist be caused
By fumes of generous wine?
Is it three quarters past eleven,
Or is it only nine?

Is it half after twelve,
Or six, or eight, or two?
That dismal rushlight kept inside
No good on earth can do.
When I go home to bed,
I'm quite afraid to knock,
If I've no notion of the hour;
So, gasman, light that clock.

Words of Cheer.

These words of cheer, by Mrs. B. F. Thomas, are short but pithy. The versification is easy, and the thoughts flow smoothly.

Be firm and be faithful,
Desert not the right;
The brave become bolder,
The darker the night!
Then up and be doing,
Though cowards may fail,
Thy duty pursuing,
Dare all, and prevail!

If scorn be thy portion,
If hatred and loss,
If stripes or if prison,
Remember the cross!
God watches above thee,
And he will requite;
Desert those that love thee,
But never the right.

A Hint to Loafers.

Be active—be active,
Find something to do;
In digging a clam bank
Or tapping a shoe.
Don't stop at the corners,
To drag out the day;
Be active—be active,
And work while you may.

'A frog,' says Professor Pump, 'is an amphibious animal, as what lickers on cold water, and consekwently invented the teetotal society. He always walks with a jump he does; and when he sits down, he has to stand up. Being a lover of native melodies, he gives free concerts every night, he does, himself. He perwides music for the million, which has been so called, because it is usually heard in a mill pond. He is a warment what fin't so bad when broiled on a griddle. No, sir-ree.'

An editor mentions a cow in [illegible]are that enables the dairy-maid to mak[illegible] twenty pounds of butter weekly. [illegible]ditor exclaims, 'a constellation in the *milky way*.'

'Jane, what letter of the alphabet do you love best?' 'Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Snooks.' 'Pooh! nonsense! tell me right out, Jane—which do you like the best?' 'Well,' (drooping her eyes,) 'I like U the best.'

Well-a-Day!

We believe the following is from the Ballad brain of General George P. Morris. At any rate, it is smooth and graceful.

I.

Love comes and goes,
Like a spell!
How, no one knows,
Nor can tell!
Now here, now there,
Then away!
None dreameth where;
Well-a-day!

II.

Love should be true
As the star,
Seen in the blue
Sky afar!
Now here, now there,
Like the lay
Of harps in th' air!
Well-a-day!

III.

Should love depart,
Not a tie
Binds up the heart,
Till we die!
Now here, now there,
Sad we stray!
Life is all care!

COLUMBIA'S SHIPS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The ships from young Columbia's shore
As fleet they are, and free,
As those from haughtier realms that boast
Dominion o'er the sea—
As gallantly their banners float,
As keen their lightnings fly,
And braver hearts than there are found,
Beat not beneath the sky.

White as the glancing sea-bird's wing
Their swelling sails expand,
Beside the bright Egæan isles,
Or green Formosa's strand,
Or where the sparse Norwegian pine
A sudden summer shares,
Or Terra del Fuego's torch
Amid the tempest glares.

Unmoved, their trackless course they hold
Though vengeful Boreas roars,
And make their port on stranger-coasts,
Or undiscovered shores.
Rude people of a foreign speech
Have learned their cheering cry,
"Land ho!—aloft!"—and "bear a hand!"
Are the ready tars' reply.

From zone to zone—from pole to pole,
Where'er in swift career
The venturous keel a path explores,
Our Yankee sailors steer:
The white bear, on his field of ice,
Hath seen his signals tossed—
And the great whale, old Ocean's king
Doth know them to his cost.

The spices from the Indian isles,
The plant of China's care,
The cane's sweet blood from tropic climes
Their merchant vessels bear.
Wherever Commerce points her wand,
They mount the crested waves,
And link together every sea
The rolling globe that laves.

Still nearest to the antarctic gate
Our daring seamen press,
Where storm wrapped Nature tho't to dwell
In hermit loneliness:
"Whose masts are those so white with frost,
Where fearful icebergs shine?"
My country from her watch-tower looked
And answered—'they are mine!"

Columbia's ships! With dauntless prow
The tossing deep they tread;
The pirates of the Lybian sands
Have felt their prowess dread:
And the British Lion's lordly mane
Their victor-might confessed,
For well their nation's faith and pride
They guard on Ocean's breast.

When strong oppression fiercely frowns,
Her Eagle rears his crest,
And means no bird of air shall pluck
His pinions or his breast;
And brighter on the threatening cloud
Gleam out her stars of field.
Huzza! for young Columbia's ships,
And for her seamen gold.

[Columbian Magazine.

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

BY WILLIAM C. LODGE.

REMEMBER ME: How simple the words—yet who hat said them?"

Oft at the close of day,
When labor's task is done,
'Mid twilight shades I steal away,
To meditate alone;
To dream of coming days, or cast
A thought back on the shadowy past.

The dreamy, painful past:
Oh! that oblivious gloom
Around its bitter hours were cast,
To hide them in its tomb!
Dark thoughts that oft in memory stand,
Like spectres, from the spirit-land.

The bright, bewitching past;
Sweet memory often brings
Its joys, too exquisite to last,
Save in imaginings;
Such joys as ever fade away,
Like radiant stars, at dawn of day.

Who does not wish a place
In some congenial mind,
Where fond affection's hand may trace
His image? There enshrined
By holy love, in that dear spot,
In death he may not be forgot.

Friends of my early years,
I see each well-known brow,
Still, bright with smiles or stained with tea
Alas! where are they now!
Changed, or departed for that shore
Whence we may woo them back no more.

And she whose smile was worth
More than the world, apart,
So pure, it seemed no stain of earth
Had ever reached her heart;
Yet she, without one kind regret,
Can all love's sacred hours forget.

The golden hours of youth,
Like some bright, fairy dream,
Ere we had learned the bitter truth:
All are not as they seem;
What dark deceit and deep-set wiles
Are often masked with friendly smiles.

Dreams we would fain repress,
Come stealing o'er the soul,
With all the gushing tenderness
That cannot learn control;
Love's trust betrayed, friendships displa
Our names from memory's page erased.

Remembrance of the past;
Oh! could it only be
That all life's joyousness would last
Still fresh in memory;
Yes, ever bright and green, and yet
All of its bitterness forget.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

OH! ROSE, THOU BLOOMEST FRE AND FAIR.

BY J. W. DONALLAN.

Oh! rose, thou bloomest fresh and fair,
When Summer on thee glows:
And fadest when the chilly blast
Of Autumn rudely blows:
But when the genial Spring returns,
Thou shootest forth anew:
Again thy tender leaves and buds
Drink in the sparkling dew.

But life! *thy* roses bloom but once,
But once their fragrance lend:
But one brief season on their course,
The pearly dews descend,
No Spring returns to bring again
Their freshness or their bloom;
But one perpetual Winter reigns
And firmly seals their tomb.

Is man then frailer than the flowers
That blossom o'er his grave;
That wither, then revive again,
Beside the lonely cave?
Ah, no! though short the term of life,
Allotted to him here,
The deathless spirit still must live
Through one eternal year.

RULING PASSION.

The Cleveland Herald tells a story of an hones old patriarch from Faderland, who the other day fol lowed the remains of his wife to the cemetery. Th little party of mourners were gathered around th grave, and an expression of much sadness was vis ble on their countenances. The coffin was slow red to its resting place, and the hollow sound ling dirt commenced, when the husba parson, and remarked, "dish is not wer wheat."

Lively and gossipping;
with the treasures of the tattling world,
ith a spice of m rth too."

MATCH OF AFFECTION.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Well, my daughter is married, the popular prints
Are full of her blushes, her blonde, and her beauty,
And my intimate friends drop me delicate hints,
That my poor timid girl is a victim to duty:
They talk about interest, mammon, and pride,
And the evils attending a worldly connexion;
How little they know the warm heart of the bride,
She always was bent on a match of affection.

Dear girl, when implored her fond lover to hear,
At the mention of settlements how was she troubled!
Sir Nicholas offered two thousand a-year,
But she would not say yes, till the income was doubled:
Still she clung to her home still her eyelids were wet,
But the sight of the diamonds removed her dejection;
They were brilliant in lustre, and stylishly set,
And she sighed her consent to a match of affection.

I really want language the goods to set forth,
That my love-stricken Emma has gained by her marriage;
A mansion in London, a seat in the north,
A service of plate, and a separate carriage.
On her visiting list countless fashionists stand:
Her wardrobe may challenge Parisian inspection;
A box at the opera waits her command—
What comforts abound in a match of affection!

Some thought Captain Courtley had won her young heart:
He certainly haunted our parties last season;
Encouragement, also, she seemed to impart,
But sober and quiet esteem was the reason.
When wooed to become a rich baronet's wife,
The captain received a decided rejection,
"She should hope, as a friend, to retain him through life,
But she just had agreed to a match of affection."

Some say that Sir Nicholas owns to threescore,
That he only exists amidst quarrels and clamour;
That he lets his five sisters live friendless and poor,
That he never hears reason, and never speaks grammar;
But wild are the freaks of the little blind god,
His arrows oft fly in a slanting direction;
And dear Emma, though many her taste may deem odd,
Would have died had we thwarted her match of affection.

Negro Philosophy.

John Canepole was a small man, a pocket edition of humanity. He had a black servant who was a stout fellow, and being a privileged joker, Sambo let no occasion pass unimproved, where he could rally his master on his diminutive carcass. John was taken sick, and Sambo sent for the doctor. The faithful negro loved his master, and upon the arrival of the physician looked up in his face anxiously. Examining the symptoms, the doctor said there was no danger. Re-assured by this, Sambo's spirits returned, and he indulged his natural disposition for drollery.

"I tell you, doctor, Massa Canepole will die, cause he cot a fever!"

"A fever, you black dog," said the patient, "does a fever always kill a fellow?"

"Yes, massa, when a fever get into such a little man it neber hab room to *turn* in him; if de fever hab no *turn*, you die, sartin!"

The Queen and the Actor.

The Sunday Mercury says that after Frederick Le Maitre had played before Queen Victoria some scenes of a new *role*, he is about to play at the porte St. Martin, called the Rag Picker, her Majesty who had become very much interested, said to the artiste,

"How is it possible that there can be such wretched, unhappy people among you?"

To which Le Maitre replied,

"Madame, they are the Irish of France."

A Patient worth Having.

A man presented himself at a certain celebrated Doctor's to thank him for having cured him of a disease that he had been "treated" for four years ago.

"And you patiently pursued my remedy all that time?"

"Every day, Monsieur, never once failed."

"Embrace me," said the doctor, "you are worthy of being sick."—*Ib.*

A Modest Lecturer.

Dr. Charles Caldwell, of Louisville, Ky., lecturing on Phrenology, once at Cincinnati, perpetrated the following:

"The three best heads, phrenologically considered, in the United States, are, first, that of Hon. Daniel Webster, second, that of Hon. Henry Clay, and the third, and *best of the three*,"—added he, brushing up his hair with his hand—"*modesty forbids me to mention.*"

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

TO THE IDEAL ONE.

BY T. D. ROGERS.

When memory, with backward glance, revives
The vanished visons of departed years,
The shadowy Past, with all its tears and joys;
Or Hope gives promise of long days of bliss
To come; and with her welcome prophecy
Beguiles the willing ear—whene'er I feel
The charm of thought and sadness on my soul,
"Imagination bodies forth" thy form,
In glorious beauty, thou IDEAL ONE.
If thou art but a phantom of the brain,
And thy existence but a pleasing dream!
Be that bright dream my last, my life-long dream.
I ne'er have seen thee with the eye of sense,
Nor heard thee speak; but as a presence, I
Have felt thy spiritual beauty.
And I so oft have seen thee in my dreams,
And in the visions of my waking hours,
That thou has changed, and colored all my being,
And I exist as but a part of thee.
I have invested thee with qualities
Of beauty, grace, and harmony, and love,
Such as pertain to nothing less than spirit.
This is an hour when I can feel thy presence:
It is a glorious night! The moon, the clouds
That hang like visions of a better world
Among the quiet stars;—all speak of thee.
It seems as I had lived in some old world,
And we had been familiar spirits there.
Oh! for the ken of prophecy, to know
If ever I may meet thee in a form
Of living, glowing, human beauty, for
I would that thou wert mortal, or I spirit.
Oh, there are some who, in their youth grow old,
Who know and feel that joy is not for them.
Young though they be, and smooth mayhap their brow,
The weight of more than *years* is on their hearts!
And Time hath furrowed deep his wrinkles *there*.
They feel the eternal aching void within—
The strange wild yearning for the Infinite:
The deep, deep wish, for love and sympathy—
And all in vain—yet this their sum of life,
Who would not rather fear to *live*, than die?
We live in a two-fold world. The world without;
And that peculiar world, within the breast
Of every man—the inner life—the world
Of feeling, thought, imagination. There,
In that Ideal World, IDEAL ONE,
Thou reign'st alone. The events of life—the thoughts
Which to the surface come, and shape themselves
To acts, are not the history of the man;
But in the secret records of the heart,
'Tis darkly written, and the world without,
Takes hue and character from the world within.
The destiny of man pursues him still.
Even while we moralize and muse on life,
And Death and Nature's mysteries profound,
How swiftly, yet how imperceptibly
Time bears us onward, to that dark hereafter,
Where all conjectures end in knowledge, or
In nothing. Welcome be that hour to me:
An *earthly* immortality would be
But an immortal curse. The time has been
When nothing dimmed the bright romance of life;
I might have sought the fabled Fount of Youth.
But *now*, it could not give forgetfulness!
Far better that Oblivion's waters roll
At once on Hope, and Life, and Memory.
It is a sad, and yet a pleasant thought,
That when at last my lingering life star fades
Away from this dark world, that I shall leave
No monument in any human heart.
The gay, the happy, and the fortunate,
Will revel still in Pleasure's witching round:
And be it so! I may not fear to leave
All ties that bind me here, for the bright world,
The spirit world—so fair, so beautiful,
Eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor heart conceived,
Where Ideal and Actual are one.

New Fairfield, Ct.

VIRTUE.

To be good is to be happy: Angels
Are happier than mankind, because they're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow: 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings. The blest know none of this.
But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heav'n is goodness.

The Phonetic Minstrel,

Consisting of Original Songs, in Comstock's Perfect Alphabet, as well as the old Alphabet; set to popular airs. No. 1. A. Comstock, M. D., 100 Arch street. This is quite a novelty in its way, and will meet a ready sale. We copy a verse from "Amerikan Ponetix,"—air, "Hunters of Kentucky"—

"I s'pose you've read it in the prints
How Johnny Bull attempted
To hide our tongue in senseless types,
But saw his schemes prevented;
For we, with lingual science arm'd,
Thought such occasion handy,
And rallied our Phonetic force
From Maine to Rio Grande.
O, Phonetics! American Phonetics! &c."

GEMS OF POETRY

For the Nantucket Mirror.

THE INCENSE OF PRAYER.

'Twas morning,—a glorious one, cloudless and fair,
And the flowers cast their fragrance abroad on the air;
All nature was waking in joyous delight,
Alike from the darkness and silence of night.
And forth as the sun came, to shine on that land,
Came also an angel from Heaven's bright band,
Abroad o'er the Earth on swift pinion he flew,
To the errand his Master gave, fearlessly true;
O'er the meadows where wild flowers luxuriantly grew,
And abroad on the breezes their sweet perfume threw;
O'er the gardens of Persia, where, fairest of fair,
Blooms "the Queen of the Flowers," scenting sweetly the air;
O'er lands where the zephyr in softness doth blow,
And spice-groves in beauty and fragrance grow;
Yes, all these the angel with fleetness went past,
Nor paused to inhale the perfume on the blast.
Yet oft as he flew, tho' he heeded not these,
He'd pause, and seem pleased with some scent on the breeze;
Ah! sweeter perfume than all else on the air,
Was the fragrance, the perfume, the incense of prayer.
Yes, oft, as he sped over land, and o'er sea,
Came the incense of prayer from hearts joyous and free;
From many a mountain-top came the sweet smell;
From many a hill-side, and many a dell;
From many a region of ice, and of snows;
From many a land where the tropic sun glows;
From islands of sand mid the Atlantic waves,
And islands of coral which Pacific laves;
From each land where the Gospel is known, came an air,
That incense, most sweet to the angel, of Prayer.
Oh, soon may the glorious period draw nigh,
When the Incense of Prayer shall ascend to the sky,
Not only from parts of the land, and the sea,
But from each living soul, Jew, Gentile, bond, free.
To Jehovah, from all, may there rise on the air,
In Jesus' name offered, the *Incense of Prayer*.

Nantucket, Jan., '48. CHRISTIANA.

Modern Definitions,

NOT FOUND IN JOHNSON OR WALKER.

BAIL, the handle of a bucket. "To bail," in nautical phrase, is to free a sailing craft of superfluous water. In legal parlance, the meaning is very similar; as when a man by becoming water-logged with crime, and in consequence gets in limbo, if he is said to be *bailed*, it is to be understood that by the said process he is relieved of his difficulty—is freed from duress, as a boat by the same process is enabled to swim, to go on its way.

TEMULENT, Drunken. Temulency is produced by potent and frequent libations of strong waters, and the state of mind induced by this indulgence is considered sufficient to render its victim a proper subject for legal restraint. It is difficult to determine the precise point at which sobriety ceases, and temulency commences, but our courts usually consider oscillation of gait, and an inability on the part of the subject to find the key hole of his door, as proof positive. The rule adopted by COTTON MATHER is sometimes considered the best, and is as follows;

"*Whenne a manne fallethe offe hisse beaste, or essayethe too lighte hisse pipe at ye pumpe, hee isse ron hee esteemed drunken.*

NIGHT.—And now it is night! Sleep with its soft wings touches the eyes of men, and their souls dream themselves away in the land of wonders. The lawyer forgets his suits, the laborer the toils of the day, the man of the world the tedium of his festivities, the unfortunate the occasion of his tears; all through thee, sweet blessing, rich sleep! But if thou findest eyes which thou canst not close, which pain and care keep open and fixed till the very brain becomes numbed and the heart bleeds; oh, then go, gentle, sweet sleep! and beseech thy pale brother come, for he is the true physician.

The same person has seen a stout hickory

RELIGIOUS ECCENTRICITY.—We give the following, which we derive from an esteemed friend, as illustrative of the eccentricities which very often result from movements professedly 'religious,' but which, owing to a 'zeal above knowledge,' more frequently exert a most pernicious influence sometimes, even upon otherwise thoughtful minds: 'Our friend the Rev. Mr. C——— told me to-day the following anecdotes of Elder Knapp,' the 'Revivalist,' as he is called. He had been in New London, (Connecticut.) carrying on a revival.' Among his converts was a lady, the wife of a sea-captain. After a while, her husband, a 'tough customer,' returned from a whaling voyage, and found his wife had become a very pious woman. He was so deeply impressed with the beneficial change in her, that he thought the best thing he could do would be to 'get religion' himself. 'When I got home,' said he, 'and found the old woman so much better for it, I thought I'd see if it wouldn't help *me* some, too, so I went all 'round among the ministers, trying to have' em do me some good; but they didn't help me any more than it would to turn a colt into a penny-royal pasture—not a bit. So I thought I'd go down to Boston and see the Elder. When I found him, and says I to him, says I,' Elder,' says I,' I've come down to have you *put me through*! The ministers up 'round New London don't seem to do me any good and so I thought I'd come down and see if you couldn't put me through.' The Elder talked with me considerable, and asked me a great many things. I told him a-l-l about it. Finally he took off his coat, kneeled down, and in half an hour he put me through! Since then, I've felt to rejoice.' At another time, wishing to show the unhappy effects of doing what one knew to be wrong, he said: 'Brethren, it's no kind o' use to resist the Spirit. If you know what is right, *do it*!—Why was it that Jonah was swallowed up in the whale's belly? Why, because he went off to Tarshish, instead of going to Nineveh, as he was instructed; *that's* the reason! And after he was spewed up, what d'ye think his Conscience said to him? It said: 'Jonah, do you *cut* for Nineveh!'—*Knickerobcker*.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

I.

At the morning's early light, love,
When the birds sing loud and clear,
And the dew-drops hang so bright, love,
From each flower like a tear;
When the red sun kills the night, love,
And the stars all disappear;
Then I think of thee.

II.

In the stillness of the night, love,
When half the world is sleeping;
Like a beacon of the night, love,
Its lonely vigil keeping,
When the stars that shine so bright, love,
Upon the earth are peeping;
Then I think of thee.

III.

In the long and weary day, love,
When the mind is dark with care,
And I plod the crowded way, love,
'Midst the busy thousands there,
And the time glides slow away, love,
Like the gaspings of despair;
Then I think of thee.

As a lady was walking along Fourth street near Sycamore, Louisville, she fell to the ground apparently dead. A gentleman ran over from the opposite side of the street and as he was in the act of raising the lady up, she struck him in the face and ran. The mystery of this affair is not yet unravelled

CHARCOAL TO SELL.

A PARODY ON "EXCELSIOR."

The shades of night were falling fast,
When through a Yankee village passed
A youth who drove through snow and ice,
An ox sled, with the strange device,
Charcoal to sell.

His brow was black, his eyes well told
That not a bushel he had sold,
And like a silvery tin horn rung,
The accents of that well known tongue,
Charcoal to sell.

In happy homes he saw the light
Of walnut fires gleam clear and bright;
Near by the tavern windows shone,
But on he passed without a groan,
Charcoal to sell.

"Haw to your sled," the landlord said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
Turn out your team and stop awhile,"
But still he answered with a smile,
Charcoal to sell.

"Oh stay," the daughter said, "and rest
Your dusky head upon this breast"—
A tear stood in his coal-black eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Charcoal to sell.

"Beware the pine stumps on your road!
Look out, or you'll upset your load,"
This was the old man's last advice;
"My coal," he cried, "is good and nice,"
Charcoal to sell.

At break of day, when cow lies shout,
When watchmen sleep and lamps are out,
There chanting faint that same old song,
A tipsy youth came staggering along,
Charcoal to sell.

The team had stopped far down the road,
But naught to him were team or load,
For fast he held with grasp of vice,
A bottle bearing that strange device,
Charcoal to sell.

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Most beautifully corned he lay,
A tarnished, dimmed and fallen star,
While boys were shouting near and far,

WORKING A TRAVERSE. The following is the singular history of Mr Labouchere, at present a member of the British Cabinet:

In 1822 he was a clerk in the banking house of Mr. Hope, at Amsterdam, and was sent by his patron to Lord Baring, the celebrated banker of London, to negotiate a loan. He displayed in this affair so much ability, that he attracted the attention of the English banker.

'Ah!' said he one day to Lord Baring, 'you have a charming daughter, will you not accord me her hand?'

'Young man! no pleasantry! I like you much but how could Miss Baring become the wife of a common clerk?'

'But,' said Labouchere, 'if I were associated with Mr. Hope?'

'Ah, that is very different, and would most materially lessen the inequality between you.'

Mr. L. returned to Amsterdam, and said to his patron, 'I must be your partner!'

'My friend! do you think of that? you are without fortune! and—'

'But if I were a member of Lord Baring's family?'

'Indeed! why, in that case I would give you a partnership on the spot!'

On the strength of these two promises, Mr. L. returned to England, and two months afterwards married Miss Baring, because he had the promise of Mr. Hope to make him partner as soon as he was married to her, and became associated with Mr. Hope because he was married to Miss Baring.

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

A mother, sitting in her parlor, overhead her child, whom a sister was dressing, say repeatedly, "No, I don't want to say my prayers, I don't want to say my prayers."

"Mother," said the child, appearing at the parlor door, "I am dressed."

"Good morning my child."

"I am going to get my breakfast."

"Stop a minute, I want you to come and see me first."

The mother laid down her work in the next chair, as the boy ran toward her. She took him up. He kneeled in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backward and forward—"Are you pretty well this morning?' said she, in a kind and gentle tone.

"Yes, mother, I am very well."

"I am glad you are well. I am very well, too; and when I waked up this morning and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" said the boy in a low tone—half a whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at its work.

"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down and setting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

"No, but I have felt mine."

"Well, don't you feel mine now—how it goes beating."

"Yes," said the child.

"If it should stop beating I should die."

"Should you?"

"Yes, and I can't keep it beating." "Who can?"

"God." A silence. "You have a pulse too which beats here in your bosom, in your arm, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you—nobody can but God. If he should not take care of you, who could?"

"I don't know," said the child with a look of anxiety, and another pause ensued.

"So when I waked this morning I thought I'd ask God to take care of *me* and all of us."

"Did you ask him to take care of *me*?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I thought you would ask him yourself."

A long pause ensued—the deep and thoughtful expression of his countenance showed that his heart was reached.

"Don't you think you had better ask him yourself?"

"Yes," said the boy readily.

He kneeled again in his mother's lap, and uttered, in his simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection of Heaven.

MAKING A "V."—A story is told of an auctioneer who was provokingly annoyed, while in the exercise of his profession, by the ludicrous bids of a fellow, whose sole object seemed to be to make sport for the buyers, rather than himself to buy. At length, enraged beyond endurance, the knight of the ivory-headed hammer, looking round the room for a champion to avenge his wrongs, fixed his eyes upon a biped of huge dimensions, a very monarch in strength, and cried out:

"Marlow, what shall I give you to put that fellow out?"

"I take one five dollar bill."

"Done, done, you shall have it."

Assuming the ferocious, knitting his brows, spreading his nostrils like a lion's and putting on the wolf all over his head and shoulders, old Marlow strode off to the aggressor, and seizing the terrified wretch by the collar, said to him in a whisper that was heard all over the room—

"My good frin, you go out with me, I *give you half the money!*"

"Done! done!" says the fellow.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the audience. The auctioneer had the good sense to join in the laugh and coolly forked out the V.

RETURNING FROM THE SPRINGS—SHOPPING IN NEW YORK—THE SOUND AND RIVER STEAMERS—TRIP TO NEWPORT—THE GRAND FANCY BALL.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5, 1848.

O, Mary, Mary, my head is so full of all that has been seen, said, and done, within the last few days, that I hardly know where or when to commence. Do you know that I have actually been at Newport—have actually attended the grand ball about which so much has been said and written, and for which (so the newspapers tell us—but I don't believe them) so many hundreds of thousands have been so freely and foolishly expended? Don't you envy me? But let me commence at the commencement. Well, after three or four weeks walking, talking, riding, flirting and dancing at the Springs, to say nothing of the fearful amount imbibed at the medicinal fount every morning, (ugh!) we found ourselves in New York again *en route* for home. The weather was so oppressively warm that mother became quite alarmed for the health of your delicate cousin, and vowed (when she heard of the ball) that she couldn't and wouldn't return to Philadelphia until her darling Kate had laid in an additional stock of health, and which could only be procured by enjoying the sea breezes of Newport. Father stared a little, and remonstrated a little, but finally yielded with the best possible grace when he was informed that his daughter's health was at stake. One whole morning was devoted to shopping, and, with the assistance of her invalid daughter, mother ran up a good round bill both at Beck's and Stewart's. This, of course, opened father's eyes as well as his purse—but I was so attentive to all his little wants for the next twenty-four hours—getting his hat and cane without being told, and sewing a string on his collar before he knew even of the absence of that necessary appendage—that he condescended to pat me on the head with a knowing smile, and to disturb my powdered face with a kiss paternal that savored more of kindness than a knowledge of a young lady's toilet who is sadly afflicted with one or two frightful pimples.

Late the next afternoon—I love to be particular—we took the steamer Empire State for Newport—and here let me tell you, Mary, dear, that it is worth while to visit New York just to see the magnificent steamers that run upon the Hudson river and Long Island Sound. Large and handsome as our Delaware steamers are, they dwindle into ferry boats compared with the Empire State, the Isaac Newton, the Hendrik Hudson, and boats of that class. And then, too, the regal splendor of their furniture—the carvings gildings, and mirrors of the cabins—the spacious state rooms, with their sumptuous appointments—the tapestry, Turkey, and Brussels carpets—the dainty breakfasts, dinners, and suppers—the princely table equipage—and that matchless attendance that anticipates all wants—all go to form an aggregate of splendor, refinement and luxury, no where else to be seen, prized and enjoyed. The Isaac Newton is probably the largest and most splendid steamer in the world. The main saloon is about three hundred feet long, the arched roof composed of stained glass, supported by pillars richly carved and gilt. The state rooms are furnished in a style of magnificence rarely, if ever, seen in the houses of our richest citizens. I peeped into one of these rooms which seemed more fit for the abode of a fairy than for ladies or gentlemen, no matter how spiritual their natures or refined their aspirations. Instead of a French bedstead, or a four post bedstead, there stood the golden car of Venus, in which was deposited the snowy and showy bed trappings. The pendant curtains were of the finest lace—the coverlid of the costliest silk—and the delicate edgings of the pillows might have graced the neck of the fairest girl that ever cast sunlight on her path.

In size and splendor, the Empire State is very little inferior to the Newton; and as she swept majestically from her pier, and proudly breasted the fast running waters of the East River, she presented one of the most imposing sights that could well be imagined. Blackwell's Island, with its mass of crime and granite, was soon left in the distance—the dreaded Hurlgate passed in safety—and then we were darting through the blue, broad waters of the Sound, to the right the low shores of Long Island, and to the left the green swelling hills of Connecticut—"the land of steady habits"

We retired to rest at a late hour that night, and had not slept more than three hours before father knocked at the door of our state room, telling us that the steamer was only a few miles off Newport. Our toilets were completed with unladylike despatch, and we hastened to the front part of the boat in order to ascertain our whereabouts. We had entered Fall River. Such a lovely night and scene! A thousand stars glittered in the skies—a thousand stars glistened in the waters! Our noble steamer was darting through the still, smooth stream with locomotive speed, and we had scarcely time to enjoy the glorious prospect, before the wharf was reached and the tolling bell admonished us to delay no longer. Carriages were in attendance, and after a short ride we were deposited, bag and baggage, at the Ocean House. With the greatest difficulty rooms were procured, and no sooner procured than we proceeded at once to pay the instalment still due to sleep.

Newport, the next morning, was alive with excitement—alive with the busy note of preparation. Every hotel in the place was crowded to suffocation, while the hospitality of the owners of the private houses was tested to the fullest extent. Notes and messages were flying about in every direction. Costumers and hair dressers, who had immigrated in shoals from New York, rose rapidly in public estimation; and their services and advice were sought on all sides with eager solicitude. Towards evening there was a comparative calm; but in the neighborhood of eight o'clock the excitement again commenced, widening and deepening until the doors of the large dining hall of the Ocean House, where the ball was given, were thrown open for the reception of the gay and gathering throng. We made our grand entree about ten o'clock, and a more glorious gorgeous sight, Mary, dear, I never beheld. In addition to the fifteen chandeliers with which the room was principally lighted, there was a belt of wax candles encircling the entire saloon, spacious as it was. The effect of such a blaze of light was overpowering at first from its brilliancy—and what with the music—the gorgeous dresses—the glittering jewels—the forms of fairy mould, and faces of heavenly hue, I scarcely knew where I stood or what was enacting before me.

Every state and territory in the Union was fully represented, and such a congregated group of all that is lovely and fascinating in the one sex, or manly and captivating in the other, was never before seen in any ball room in this country. It is impossible for me to individualise, or to give you, Mary, dear, even a faint idea of the characters personated. There were kings and queens, counts and cardinals, princes and peasants, marchionesses and milk-maids, Swiss girls and Greek girls, the noblesse of England, France and Spain, without number, all appropriately dressed, and all the characters sustained with anti-republican fidelity. I was particularly struck with the appearance of one of our Philadelphia ladies. She appeared as Diana, in a magnificent costume of lace, starred and embroidered with gold over blue satin; skirt short; low *corsage*, and an arm worthy to be the model of Garbeille's chisel. She carried her gilded bow in the left hand, and a quiver of arrows depended from her shoulders; hair floating in careless ringlets, tucked up behind a little Phrygian cap, of crimson velvet.

The Steyermarkische Band were employed to play in the ball room, while the Cameron Band, which is constantly engaged at the Oceau House, were in attendance in the supper room. Of the exquisite performances of the former Band it is needless to speak.

The ball was kept up with great spirit until four o'clock the next morning, when the company finally broke up. In the evening we took passage on board the Bay State, and here I am, Mary, dear, once more in New York. ADIEU!

KATE WILDAIR.

"A Fable for Critics."

A cut-and-thrust little work has made its appearance in New York, with the above title, purporting to come "from the tub of Diogenes."—Here is a taste of its quality :—

"There is Willis, so *natty* and jaunty and gay,
Who says his best things in so foppish a way,
With conceits and pet phrases so thickly o'erlaying 'em,
That one hardly knows whether to thank him for saying 'em ;
Over-ornament ruins both poem and prose,
Just conceive of a muse with a ring in her nose !
His prose had a natural grace of its own,
And enough of it, too, if he'd let it alone ;
But he twitches and jerks so, one fairly gets tired,
And is forced to forgive where he might have admired ;
Yet whenever it slips away free and unlaced,
It runs like a stream, with a musical waste,
And gurgles along with the liquidest sweep :—
'Tis not deep as a river, but who'd have it deep ?
In a country where scarcely a village is found
That has not its author sublime and profound,
For some one to be slightly shoal is a duty,
And Willis's shallowness makes half his beauty."

Another taste :—

"There swaggers John Neal, who has wasted in Maine
The sinews and cords of his pugilist brain,
Who might have been poet, but that, in its stead, he
Preferred to believe that he was so already ;
Too hasty to wait till Art's ripe fruit should drop,
He must pelt down an unripe and cholicky crop ;
Who took to the law and had this sterling plea for it,
It required him to quarrel, and paid him a fee for it ;
A man who's made less than he might have, because
He always has thought himself more than he was,—
Who, with very good natural gifts as a bard,
Broke the strings of his lyre out by striking too hard,
And cracked half the notes of a truly fine voice
Because song drew less instant attention than noise.
Ah, men do not know how much strength is in poise,
That he goes the farthest who goes far enough,
And that all beyond that is just bother and stuff.
No vain man matures, he makes too much new wood;
His blooms are too thick for the fruit to be good ;
'Tis the modest man ripens, 'tis he that achieves,
Just what's needed of sunshine and shade he receives ;
Grapes, to mellow, require the cool dark of their leaves ;
Neal wants balance ; he throws his mind always too far,
And whisks out flocks of comets, but never a star ;
He has so much muscle and loves so to show it,
That he strips himself naked to prove he's a poet,
And, to show he could leap Art's wide ditch, if he tried,
Jumps clean o'er it, and into the hedge t'other side.
He has strength, but there's nothing about him in keeping ;
One gets surelier onward by walking than leaping;
He has used his own sinews himself to distress,
And had done vastly more had he done vastly less ;
In letters, too soon is as bad as too late,
Could he only have waited he might have been great,
But he plumped into Helicon up to the waist,
And muddied the stream ere he took his first taste.'

The reader will by this time become *raven-ous* for more ; so *apropos !*—

"There comes Poe with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge,
Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters,
In a way to make people of common sense damn metres,
Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,
But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind"

"Are a man and his wife both one?" asked the wife of a certain red-eyed gentleman who in a state of stupefaction, was holding his aching head with both hands. "Yes, I suppose so," was the reply. "Well then," said she, "I came home drunk last night, and ought to be ashamed of myself." This backhanded rebuke from a long suffering but affectionate wife, effectually cured [illegible] propensity.

The same person has seen a stout hickory [illegible]

Lord Collinwood's Letter.

The following letter from the late Lord Collinwood to Mrs. Hall, contains some valuable advice to mothers; it is worthy an attentive perusal, and should be committed to memory by every one interested in the education of the young of both sexes:

I had great pleasure in the receipt of your very kind letter, a few days since, and give you joy, Maria, on the increase of your family. You have now three boys, and I hope they will live to make you happy when you are an old woman. I am truly sensible of the kind regard you have shown to me in giving my name to your infant; he will bring me to your remembrance often; and then you will think of a friend who loves you and all your family very much. With a kind and affectionate husband, and three small children, all boys, you are happy and I hope will ever be so. But three boys! let me tell you, the chance is very much against you, unless you are forever on your guard. The temper and disposition of most people are formed before they are seven years old; and the common cause of bad ones is the great indulgence and mistaken fondness which the affection of a parent finds it difficult to veil, though the happiness of a child depends upon it. Your measures must be systematic: whenever they do wrong, never omit to reprove them firmly, but with gentleness. Always speak to them in a style and language rather superior to their years. Proper words are as easily learned as improper ones, and when they do well—when they deserve commendation—bestow it lavishly.

Let the feeling of your heart flow from your eyes and tongue; and they will never forget the effect which their good behavior has upon their mother, and this at an earlier time of life than is thought. I am very much interested in their prosperity, and that they may become good and virtuous men. I am glad that you think my daughters well-behaved girls. I took much pains with them the little time I was at home. I endeavored to give them a contempt for the nonsense and frivolity of fashion, and to establish in its stead a conduct founded on reason. They could admire thunder and lightning as any other of God's stupendous works, and walk through a church-yard at midnight without apprehension of meeting anything worse than themselves.—Brought them up not to make griefs of trifles, nor suffer any but what were inevitable.

HEADS AND TAILS. The Philadelphia City Item has the following 'good one:'—

We heard a short story the other day, which we will throw in here by way of episode. A very poor woman found a silver dollar. It was a god-send; but it placed her in a dilemma. She had scarcely a 'stitch of clothing,' and the 'hunger-pain' was gnawing at her stomach?

What shall I do? she mentally inquired: shall I pay attention to me back or me stomach?

The question was a poser, and after musing a minute, she said,

'I'll toss for it! Heads for the back—and tails for the stomach!'

Up went the dollar, and down it came with the heads uppermost.

'I'll give the stomach another chance!' said she.

Again the head was uppermost.

'That was not a fair toss,' said she half aloud.

'I'll give the stomach another chance.'

The eagle was uppermost this time.

'Ah! ah! exclaimed the hungry woman, 'I knew the stomach would win it.'

Alas, Poor Yorick!

Flynn, the well known commedian, recently died at the Bellevue Hospital, New York, in a most abject condition.

FORGET ME NOT.---TO ———.

(ORIGINAL.)

Forget me not! Oh, dark this world would be,
If, dearest, thou should'st cease to think of me!
The flowers would seem all withered, and the breeze
A requiem of Hope amid the trees;
The birds would seem a plaintive strain to sing,
And gloom would hover o'er each joyous thing;
If in thy heart the mem'ry be forgot
Of one who worships—Oh, forget me not!

Forget me not! Oh, on Life's rolling sea,
How fearful were my course, forgot by thee!
The "spirit-wreck" would founder 'mid the storm
Of fiery passions urging it along;
And not a gleam the darksome wave would cheer,
No light beyond the grave, no brightness here,
If, dearest one, the mem'ry be forgot
Of one who worships—Oh, forget me not!

BOSTON, Sept., 1843. F. M. E.

SOMEBODY AFTER "TOTOTOT."

WRITTEN FOR THE YANKEE BLADE BY REK RAP.

Come, Tot, my boy, lay by that pen of thine,
That ink's *celeste*-ial lays,
Or draw translations of some German rhyme,
Of musty by-gone days ;
And take the goosequill—trim its feather light—
And of thy jovial hours
With memory bent to scenes of laughter bright,
Touch us a song that's worthy of thy powers.

Have you forgot, my boy, Cohasset's shore,
Where danced our fair "Gentoo,"
When all for fear of Neptune's sickness were
So *darkly, deeply blue*,
And when our bark with steering wide,
Was staggering in the sea,
How Jim swore that the boat beside
Was drunk as drunk could be ?

Have you forgot *that* dance, mi boy ?
If so, just carry back
Your thoughts of N., just by the wave
Of shining Merrimack—
Where Dustin's feet and flashing eyes
Seduced your roaming thought,
And when you danced till daylight broke—
Dost mind it, Totot ?

Have you no song of camp-fires bright,
Of genial hours of mirth ?
Must your old muse with misty robes bedight
Float far above this Earth ?
So, Tot, roll out one shout, like those
That pealed in olden time,
From the old Cape to Lake Glenrose,
One more old-fashioned rhyme.

BUTTER HILL ON FIRE.—The New York Commercial of Thursday last says:—A friend, who came down the North River last night, says that Butter Hill, the highest of the Highland mountains, was on fire, presenting the most awful and magnificent sight he ever beheld. The hill is just above West Point, at the entrance of the Highland, as the traveller comes down the river. Our friend first saw the light of the conflagration at Crum Elbow, thirty miles higher up the river. On nearing Newburgh the light was so brilliant that the pilot had the utmost difficulty in steering the boat. It produced the dazzling effect of a light placed immediately before the eye amid surrounding darkness. This was about ten o'clock, and the fire, which appeared to have commenced near the summit, had only reached about half way down the hill. The Oregon passed the scene at about 2 o'clock this morning, when the fire had nearly reached the base, and was roaring and raging with great fury. Our friend, who has a poet's soul, professed himself utterly unable to convey by language any idea of the awful sublimity of the scene. The crackling of the trees and herbage, parched by the long and continued drought, the roar and surging of the tumultuous flames flashing forth now with unveiled splendor, and anon shrouding their lurid glare in dense clouds of smoke—now running the sides of the mountain, and now encir- lofty summit—he describes as beyond of the most powerful imagination. conceive that even his descrip- he actual sublimity of the

we heard the sound of a single footstep outside the house. She partially raised herself, and bending forward listened for a continuance of the sound with eager intentness. She soon heard the step again, and this time distinctly. They now appeared to be quite near. She now listened for the dog's raising some alarm—but not the slightest movement did he seem to make. Her terror suddenly rose to a great extent, at the animal's not taking notice of the noise outside. Another moment, and she heard a sound as of some one removing the glass out of the small casement in the other room, immediately followed by the sharp click of the handle, which fastened it on the inside, turning round. Still the dog gave forth no sound or indication of what was going on.

Mrs. Pollard was now almost frantic with excess of fear, feeling assured that she must undoubtedly in a few moments be murdered. The perspiration streamed from her in large cold drops, and her tongue seemed powerless to utter a single cry.

As we said, the dog had as yet given forth no sign of recognition; but when, a moment after the noise of the handle's turning round was heard, some one seemed to be forcing through the aperture, he gave a low growl followed by a sudden spring. A shrill cry of agony immediately echoed through the house, so keen and startling as almost to chill the blood in Mrs. Pollard's veins. The cry was followed by the sound of fierce struggling, mingled with sharp cries, which each moment became weaker and weaker, as of a human being in the very extremest of mortal pain and anguish; and the deep-mouthed baying of the dog. At length the struggle ceased, and all became still as death.

When daylight appeared Mrs. Pollard rose and dressed, with as much speed as the weakness the terrors of the night had occasioned would permit She then sat down by the window to wait the appearance of the first person who might pass, for she could not summon sufficient courage to enter the other room alone. In a short time a teamster approached, whom she hailed; and as soon as he had stepped near to where she was seated, told the story of the previous night's adventure.

He instantly ran round to the side on which was the lattice casement, and the next moment returned, with horror depicted on his countenance, as he exclaimed—"My God, what a sight I have seen" He then got in by an open window, at which Mrs Pollard had been seated, and led the way to the room.

And what an object was then presented to their view? Hanging on the sill of the casement, with the head and shoulders protruding through into the interior, was the body of Gonfrey, the butcher! In his right hand he held a large knife, the blade of which was covered with blood; for he had stabbed the dog several times during the struggle. And fierce that struggle must have been, for in his left hand was a quantity of hair, which he had torn from the neck of the dog. The latter, at the moment when they entered the room, was sitting erect on his haunches beneath the place where his master was hanging, gazing with a fixed look upon him; and the blood was still flowing from the stabs he had received.

Gonfrey had formed the resolution of robbing and murdering Mrs. Pollard, and had left his dog with her as the means of effectually warding off all suspicion from attaching to himself; never for a single moment doubting but that his dog would permit him to enter the house unmolested. The faithfulness and intelligence of the animal was thus the instrument of punishment on his master, for the enormity of the crime he had intended to commit. The teamster dressed the wounds of Dash, and then pursued his journey. Nor did Mrs. Pollard now feel any further fear of staying alone until the return of her husband, after such a proof of the courage and sagacity of her brute protector. Dash recovered from his wounds, and was ever after kept with as much care as though he had been their child, nor could any amount of money which might have been offered for his possession, have tempted them to part with him.

...lacy ok binder of New York, named Walker ... a wagon made with a body shaped and ... o imitate a large red morocco book, on ... At of which in large letters is gilded ... r's Dictionary."

THE SEASON.

BY T. HOOD.

Summer's gone and over!
Fogs are falling down;
And with russet tinges,
Autumn's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the Book of Nature,
Getteth short of leaves.

Round the tops of houses,
Swallows, as they flit,
Give like yearly tenants,
Notices to quit.

Skies, of fickle temper,
Weep by turns and laugh—
Night and Day together,
Taking half-and-half.

So September endeth—
Cold and most perverse—
But the months that follow,
Sure will inch us worse!

THE HOUR GLASS.

BY MRS. MILNER.

Mark the golden grains that pass
Brightly through this crystal glass,
Measuring by their ceaseless fall
Heaven's most precious gift of all.
Pauseless, till the sand be done,
See the silent current run,
Till its inward treasure shed
When another hour is fled:
Its task performed, its travel past,
Like mortal man it rests at last.
Yet, let some hand invert its frame
And all its powers return the same;
For all the golden grains remain
To work their little hour again.
But who shall turn the glass for man,
From which the golden current ran;
Collect again the precious sand
Which time has scattered with his hand;
Bring back life's stream with vital power
And bid it run ANOTHER HOUR?
A thousand years of toil were vain
To gather up one single grain.

GOOD—FIRST RATE.—An incident occurred on board a steamboat some time ago, illustrative of the ridiculous pride and affectation of the would-be-fashionable, and the excruciating polite of the world. At supper, a lady sat down to the table with something of the flourish, and toss of the head, expressive of her consequence and her utter contempt of all on board. An honest, queer-looking, but genteel young man seated himself opposite, and not being in the mood of waiting long, helped himself to a piece of bread, and with his own knife also took a piece of butter to keep it company. The lady(?) immediately bridled up and showed by her manner that something unusual had happened:

"Waitah!" said she, "waitah, take away that buttah that rude man has had his knife in it."

She was obeyed, and the butter vanished to her great relief. The poor fellow blushed to his shirt collar, and felt sufficiently embarrassed. Before the supper was over, his politeness and laudable desire to retrieve his error, prompted him to pass the lady a plate of dried beef, nicely put up. She reached out her hand very politely and took some on her plate with her fingers. Jonathan instantly started up, and with a loud voice cried out.—

"Waiter! take away this smoked beef, that rude woman has had her fingers in it!"

It was now her turn to blush. She was fairly done.

☞ The N. Y. Mirror has the following:—If your wife scolds, kiss her and keep her quiet. If your child cries, kiss it and keep it quiet. If your creditors appear in scores, with each a bill as long as your arm, why just kiss them and keep them quiet. The remedy will prove alike efficacious in all these cases.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father-God, who dwells above,
All hallow'd be thy name,
For thine amazing, boundless love,
Eternally the same.
O may thy glorious kingdom come,
And all receive thy grace—
Then will thy holy will be done
By our apostate race.
"Give us this day our daily bread"—
Preserve us by thy power—
And feed us with the Bread of Life,
Through every passing hour.
May we forgive each other's faults
As we would be forgiven;
And learn to shun temptations paths,
By constant trust in Heaven.
Pour out thy Spirit from on high,
To save us all from sin—
And grant us grace to feel anew
That Spirit's power within.
The kingdom and the power are thine,
Thine shall they ever be;
Thy glory, circling both, shall shine
Throughout eternity.

THE SICK ODD FELLOW.

BY MISS R. J. DE GROVE.

Upon his fevered couch he lay,
From home and kindred far away,
A stranger;—have ye felt the power
Of those sad words in sorrow's hour,
When no kind hand was near
To soothe the brow oppressed with care,
In suffering all our griefs to share,
Or wipe the falling tear?

Thus felt that lonely one as now
He pressed his parched and aching brow,
Now sought, but sought, alas! in vain,
To still the thoughts that o'er his brain
Their gloomy shadows flung.
To die—though that were sad, in truth,
'Mid life, and hope, and sunny youth,
Not this his heart so wrung:

But death alone!—nature must dread
The anguish of a dying bed,
And though all-powerless then may prove
The strongest, deepest, earthly love
To check the tyrants sway,
If gentle sympathy be nigh
To catch the last expiring sigh,
'Twill cheer that dreary way.

But list!—a voice of love is heard,
And "brother" speaks in each kind word;
Like woman's soothing tenderness,
It lulls each anxious fear to rest,
And bids the wanderer know
That Friendship, Love, and Truth have pow'r
To reach e'en sorrow's darkest hour,
And o'er it radiance throw.

From the Golden Rule.

A PARODY.

A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep!
"Fried ratlines" three times a day,
And a leaky old berth forsleep,
Where the grey-bearded cockroach roams,
On kindly thoughts intent;
And the ravaging bed-bug *comes*
The road that the cock-roach *went!*

A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep!
Where Jack can devour "salt junk,"
And the dainties the skippers can keep.
Wet jackets night and day,
And a visit from fleas at night;
The hundred and ninetieth day
A gale—and the breakers in sight!

[*New Bedford Mercury.*

THE LATE DUEL.

Schott and Willing did engage
In duel fierce and hot;
Schott shot Willing willingly,
And Willing he shot Schott.

The shot Schott shot made Willing quite
A spectacle to see;
While Willing's willing shot went right
Through Schott's anatomy."

Manchester and Sulford Advertiser, Nov. 17th, 1838.

E UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
In their Striped and Starred Banner.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

United States, your banner wears
Two emblems, one of fame;
Alas! the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame!

The white man's liberty in types
Stands blazon'd by your stars—
But what's the meaning of the stripes?
They mean your NEGRO'S scars!

POETRY.

For the Emancipator.

"Will our brethren pray for the abolitionists of Ohio?
Vid. Eman. May 16.

For what shall we pray?—that the brave and the good
May help the man-thief in the shedding of blood?
He is hotly pursuing, with warrant in hand,
His slave, thro' the length and the breadth of the land.
The law makes it duty (!)—the law of the State—
To rivet with iron the prisoner's fate:
Shall we pray that the law may be firmly upheld,
And pity from brethren be sternly withheld?
Shall we pray that the gushing of sympathy's tide
May be stayed by the voice of oppression and pride?
When Christ, with his chosen, on Galilee's wave
Was toss'd; they besought him, Almighty to save;
"O save us; we perish:" he uttered the word,
And the sea became calm at the voice of the Lord.
But will he command—he—the merciful One,
That the heart of His Zion shall harden to stone?
Will He say to the swellings of sympathy, ever,
"Be still;"—will the Saviour command it?—no, nev
He will not shut up the deep springs of the soul;
No will not the rising of pity control,
And make them obey inhumanity's laws,
That consign the 'scaped victim to slavery's jaws.
We never can ask it; God never can give
To the huge, horrid monster so long a reprieve.
If we know how to pray—if, all sprinkled with blood,
We have, trembling, approached to the footstool of G
If with heart broke with yearning for brothers so dear,
Our eye on that footstool has dropped the warm tear—
If the Spirit will help us with "groanings" that come,
All alive and all warm, from the heart's inner room—
If God will assist us, be this then our prayer,
Ascending on high to be registered there.

O, thou, who art the Friend of the oppressed;
Almighty to deliver, ever blest;
Whose eye like lightning thro' the earth doth run,
Viewing what e'er iniquity is done:
Look thou upon that wide but coward State,
And on those million freemen, who of late
Bowed down and pledged themselves, with law unj
To violate a freeman's sacred trust—
To catch and bind the captive, and deliver
Body and soul to slavery forever.
O, shall the line that borders tyranny,
Be sentinel'd by white men and by free,
To make the trembling fugitive return
Where hopeless thousands still in bondage mourn.
O, shall Ohio's pure and noble waters
Keep back poor Afric's sold and ravished daughter.
God of the poor, thy people now inspire
With heavenly Freedom's bright and living fire.
And when thine outcasts from oppression come
To seek with stranger friends a midnight home;
O let them find, what most their mis'ries need,
The friends of freedom; such are friends indeed.
O let no fugitive, for cursed gold,
Back to his house of bondage e'er be sold.
May tyrants seek their goods, but seek in vain,
And let their search produce them only pain;
And when the year has run its destined round,
May men within that judgment-hall be found
Whose wisdom shall the odious statute blot;
And may that crime of freemen be forgot.
Thus, brethren, we pray, and our prayer shall ascend
Till slavery meet "a perpetual end."
Go on, then; secrete him who comes to your door—
God's fugitive, wretched and famishing poor—
Give a cup of cold water to slacken his thirst,
And wipe from his visage the blood and the dust.
Set the table, and set on the wayfarer's food;
Set forth the choice viands refreshing and good;
And shelter the guest till the light of the morning,
Then haste to his bedside and give him the warning;
"Up, stranger, refresh you, and quickly begone;"
Nor send him off empty, but lend him the "roan."
Heaven settles the charges; thy basket and store
God remembers, if thou wilt remember the poor.

So. Deerfield, Mass., May 20. R. M. W.

A SMART BOY.—"John, what is the past of *see?*'

"Seen, sir."

"No, it is saw—remember that."

"Yes sir. Then if a sea fish swims by me, it becomes a saw-fish when it is past, and cannot be seen."

THE DOG THAT WAS TOO FAITHFUL FOR HIS MASTER.

BY WILLIAM WHITFORE.

In the bleakest and most barren portion of the county of Derbyshire, England, there lived, a long time ago, a man and his wife of the name of Pollard. The former was the keeper of the turnpike gate, and he had only been married some two or three months, when the circumstances occurred of which we are about to write. The small toll house in which he lived was situated at a point where three roads met, and in a place where the scenery was singularly wild and dreary. It stood in a deep hollow formed by two chains of high hills whose sides were covered with naught but a continuous surface of dark brown heath, or occasional bushes of prickly gorse. Not another house was to be seen for miles, and the only evidences of life were in the few flocks of sheep which were here and there browsing along the mountain's side; or the mail coach and a few wagons which at intervals passed along the road. The only person who ever paid a visit to the toll-house was a butcher named Gonfrey, who called every Saturday, for the purpose of supplying the Pollards with fresh meats.

Mr. Pollard had lived in his present abode during several years previous to his marriage; and being of a very courageous disposition, and having become accustomed to the loneliness of his place of residence, he was not much affected thereby; but his wife, who had ever been accustomed to living in a populous town, and being withal of a very timid nature, now lived in a constant state of alarm and dread—more particularly whenever her husband paid a visit to the neighboring town for such necessaries as they required. And what tended to increase this [illegible] greater extent [illegible] time:

[illegible] of misfortune [illegible] that [illegible] he [illegible] gentle, he [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] with [illegible] Douglas Pres[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] together [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH. During ing the suspension of specie payments throughout the country, many years ago, Randolph happened to be in New York, and presented a draft upon the Merchants Bank, desiring specie for the amount. The cashier refused the specie, and Randolph, concluding that he had been swindled, did not deign to argue the matter with the bank officers, but immediately issued placards throughout the city, announcing that "John Randolph of Roanoke" would address his countrymen upon the banking system, that evening, from the steps of the Merchants Bank. Hours before the time, the crowd had become immense, and the bank directors, thoroughly frightened at such a demonstration, made a virtue of necessity, and tendered him the desired amount of specie, which Randolph accepted with some sarcastic quotation in Latin, the irony of which was wonderfully enhanced by its unintelligibility to those to whom it was addressed. He did not address the meeting.

THE DOCTOR'S WELCOME. In a town "way down east" there resides a certain M. D. who never had any particular desire to be disturbed, after he had yielded to the influences of the "drowsy god." One very cold night last winter he was aroused from his peaceful slumbers by a loud knocking at his door. After some hesitation he arose went to the window, and yelled—

"Who's there?"

"Friend," was the answer.

"What do you want?" was the next inquiry.

'Want to stay here all night.'

"Stay *there*, then, and be hanged!" was the benevolent reply. GRIMES, JR.

MARRIAGE. Let not the most solemn engagement of life be an act of rashness and unreflecting passion. Let the future as well as the present be brought into the account. Let not the eye or the imagination be trusted. Let the young man or the young woman inquire, is this a friend with whom I would wish to spend, not only my youth, but my age, not only my health, but my sickness, on whom I can confide my trials, to whom I am willing to resign my character—who if reverses should befall me, would help me to sustain hardships and distress, who will reciprocate my best feelings, who will walk with me to heaven?—*Channing.*

Married.



Here the girls and here the widow
Always cast their earliest glance,
With a smileless face, consider
If they, too, wont stand a chance
To make some clever fellow double
In bliss, and often too in—trouble.

Rich Scissorings.

☞ 'You could'nt get along without my puffs,' as the engine said to the steamboat.

☞ *Society* is like a glass of ale—the dregs go to the bottom, the froth and scum to the surface, and the substance, or the better portion, remains about the centre.

☞ 'The trees are now clad in their foliaceous habiliments. Singular how they got their clothes out of their *trunks* without opening them. Does anybody *twig?*'

☞ Life is a soap-bubble that arises out of abyss of nothing, flutters a moment on the in of the gulf, and perishes before the of death.

IOUS BUT FRAGILE.—The two most pre- gs on this side of the grave are repu- l life. Yet it is to be regretted that ntemptible whisper may deprive us he meanest weapon of the other.

☞ To-morrow, those that are now gay may be sad—those now walking the avenue of pleasure may be the subjects of sorrow—those on the mountain summit may be in the valley—that rosy cheek may have the lily's hue—the strong may falter—death may have come.

☞ Oh! how many ties there are to bind the soul to earth. When the strongest are cut asunder, and the spirit feels cast loose from every bond which connects it with mortality, how imperceptibly does one little tendril after another become entwined about it, and draw it back with gentle power.

FONTENELLE'S GALLANTRY.—At the age of 97, Fontenelle, after saying many amiable and gallant things to the young and beautiful Madame Helvetius, passed before her to his place at table—

'See,' said Madame Helvetius, 'how I ought to value your gallantries! you pass before me without looking at me.'

'Madame,' said the old man, 'if I looked at you, I could not have passed.'

KISSES.

Since, for kissing thee, Minguillo,
My mother scolds me all the day,
Let me have it quick, my darling—
Give me back the kiss, I pray.

Ah! if we've done aught amiss,
Let's undo it while we may.
Quickly give me back the kiss,
That mother may have naught to say.

Do—she keeps so great a pother—
Chides so sharply—looks so grave—
Do, my love, to please my mother,
Give me back the kiss I gave.

Out upon you, false Minguillo!
One you gave, but two you take.
Give me back the two, my darling—
Give them for my mother's sake.

☞ I believe one reason why such numerous instances of erudition occur among the lower ranks is, that, with the same powers of mind, the poor student is limited to a narrow circle for indulging his passion for books, and must necessarily make himself master of the few he possesses, ere he can acquire more.

Sir W. Scott's Waverley.

QUESTIONS FOR THE LONGEST DAY.—1. If 20 grains make a scruple, how many will make a *doubt*?—2. If 8 miles make a fur-long, how many will make a short *victorine*?—3. If 7 days make one week, how many will make one *strong*?—4. If 5 1-2 yards make a Pole, how many will make a *Turk*?—5. If 3 miles make a league, how many will make a *confederacy*?

☞ 'This is a subject,' said a western orator, of the Malaprop school, 'of triangular magnificence which ought to be severed down upon the audience of the people! We want the spirit of our fathers, who wan't afraid to run the gantelope of public opinion?' Speaking of the potato rot, he said: 'It's appeared again, that dreadful disorder, which is more p'isonous than the *bite* of the Bohan-Yewpaz. The disconsolation at the roots is as great as it was last year!' It was thought the speaker meant 'discoloration.'

THE WEAKNESS OF HUMAN NATURE. — A young author wrote to his father a letter of the best resolutions. Amongst other glowing promises, he said, 'I am tired of joking and ashamed of punning. Light literature is to me now so heavy, that I am resolved no longer to support the burden. I am determined to go in for higher things.' The next week he went up in a balloon! Alas! for the goodness of young men's intentions!

JONATHAN'S SONNET TO PUNCH.

Immortal Punch!—it's really very tryin'
To your best friends, that you, the sturdy foe
Of beasts of prey, should shame your nature so,
By turning jackal to the British Lion!—
You think, perhaps, he'll call you 'Punchy dear,'
And praise your spirit o'er his mutton lunch,
But twice as often as he calls for Punch,
You'll hear the rascal roaring out for 'beer!'
But puff him as you will, for praise or pay,—
The throes of freedom ridicule and mock,—
Cry up John Bull, and hiss the Gallic Cock—
Yet, mark me, Punch!—you'll live to see the day
When you shall give in columns freighted full,
A different history of the 'Cock and Bull!'

[Boston Post.

SOLITUDE.—Solitude excludes pleasure, and does not always secure peace. Some communication of sentiments is commonly necessary to give vent to the imagination, and discharge the mind of its own flatulencies. [Johnson.

There must be something against nature in Solitude, something foreign to the moral sense. The proof is, that however delicious it may be to us, we do not like to be seen or known as votaries of it. [Self-Formation, Vol. 2.

☞ It is estimated that the harvest of the United States this season is sufficient to feed half the people on the globe, abundantly.—With scarcely an exception, every species of grain, fruit, and vegetable, is yielding throughout the country an extraordinary crop. Of beef, pork, butter, cheese, &c., the same plenty abounds, and while our population are secure of every comfort and luxury in the way of food, we shall have a surplus sufficient to meet all the famine that may occur in the Old World.

☞ The Syracuse Star says not long since an honest but somewhat unsophisticated farmer accepted an invitation to dine with the quondam "host" of the Champaigne, and a plentiful supply of ice-cream appeared with the dessert. Our friend gave no evidence, that either of those articles was at all unpalatable until he had finished and was about rising from the table. At this point, he gravely remarked, "RUST, your cider is very good: *but as to your pudding, it is——cold stuff.*"

In a fair lady's heart once a SECRET was lurking—
It tossed, and it tumbled—it longed to get out:
The LIPS half betrayed it by smiling and smirking,
And TONGUE was impatient to blab it, no doubt!
But HONOR looked stern on the subject, and gave it
In charge to the TEETH, (so enchantingly white)
Should the captive attempt an elopement, to save it
By giving the LIPS an admonishing bite!

'Twas said, and 'twas settled; Sir HONOR departed;
TONGUE quivered and trembled, but dare not rebel,
When, right to its tip, SECRET suddenly started,
And half in a whisper escaped from its cell!
Quoth the TEETH, in a pet, 'we'll be even for this!'
And they bit very hard both above and beneath;
But the LIPS, at that moment, were bribed with a Kiss,
And they popped out their secret in spite *'of their [teeth.'*

☞ A man who had lost his way on the road to Bath, Me., spurred his horse up to a one horse wagon on the road before him, containing a long faced "religionist" hastening to a "revival" station in the neighborhood. Accosting him, almost out of breath, he asked: "Can—can you tell me—am I on the direct road to Bath?" "No, my dear sir, that is not in my power to inform you; but one thing I feel called upon to tell you, and that is, that 'Religion was never designed to make our pleasures less!'" The "anxious inquirer" made off with an inexpressible look, and a free use of his whip.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

A correspondent of the *Liberator*, relates the following beautiful story :—

I write chiefly to give you an account of the power of love that took place in the family of an old friend of mine who is now no more. Besides other children he left two sons, Henry, aged about twenty, and Albert, about sixteen.—The latter possessed what is called a bad, ungovernable temper, that gave his mother much trouble, and she, (probably in a pet,) told Henry he must whip him. He did; but Albert resisted, and he received a severe thrashing; but it did not tame him at all, and he vowed that he never would speak to Henry again, until he was old enough to have revenge. While he stayed at home, (some months, I believe) he never spoke to Henry. After this he went to sea, and was absent four or five years. But Albert was a boy of many good qualities. He laid up money.—While the vessel was loading and unloading at the ports of the distant countries he visited, he made short excursions into the interior, and made use of his eyes and ears to improve his mind and gain what information he could, and came back an amazingly stout, athletic young man, and apparently greatly improved. He was frank and social with the rest of the family, but not a word did he say to Henry. The latter by this time had become a Methodist preacher, and Albert's conduct towards him grieved him to the heart. After a time, Henry [illegible] to Albert, and with tears in his eyes said to him, 'Albert, I cannot possibly live in this way any longer.—Your silence I cannot bear another hour. You remember you said when you had whipped me, you would speak to me again; and I now am ready to receive your punishment. Let us go to the barn, I will pull off my coat—I promise you that I will make no resistance, and you may whip me as long as you please, and we will be friends. I never should have struck you, if mother had not requested it. I am sorry that I did.' Albert's stout heart could bear blows in almost any quantity, without shrinking; but Henry's love he could not withstand; it melted his proud spirit instantly, and in a moment he was bathed in tears. They embraced each other directly. For a time their love was too great for utterance, but soon Albert expressed his regret for what he had said, and they are now, for aught that I know, two as loving brothers as any in the county; and to God, the God of peace, be all the glory.

SINGULAR LIBEL SUIT AGAINST A MINISTER.—In the Supreme Court at Boston the other day, the case of Jonas Farnsworth and wife against Rev. R. S. Storrs, D. D. of Braintree, for an alleged libel upon Mrs. F. was brought up. The libel consisted in reading from the pulpit to his congregation in the usual way, a paper announcing that Mrs. F. was excommunicated from the church for "a violation of the 7th Commandment." It appeared from the admissions of the Plaintiffs that Mr. F. gave birth to a child about five months after marriage, and had been guilty of anti-nuptial fornication.

But as a violation of the Seventh Commandment involved the crime of adultery, the plaintiffs chose to make this public display of the matter by prosecuting the minister for libel in giving the wrong name to the offence committed. It was pleaded in defence and sustained by the Court, that the act complained of was done in the performance of official duty, and was a privileged communication. The case was finally reserved for the whole Court upon this ruling with the offer of the defendant to prove that the general term, "violation of the Seventh commandment," by theological use and interpretation, may be applied to fornication as well as adultery.

ON DIT.—Rumor says that Amos came ove[r] Zeno, recently, frothing like a rabid bull-dog, to *a writ*, at once, for "Phinney!" But Zeno put off, and he cool'd down! Probably this uncon[-] table condition of his *nervous* system, was ind[i]- by his signal failure in the "*arrangements to* [-] *Phinney down at any rate!*" Poor Amos! don[-] bluffed off *so*—If your dear friend, the ex-presid[-] won't serve you, try somebody else. For oursel[-] we are as ready to bring matters to a tangible i[-] in *that* way as in any other. We think you soon "find yourself in a *bad predicament* should[-]

GIRL-WOMEN.

A modern writer has some amusing remarks on the intellectual and moral character of that class of human bipeds, somewhat vaguely defined as girl-women. By girl-women, we mean a female who is in the transition, or cocoon state— hovering between the last stage of g[illegible], and the first step into the dignity of womanly existence—one who is "just bursting into womanhood," as poets say.

You may know such an one outwardly, by various indications; partly by her dress, which is a white muslin article, somewhere between a frock and a gown, with a pink sash around the waist—partly by her looks and manners, which have lost the free, careless expression of childhood, without having exchanged it for the sober, dignified one of woman. The charms of her person are as yet in the bud; she has lost the graces of the girl, but has not the fulness, roundness, and partridge-like plumpness of limb and feature, which make the loveliness of the woman. While her shoulders are sharp and angular, her arms are also long and unpleasantly slender; she is too old to wear her hair in a crop, and too young to have it piled upon her head in towers of curls and combs. "Her intellectual faculties and conversation," says the writer to whom we have referred, "are in a queer uncertain state; and the person who addresses her is sorely puzzled how to hit the right medium between juvenility and maturity. If you talk of school, you offend her; and yet she knows not how to discourse about any thing else—so that all the conversation consists of an abrupt observation and an embarrassed rejoinder. If she can be prevailed upon to venture more than six syllables at a time, she has had a bad habit of speaking unpleasant truths, and afterwards looking distressingly conscious, not exactly knowing whether she has done right or wrong. She sits on her chair, holding in one hand a white pocket handkerchief, and not a little perplexed what to do with the other; with an eternal simper hanging around her mouth, ready to be aggravated into a laugh upon the most trivial occasion. If any body tells a joke with a grave face, she looks grave too; but is

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An Enigma.

On the window of the travellers' room in the Queen's Arms Inn here, among many queer hieroglyphics and oddities scribbled with diamond pens on the glass, is the following curious enigma.

E E x x before marriage,
X X E E after marriage.

The first two letters being in large capitals, the others very small. Can any of our readers solve the riddle—make out the meaning of the enigma? We venture the following, although we believe it capable of various solutions. Great ease (EE's) and little crosses (xx's) before marriage, great crosses and little ease after marriage; or more particularly, and having reference to the number of enigmatical letters—two (too) great ease and little crosses before marriage; two great crosses and little ease after marriage. We prefer the first.—*Londonderry Standard.*

Poetry.

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY T. H. BAILEY.

She never blamed him, never!
But received him when he came,
With a welcome kind as ever,
And she tried to look the same:
But vainly she dissembled,
For whene'er she tried to smile,
A tear unbidden trembled
In her blue eye all the while.

She knew that she was dying,
And she dreaded not her doom;
She never thought of sighing
O'er her beauty's blighted bloom;
She knew her cheek was altered,
And she knew her eye was dim,
But her sweet voice only faltered
When spoke of losing him.

'Tis true that he had lured her
From the Isle where she was born;
'Tis true he had inured her
To the cold world's cruel scorn:
But yet she never blamed him
For the anguish she had known,
And though she seldom named him
She thought of him alone.

She sighed when he caressed her,
For she knew that they must part;
She spoke not when he pressed her
To his young and panting heart.
The banners waved around her,
And she heard the bugle's sound;
They passed—and strangers found her
Cold and [illegible]eless on the ground.

Mr. Charles Harden came up to congratulate her, and with the determination of monopolizing her through the evening, seated himself by her side—but on asking him how his friend Bemson approved of the partner he had recommended to him, he stammered out an explanation of some sort and took himself off, cursing his unlucky stars that he had offended such an heiress.

Marian's letter to her brother George was speedily answered in person, he having got leave of absence from West Point—and he stayed two weeks at home helping her, as he said, to arrange her affairs. That is in reading over to her all the letters he had received from his friend Hardwicke, which were all variations of the same theme—Marian, Marian: in quizzing the beaux that now like butterflies hovered around the two wealthy friends, and balking them of their handings in and out of carriages, saying, 'Marian has been used so long to have *only* me, that she prefers it, and I am quite up to the increased responsibility.' His leave expired just as he received a letter from his friend in New Orleans, saying, 'that he was coming home at once as he could not stand it any longer, and that if his mother would not consent to his marrying Marian, he then would go to Europe and stay until she did.'

Marian was half inclined to follow George's advice, which was to keep her engagement to Frederick a secret some time longer, and so punish his mother by rousing her fears of her not marrying her son at last. But the pleadings of the lover for the reward of his long attachment had greater charms for our heroine than the amiable desire of tormenting his mother, who, though she gained her point in her son's marrying a fortune, stands in great awe of her fair daughter-in-law.

To Marian's great delight, her prediction concerning her friend's lovers came true—she was courted by two of the noted fortune followers, and would have been by the others but for the sudden appearance on the scene of a very fascinating southerner, to whom it soon appeared the young lady had been engaged for some time.

Our heroine is still in the zenith of her charms, a leader of fashion and the most popular woman in society. Her especial kindness is extended to the pretty and portionless —her own mortifications made a deep impression on her, and she is ever on the lookout to prevent others, if possible, from suffering in the same way. 'I cannot give them all my good fortune,' she would say, 'but I know where the shoe pinches, and how I suffered from being overlooked, and some good to others as well as to myself shall result from my being so unexpectedly an heiress.'

LINES,

Written impromptu, on seeing the picture of Washington's Villa, at Mount Vernon, by Rev. Wm. Jay.

THERE dwelt the Man, the flow'r of human kind,
Whose visage mild bespoke his nobler mind.
There dwelt the Soldier, who his sword ne'er drew,
But in a righteous cause, to Freedom true.
There dwelt the Hero, who ne'er fought for fame,
Yet gained more glory than a Cæsar's name—
There dwelt the Statesman, who, devoid of art,
Gave soundest counsels from an upright heart.
And oh! Columbia, by thy sons caress'd,
There dwelt the Father of the realms he bless'd,
Who no wish felt to make his mighty praise,
Like other Chiefs, the means himself to raise.
But *there* retiring, breathed in pure renown,
And felt a grandeur that disdained a Crown.

Southern Churchman.

☞ *The Polynesian*, Sandwich Islands newspaper of Aug. 25th contains the following particulars of a romantic incident, some account of which has been before reported:

A ROMANCE OF THE OCEAN.—The following facts relating to a young American girl I think cannot but interest young readers, especially as they are too well authenticated to admit of a doubt of their having taken place, in the manner to be mentioned.

The American whale ship Washington, which arrived here on the 13th inst., reports the whale ship Christopher Mitchell at Paita under the following circumstances. The M. had touched in at Paita, for the purpose of putting ashore letters for home, and again left for the cruising ground; but on the second or third night out, when the watch was called, one of the crew was discovered to be a young girl, instead of a fair haired boy, which created no little excitement on board, and caused the Captain to put back again to Paita to land his female sailor, to seek some more congenial way of earning a livelihood, than using a tar bucket and a marling spike.

Her story before the American Consul was as follows:

She is a native of Rochester, N. Y. was seduced, like thousands of others, from her home by a villain who promised to make her his lawful wife, but who abandoned her in a short time and absconded to parts unknown. Returning to her parental roof, she was met by her parents with bitter scorn and driven from home. Too proud to ask assistance from strangers, and not so far lost to virtue as to think of subsisting by the only means which might now seem left to her, she put on male attire and for two months earned her living by driving a horse on the canal. Tired of this, she determined to go to sea—first engaged as a cabin boy at $4 per month—but was told by the shipping master that she could make more by a whaling voyage, and consequently proceeded to Nantucket to look for a ship. It was with some difficulty that she obtained a berth, her youth and delicate appearance being much against her.

One of the shipowners, at the place where she applied (an old quaker,) at last became so much pleased with, as he expressed it, "the good face of the boy," that he persuaded the Captain of the M. to take her on board. She performed her duty faithfully for the seven months previous to her discovery, never shrinking from going aloft, even in the worst weather, or the darkest night. She also pulled her oar twice in pursuit of whales, but the boat in which she had belonged had never been fast to one of the monsters, or perhaps her courage might have failed her. She was a general favorite on board, never mixing with the crew any more than was absolutly necessary. Her quiet inoffensive behavior had also very much prepossessed the Captain and his officers in her favor. When summoned into the Captain's presence, immediately after the discovery, she made a full and voluntary confession, whereupon she was taken into the cabin, a state-room set apart for her use, and every attention shown her that could be extended to a female on board ship. When landed at Paita, the excitement and fatigue had somewhat overpowered her, but in one or two days she was quite well, and much elated with the prospect of soon reaching home in a vessel about to sail.

Only once previously to her final discovery, did she run any risk of being exposed; but on the occasion alluded to, by suddenly working in a more bungling manner, she escaped detection. The cause of attention being drawn toward her on the above occasion, was the quickness with which she plied her needle—being more than a match for the other sailors, in that respect. The fact of her being on board and doing her duty well, cannot be doubted.

Her name is Miss Ann Johnson, and her age 19 years.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, L.L. D.

A youthful stranger walk'd alone
In a great city's busiest place,
He heard not one familiar tone,
He saw not one familiar face;
He trod that long and weary street
Till day's last beam wax'd faint and dim,
But none were nigh to cheer or greet,
Not one was there to smile on him.

He saw before him thickly press
The rude, the beautiful, the proud,
And felt that strange, deep loneliness,
Which chills us in the selfish crowd:—
Ay! though his heart was stern and strong,
And scorn'd each soft and wailing mood,
He felt a sore and saddening throng
Of doubts and wasting cares intrude.

A BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND.—A worthy farmer, living in a country village in France, and a widower, was recently aroused at midnight by the barking of a dog. On endeavoring to quiet the dog, he found him unusually agitated, whereupon the farmer took his gun and went out to look into the cause. All at once he saw a horrid phantom raise up behind a hedge, clothed in a white sheet. He turned quite pale, and his limbs shook with dismay. At length he plucked up sufficient courage to ejaculate—

'If you are from Heaven, speak! If from the devil, vanish!

'Wretch!' exclaimed the phantom, 'I am your deceased wife, come from the grave to warn you not to marry Maria ——, to whom you are making love. She is unworthy to share my bed. The only woman to succed me is Henrietta B——. Marry her, or persecution and eternal torment shall be your portion.'

This strange address from the goblin, instead of dismaying, restored his courage.—He accordingly rushed on his ghostly visitor and stripping off the sheet, discovered the fair Henrietta B—— herself, looking excesively foolish. It is said that the farmer, admiring the girl's trick, had the bans published for his marriage with her.

SINGULAR CASE.— The marriage of Mr. Henry Apple and Mrs. Sarah Apple was solemnized at the clerk's office in this city on the 7th inst., by Judge Smith, one of the Associate Judges of this county. Mr. and Mrs. Apple have been living together as husband and wife for some twenty years, and have raised a large family of children! Their re-marriage was made necessary by the following mysterious train of circumstances, as we learn from a friend who was present at the examination of the case in the circuit court now in session in this city. Mr. John Apple, many years ago, left this county as a volunteer to the Black Hawk war During his absence, a traveller passed through the county, who informed Mrs. A. that her husband had been killed; that he, the traveller, had aided in burying him, and had marked, with an axe, the tree under which he was interred. Apple did not return, and no doubt was entertained by his wife or her friends of his decease. Time passed on, nothing was heard to discredit the traveller's story, and Mrs. A., after having continued for a proper length of time in a state of supposed widowhood, was formally married to Mr. Henry Apple, a farmer of this county, with whom she has cohabited. A few months since, it was authentically asccertained that John Apple was yet actually living A divorce was obtained by Mrs. Apple, and she was re-married on Monday last, as above stated, to Henry Apple, the man with whom she has been innocently living for many years past as her supposed husband. We have heard no cause assigned for the singular manner in which her first husband acted.— *Indianapolis (Ia.) Sent., Mar.*

For the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

QUESTION.

A female, one day, being ask'd by a youth
To tell him her age, and to tell it in truth,
Was answered as follows: and I think you'll agree
That she puzzled him badly, as soon you will see.
Substract from my age two years if you can;
Extract then the square root of the balance, young man.
This root, when obtained, I do you assure,
Will equal one sixth of my age, and one more.
Now tell me my age from the data I've given,
Or else from my presence forever be driven.

☞ *Answer next week.*

W. F.

CHARADE.

My first is that which to the earth
Its pride and verdure gives:
To which all nature owes its birth,
By which all nature lives.

My second, once throughout the land,
The warlike Saxon's pride,
Has oft amid the hostile band,
Spread dark destruction wide.

My whole, when clouds obscure the sky,
And gathering tempests lower,
Rears its majestic crest on high,
Nor heeds the coming shower.

☞ *Answer next week.*

For the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

PROBLEM.

Suppose a tree 100 feet in height, on the top of an inclined plane, be broken so that the top strikes the ground down inclined plane, just 50 feet from the bottom of the tree, and a horizontal line, drawn from the bottom of the tree to the broken part, measures 30 feet. Required the height of the stump.

☞ *Answer in two weeks.*

W. B. H.

y son, heir to great wealth, and expec-
to make it still greater by a wealthy
match—Mrs. Hardwicke's maxim being, 'that
he rich should marry the rich, and the poor
the poor.' But Fred Hardwicke has thought
proper to fall in love with my little portion-
ess sister, and as his mother cannot bend his
ffections the way she chooses, and make
im marry the rich cousin she has selected
r him, she torments him by slighting Mar-
n in every way she can, and finally has
riven him off to New Orleans, where she
pes, I believe, that 'absence will cure his
ve,' and that he will return engaged to some
ch planter's daughter.'

'What a horrid woman—I hope the
oung man will disappoint her.'

'I feel no fears on that point—Frederick is
uly attached to Marian, bewitched by her
rightnes, and worshipping even the faults
at I am most anxious to cure her of. All
s mother's cold and supercilious manner
Marian returns with interest, and being so
ery ready with her wit as she is, the poor
oman feels rather badly when she has pro-
ked Marian to do or say something that
uts her in a ridiculous light. She is always
ing to let the poor child see that she does
consider her good enough for her son, and
Marian likes Fred, is it any wonder she
ishes so much for some of that wealth that
ould make her so happy? But here she is,
nd I must not talk about this affair before
er.'

'Dear Clara,' exclaimed Marian, entering
he room with a letter in her hand, 'did you
ver see such an odd looking epistle directed
o a young lady? It is from England. Do
n know if we have any relations there? I
et the postman in the hall just now, and he
nded me this letter, saying—'he believed I
s the young lady.' It is directed to Ed-
d Seymour or Miss Marian Seymour,
is from Bath. What can it mean?' and
h sisters looked at the mysterious letter
h faces pale with excitement.

Pray, Marian, have you any lovers
oad?' asked Fanny, 'if so, I should say it
as from one of them, it is a man's hand cer-
inly, though rather too large and business
oking for a lover's letter I must own. Why
n't you open it?'

'Oh, here is papa,' said Marian, as Mr.
eymour entered. 'Dear father, before you
k at the newspaper do open this important
oking letter, I am dying to know what un-
own correspondent I have across the water,
d am afraid to look for myself.'

'Well, Marian, it is rather a large ep tle I
ust say for a lady's letter; now if it was
m New Orleans,' said he, looking mischie-
usly at her, 'you would not be so ready to
me have the first reading of it.'

'What nonsense you are talking, father, do
what it is about? Why you look as pale
Clara does.'

And so it was. The first lines of the letter
ent the blood from the cheek of Mr. Sey-
our, only to return with a more sudden
sh, as drawing his daughter to him, he
ed her and said, 'this letter, my dear
, contains most unexpected good news
ou, God bless you, and may you make a
er use of the portion that has so wonder-
llen to you. Now listen, Marian and
ook so frightened, child, it is nothing
ing, I assure you.'

'This letter is about your old friend Mr. Wilde, who I thought was in India, but who, it seems, is just dead in England on his way home. He lost his wife and two children from cholera before he left there, and having no relations he has left the bulk of his fortune to you, having loved you when a very little girl better than any other creature, excepting his own children. Here is an attested copy of his will, and a letter from an eminent law firm in London, by which,' said Mr. Seymour, glancing over the letter, 'I find he has left me a legacy of ten thousand dollars, and you about a hundred thousand.'

An unbroken silence reigned in the room for a few moments, and Marian looked at the documents lying before her with a bewildered air. Her father's first question was, 'do you remember Mr. Wilde, my dear?'

'Perfectly, dear father. I was four years old when he moved from our neighborhood, I forgot all about him for years, until one day when I was about fourteen, I think, he came into the office as I was going out of it, having been there to look for you, he asked me if I remembered him? and I told him I did, and that I still had the little ivory toy he gave me when I was almost a baby. He seemed quite pleased at it, and said, 'he had loved me so dearly, that he had a little daughter called after me, and he thought she looked as I used to, and that he was glad to see me growing up such a pretty young lady, for I was a beautiful child.' I never thought of him again; and yet how kind he has been to me,' and quite sadly looked the young lady as she thought of the donor of the money that was to give her so much happiness. That mood lasted but a short time, however, and flying round to her father she threw herself in his arms, exclaiming, 'dear, dear father, now you need not work so hard, you shall keep your horses, you shall travel every summer, you shall have rest in your old age, you shall enjoy yourself with your books. Oh! I am so happy,' and bursting into tears she sobbed hysterically.

The gentle Clara soothed and kissed her agitated sister, and whispering some magic words into her ear, soon brought back her smiles. Her brothers must now be written to; one far off in a frigate in the Pacific, another at West Point, and the married one summoned from his house to come hear the good news.

'And now, Clara,' said Marian, 'won't I reign? No more parties to be gone to without bouquets, no more to be left to be put into the carriage with only one's own cousin for a beau, while the rich girls have six at a time, and are treated as if made of glass. Small pleasures and mortifications these, you will say, but small things sting, and these have stung me often.'

'And Mrs. Hardwicke,' said Fanny.

'Oh! she will be sweet enough upon me now, and instead of Frederick having to send me flowers by stealth, she will be robbing her own green-house, I expect. It won't be the first time it has been done, though she has not known it.'

'And Frederick?' said Clara, 'suppose he has fallen in love with some one of these girls down there, that his mother sent him after Absence has cooled his love, perhaps.'

'Now, Clara, you know you are talking nonsense—I am not afraid of *his* [illegible] but won't I enjoy the change in [illegible]

ry mother? No longer will I be 'merely a nice girl, quite pretty, but very pert.' No, no, I am now 'a charming woman,' 'such brilliant beauty,' 'a sparkling wit,' and my 'rather pert' will now be delightful 'naivete'—oh! you brilliant dollars! how you will shine out in my eyes, and lend whiteness to my pearly teeth.'

'Oh! Marian, Marian,' said Clara, 'do stop this wild rattle, or I shall begin to think your dollars have turned your brain. I am ashamed Fanny should hear you talk so.'

'But I am not in the least, Clara. Fanny has often heard my sentiments, and now she will see if the world is not as I say it is. Now listen—Mrs. Hardwicke is coming here this morning to ask Fanny there to-morrow evening—I heard her say so last night—she will have to ask us, but see how coldly it will be done, and then mark the change in her to-morrow when she has heard of my fortune, which she shall do before we go there in the evening. If I did not like Fred so much I would refuse him, if it was only to vex her—but I cannot distress him so much to vex his mother,' and off she ran to find her father, and compose her own bewildered thoughts.

And was she right? Alas for the meanness of mankind—I must own she was. The overbearing, purse-proud mother of the disinterested Frederick heard the news with utter consternation. How could she come round gracefully?—how conciliate the haughty little beauty, who was now a match and more for her only son? Her most prudent course with such a spirit as Marian's, would have been a quiet and kindly bearing—but that did not suit her nature, and on the evening of the party, when the news had reached her, she had the utter want of tact as Marian, radiant with happiness and spirits, entered her gorgeous rooms to greet her with the warmest congratulations, the tenderest pressure of the hand; and to crown the whole presented a splendid bouquet, with a whisper—'Frederick's favorite, my dear.' Marian's lip curled and her eyes flashed, and with a quick 'I thank you ma'am—but as I have not my bouquet holder with me. I will take the liberty of restoring them to this vase,' she returned the flowers to the stand they were taken from, and the baffled dollar worshipper bit her lip and passed on.

But Marian's better nature was not proof against the many kind and sincere congratulations she received, that she knew were disinterested; and when vulgar old Mr. Howell came up and spoke so kindly of his pleasure at hearing of her own and her father's good fortune, she was quite melted. And then he said—'I was so much obliged to you, Miss Marian, for not laughing at me when I made those mistakes about the heathen women the girls have put into the parlor. I knew from Jane's face I had said something wrong, and such a scolding as I got. They said 'you were the very last person I ought to have talked to—you were so smart and satirical, and that you would tell it everywhere as such a good story'—but I told them you were too much of a lady to do that, and I know you will not—and I am so very glad this good luck has lighted on you.' Poor Marian, how her conscience rebuked her—but as she could safely assure the old gentleman she had not repeated the story *anywhere* and never would, she soon rallied [illegible] spirits.

A FEMALE SAILOR.

A letter from Wm. W. Wood, first officer of ship Christopher Mitchell, of Nantucket, dated Payta, July 6th, says:—"We left this port for the Gallipagos Islands, and soon after sailing it was discovered that we had a female on board, one of the crew, that we took from Nantucket. She went by the name of George Johnson—her real name, as she stated, was Ann Johnson, the daughter of John Johnson, living in Rochester, N. Y., at No. 22 Oak street, a shoemaker by trade. She says she left home in July, 1848, wandered as far down as New York, and started to go home again, but at a place called Port Jackson, 28 miles from Rochester, she made a halt, cast off the petticoats, and assumed male apparel—remained there about a month, then came down to Albany, working her passage on a canal boat: from Albany she went to New York, where she remained two weeks, living at sailor boarding houses: from the latter place she went to Nantucket, and shipped on board the Christopher Mitchell. She states that she had lived in Hartford with a man named Williams, a carpenter, and that she is 19 years old.—She gives as a reason for going to sea that she could get some money in that business. Her appearance now is that of a good looking, chubby boy of 16 or 17 years old; she is as stout as a woman weighing 145 pounds. She has done her duty cheerfully and as well as most "green" boys—going aloft to take in sail in the roughest weather, and only in one instance did she give out, which was off Cape Horn, during a severe gale of wind and rain. She has taken her regular mast-heads and helms all the voyage—was in my boat several times when we were first out and lowered for practice, but has never been fast to a whale. She was so very awkward with an oar that we took her out of the boats altogether; up to a week ago has been well all the voyage; seems to be very shrewd, and I doubt whether she has given a correct account of herself. Immediately upon discovering her sex, she was taken into the cabin, where she kept herself very close. We tacked ship and stood back for Payta, where we arrived on the 6th, and to-morrow shall take Miss Johnson on shore, and leave her with the Consul, Mr. Bathurst.

Ship Susan left here to-day with 900 bbls—thirteen of her crew ran away; the Washington, Bailey, off here with 130 bbls—leaking 600 strokes per hour.—Heard of the Catawba 20 days since with 350 bbls."

Ins and Outs.

I'm out of cash, and so of course,
I've pocket room to let,
I'm out of patience, just because
I'm never out of debt.
Besides, I'm dreadfully in love,
And more than half in doubt
Which is the greatest evil, that
Of being in or out.

I'm deeply in my tailor's books,
But I don't mind a dun,
And if I wasn't out of funds
I'd pay him out of fun.
He always gave me 'fits,' he said,
But Heaven bless his eyes!
I'd put him in a fit I guess,
He'd be in such surprise.

I'm out of elbows, in distress—
Ah! mine's a sorry tale!
I'm out of favor, out of sorts,
But then I'm out of jail.
My landlord says my time is out,
And thinks I'd better 'skin,'
I'm such an 'out and outer,' he
Won't have me in his inn.

I'm out of office, but in hopes
To get put in some day;
If I don't run for something soon,
I'll have to run away!
I'm out of spirits; and I'm out
Of more than I can think.
I'm out of temper; hang the pen!
I'm out—I'm out of ink!

MEMORANDA.

Ard at N Bedford 4th, ship Ann Alexander, Mitchelle, Pacific Ocean, Paita June 26, with 1200 bbls sp oil. Repts at Gallipagos Islands Feb 12, ships Henry, Coleman, Nantucket, 100 bbls sp; Apl 7th, Acushnet, Bradley, FH, 150 sp 150 wh. About the 8th June, ship Susan, Ray, of Nantucket, anchored at Point Galera; found at anchor there the schr Olimpa, Austin, bound to California with passengers.—While lying there, the schooner got under weigh, leaving on shore a Frenchman (an owner in the vessel,) and five passengers. Those left, and seven deserters from the Susan, then concerted a plot to take the ship, murder the officers and crew, and proceed to California. Their horrible designs, however, were frustrated by a boy, who overhearing their conversation, informed Capt. Ray in time to save the vessel. Passengers in the Ann Alexander, from Paita, Lyman Hobbs, of Ohio; Francis C. Wright, Cleveland, O. Died on board, Feb. 21, '48, Antoine Merry, a native of the Cape de Verds.

Sld from N Bedford 4th, bark Maria, Mooers, Indian Ocean.

THE GUERILLA LEADER'S VOW.

MRS. HEMANS.

"All my pretty ones!
Did you say all."
* * * * * * *
"Let us make medicine of this great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief."

My battle vow! no minster walls
Gave back the burning word,
Nor cross, nor shrine, the low, deep tone
Of smothered vengeance heard;
But the ashes of a ruined home
Thrilled, as it sternly rose
With the mingling voice of blood that shook
The midnight's dark repose.

I breathed it not o'er kingly tombs,
But where my children lay,
And the startled vulture at my step
Soared from their precious clay.
I stood amidst my dead a'one—
I kissed their lips—I poured
In the strong silence of that hour,
My spirit on my sword.

The roof-tree fall'n, the smouldering floor,
The blackened threshold-stone,
The bright hair torn, and soiled with blood,
Whose fountain was my own:
These, and the everlasting hills,
Bore witness that wild night;
Before them rose th' avenger's soul,
In c ushed affection's might.

The stars, the searching stars of heaven,
With keen looks would upbraid,
If from my heart the fiery vow,
Seared on it then, could fade.
They have no cause!—Go, ask the streams
That by my paths have swept,
The red waves that unstained were born
How hath my faith been kept?

And other eyes are on my soul,
That never, never close,
The sad, sweet glances of the lost
They leave me no repose:
Counting my night-watch 'midst the rocks
And by the torrents foam,
Through the dark-rolling mists they shine,
Full, full of love and home.

Alas the mountain eagle's heart,
When wronged, may yet find rest,
Scorning the place made desolate
He seeks another nest.
But I—your soft looks wake the thirst,
That winds no quenching rain;
Ye drive me back my beautiful,
To the stormy fight again!

A [illegible] following [illegible] villanous case of bigamy has just been exposed in the village: On the 20th of April last [illegible] W. Follett and wife engaged as weavers in the employ of the Dwight Co. at Chicopee, and worked until the 9th of May, when Follet left for Boston, or some place East on the seashore, on account of poor health; leaving his wife still at work in the mill. She received one or two letters from him after he left, in the eastern part of the state. On going one day to the office for a letter, she found one for him, took it out and found it to be a letter from another wife he had living in Otsego, New-York. Overwhelmed with grief, she wrote to her friends, and a brother came for her and carried her home to Gardiner, Maine.

On the 30th ultimo, a woman with a small child, three months old, presented herself at the office of the Dwight Company, and inquired for Charles W. Follett, saying that he was her husband. Here she received the first intimation that he had another wife and her grief was truly pitiable. Her account of herself and Follett is this:

She became acquainted with him at the mills in New-England Village, and after three months' acquaintance, married in May, 1847. They continued to work in the mill together, as long as she was able, when she left him on the 27th of March, 1848, and went to his mother's in Otsego, New York, at which place her child was born, in May. He continued to write to her until he left Chicopee. From comparing dates it seems he was married a second time just one month after his wife left him. He represented to his second wife that he was a widower, and had a letter, purporting to be from his mother, giving an account of his wife's death; he also took his letters to a Methodist meeting (of which church he was a member), and requested the prayers and sympathies of his brethren for him in his affliction. He is now somewhere in Massachussetts or Maine, where we trust this history may reach him, and warn the unsuspecting.

Luther was one day being shaved, and having his hair cut, in the presence of Dr. Jonas. He said to the latter, "Original sin is like the beard. We are shaved to-day, and look clean, and have a smooth chin; to-morrow our beard has grown again, nor does it cease growing while we remain on earth. In like manner original sin cannot be extirpated from us; it springs up in us as long as we exist. Nevertheless, we are bound to resist it to our utmost strength, and cut it down unceasingly."

"THE SPIKE SOCIETY."

The Washington Journal, published in Portland, Maine, states a new teetotal society has been started in that city called the "Telegraph Spike Society." It was started by two individuals who, believing they had been in the habit of spending altogether too much of their hard earnings for liquor, drove a spike into a post, and under a ten dollar obligation, agreed that the first one who should drink, must draw out the spike with his teeth, or forfeit the above sum.

Macy to Account for One
Hannah Coffin Macy to
they Each of them Receive
State which is not particular

June 4th 1814. Then the above
named Macy, Signed, Sealed, Pronounced
the above & within written Instrument
Testament, in the presence of us,
gin the Same as Witnesses, who have
the Testators presence, and in
at Nantucket aforesaid

Richard Macy Seal

Jon: Barnard Wright
Charles W Cathwright
Jon H. Coffin

y son, heir to great wealth, and expec-

to

natch—

town, on Sunday evening last, by George
ob, Esq., Mr. Francis H. Brown, of New Bed-
he rie , to Miss Elizabeth Ann Coffin, of this tow
West Harwich, 19th inst, by Rev. Mr. Barna-
the po ames Berry, Esq., of South Dennis, to Mrs
pro annah Kelley, of Dorchester. Mr. Berry was mar-
ied in 1822 to the above named Mrs Kelley, and
less bout five years afterwards he was divorced from her,
she having previously married a Mr. Greenword.—
Mr. Berry, after his divorce, married Bathsheba
Nickerson, and after her death he married for his
third wife Rosannah Small. She died about two
years since, and now he is married to his first love.
Is the present Mrs. Berry his first, or fourth wife?—
The Rev. Mr. Barnaby tied the nuptial knot on both
ccasions, and it is to be hoped that this time it will
rove to be a Gordian knot.—[Yarmouth Register.

From the Boston Recorder.

LINES,

Suggested by a sermon of Rev. Mr. Abbott, on the ble which the Bible carries with it wherever it goes.

Go, blessed Bible! visit every land!
Diffuse thy healing beams through all the eart
Thou art the "moral sun," whose radiance can
Light to the blind restore, the blind by birth.

No blessings to mankind so great can be,
As the blessed Bible scatters in its train;
Darkness and sin before its light shall flee,
And moral wastes with verdure bloom again.

Go, bid the savage of the western world,
His tomahawk and scalping knife resign,
The banner of the cross to him unfurl,
Behold him now, meek, merciful and kind.

Go to poor Africa's benighted shore,
Bid her degraded sons thy light receive,
Tribe shall on feebler tribe make war no more,
But in true amity and peace shall live.

Go to the farther Ind, her rites of blood,
And thousand gods before thy smiles retire!
No more her infants drowned in
Or widows on the funeral pu

Go, blesse
Diffuse
hat ce, vi ce, joy
Whall
h, June

OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER.

Oh, time is sweet, when roses meet,
When Spring's sweet breath around them,
And sweet the time when hearts are lost,
If those who love have found them;
And sweet the mind, that still can find
A star in darkest weather;
But nought can be so sweet to see
As old friends meet together.

Those days of old when youth was bold,
And time stole wings to speed it,
And youth ne'er knew how fast time flew,
Or knowing did not heed it!
Though grey each brow that meets us now,
For age brings wintry weather,
Yet nought can be so sweet to see
As those old friends together.

The few long known, whom years have shown,
With hearts that friendship blesses,
A band to cheer, perchance a tear,
To soothe a friend's distresses,
Who helped and tried, still side by side,
A friend to face bad weather;
Oh, thus may we yet joy to see
And meet old friends together.

For the Boston Recorder.

EREAVED HUSBAND,

ister of his deceased wife.

ome is lonely; that thy dw ll
ll echo to that l on
well thy widow e
grief; yet w

'This letter is about your old friend Mr.
Wil

unless he first make a slave o

1. "W

2. "Search the Scriptures," if slaveholders wil
let you: not without.

3. "What God has joined, let not man put asunder,
except slaveholders: they may part husbands an
wives at pleasure.

4. "Let every man have his own wife," exce
he is a slave, "and every woman her own husband,
except she is a slave.

5. "Wives submit to your own husbands," exce
you are slaves: in that case you must submit to an
white man, or you may "receive thirty lashes on
the "bare back well laid on:" or if you shall assau
and strike such white person you may be lawfull
killed. Laws of Kentucky, and Georgia, and
Carolina.

6. "Keep lf pure," except you are a slav
and white n ose to defile you.

7. "Child ey your parents," unless slav
holders for

8. "Pr Gospel to every creature,"
slavehold you.

9. "W it of the Lord is there is liberty
except olders choose not to have an

10. n," except colored people a
abol

h men, weep and howl, f
hall come upon you. Yo
akered; and the rust of the
gainst you and shall eat yo
Behold the hire of the labore
n your fields, which is of yo
crieth; and the cries of the
are entered into the ears of th

ISAAC J. WETHERBY.

LETTE
HOMEWA

Differen
or fourteen
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razor back
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and eleph
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suffering but
captain thinks
The same person has seen a stout hickory

Unless in this my Last Will
and Testament, I Give and Bequeath unto
my Daughter Mercy Pope Lawrence, in Fee Simple
the Sum of One Thousand Dollars, to be paid
out of the Part of my Estate hereinafter given
to my Son Reversion, which I
my Last Will and Testament
to Effin Macy and to
Fee Simple.
Macy is to Account
him already towards his
and Adjoining the Lan
that is before he
Remainder of my Estate as is given
all the Debts or Accounts that
is open in my Books, against my Son
in Law, my Daughters Shall all be Balanced by the last of
Pen, by my Executors, upon Condition that they will of the
ines on their Books; but in case they or either of them Shall
to bring in their Accounts and Claim their Settlement

ry mother? No longer will I be 'merely a
day, it is not because I wld speak ag
but because I wld not willingly see th
ulchres, that are filled with little else than ro
and corruption, deceiving and swallowing up the h
est that are searching for truth. If the new Te
ment is true a large majority of our present minis
and churches are false; and it is time tha were xpos
and the honest savd from dception; and by the h
truth tha shall b exposd
in some dgree, wherever this little craft may sail
Let all who do not understand my motive in xposi
priests, step into the next department and see if
can understand me.

PRIEST-CRAFT HALL.

There goes a priest; let us follow him and obser
his movements. He is ordained teacher of a popu
church in this city; is called a teache of righteou
ness—a man of God. See how prou his every lo
how haughty every movement; now he meets a po
laborer, such as Jesus pitied, such as he came to sa
—such as he had a kind look for; how haughtily th
blind guide strutteth by him! Though he is his ne
neighbor, he takes no more notice of him than he w
of the meanest dog. But there comes a rich man, o
that is respectable because he has not been hone
enough to b poor, but has swindled the laborer, a
ground the faces of the poor. See how that prie
eyes him as he approaches—and now that bow! th
fawning look! Oh the mean, contemptible being!
How mean to fawn upon a man only bcause he h
dollars and cents, as a dog fawneth upon his mast
for bread. But now the priest has reached the Co
House—the hall of Beelzebub—where crafty, ungo
ly men swear people to tell the truth contrary to t
command of Christ, "*swear not at all.*" and then que
tion them to make them lie. The priest enters t
door, bows to the sheriff—the officer of Beelzeb
fawns upon the Judge, and the precious trio all of
kindred manner, are marched up to the upper loft, guarded
under sheriffs. The priest takes a seat at the elbo
of the Judge, the court is called to order, the Judg
bows to the priest, and he arises stretches forth h
hands saying, "Let us pray." The people arise, a
the unholy man mocks God with words to which
has not the least xpectation of an answer. The cer
mony closes, the court proceeds to business, and t
unholy, haughty priest draws on his gloves, bows
the court, pockets a dollar for his mock prayer—a do
lar, part of which was earned by the poor laborer th
he wld not notice—and returns to his elegant mansi
to loll on soft cushions and sleep on down.

In the jail less than a stone's throw from where th
mock prayer was uttered is a friendless youth partia
ly dranged, who has been waiting almost a year f
trial, and this false teacher has never visited him on
during the whole time. In another cell are three f
males all in the morning of life, confined within th
cold, damp, stone walls; this priest has pocketed h
dollar and dparted without taking pains even to loo
into their grated window; in another cell is a you
man to b sentenced by this court to the State Pris
—to b shut out from the world—buried alive—he
young and has feeling, wept like a child when I talk
with him about his mother, but this priest goes
near him—seeks not to save the lost. A score of m
and women are locked up in this dismal prison, a
this professed follower of Jesus has not seen them.

Stranger, am I understood? Seest thou yet, that
wld xpose the bad and ncourage the good? Und
standest thou, my motive now? Then read, see a
understand, and if thou art following a blind gui
like this—if thou art a member of a carnal church li
this flee from the city of dstruction—fear not the Ple
ure Boat if no better craft heaves in sight, but ta
passage, thou canst but sink, and sink thou must in th
present place; aye sunk thou art already in such
church, and with such a guide.—*Pleasure Boat.*

50 Amt brot up	$ 383 66		50 Amt brot up	4 90 00	
21 yds Shag d 3/	31 50		42 yds Shallon d 3/	21	
41 3/4 yds Plaid d 10/6	78 6		27 yds Valentia d 4/	14 3	
6 buck trowsers	9 —		9 " Corded Crape d/	3 —	
1 buck Jacket —	20 16		Grogram in peices	1 50	
blue trowsers	3 33		5 pr Gingham trowsers	1 66	
in waistcoats	21 33		21 yds Calimanco d 4/	3 50	
3 cotton do —	3 50		17 " Jane d 3/	8 74	
7 pr jersey trowsers d 3/	31 75		10 yds do d 4/	2 50	
1 low Collar shirt	1 25		8 Patterns for Vests	2 —	
3 Jacket d 8/	24 —		3 yds Bombazet d 3/	1 5	
1 Outside do	4 50		1 Small Clothes pattern & Stockinget	1 —	
123 lbs Sheep Wool d 7 9/100	86 10				
12 lbs do do (Ill)	8 40		133 3/4 yds Corded Velvet	13 7	
1 Rose Blanket	2 25 — 11		do do	8 02	
44 3/4 yds Durant d 3/	13 4 14		" Cotton Cassimere d 2/6	5 04	
1 Portable Desk & Table	4 — 24		" Cotton Valentia d 1/6	18 17	
35 3/4 yds Durant d 3/	11 92	11	" English Nankin d 2/6	4 50	
5 " Jane d 4/	1 11	17	" Tabby Velvet d 6/	17 —	
32 " Calam d 3/	10 67	10 3/4	" Common do d 3/ in peices	5 37	
7 " in peices	1 75	14	" Tabby do	1 50	
11 3/4 yds black in peices	5 75	17 1/4	" Black Nankin d 2/	5 75	
5 1/4 yds duroy d 4/	1 67	25	" Stripes do d 2/	6 33	
7 3/4 yds Black Rupell in peices	3 87 1/2	12	" Jane d 4/	4 16	
24 1/4 yds thick Sheeting d 5/3	9 08	12 1/2	" Strip Gingham d 4/	12 60	
21 1/2 yds Shallon in peices d 2/4	8 32	5	" do d 3/	6 25	
			Cotton dimm in peices d 2/	1 66	
	$ 420 66 1			$ 380 67	

NING OVER A NEW LEAF.

"Are you going to get in that corn to-day?" said John Hendricks to Mr. Butler, the farmer for whom he was at work by the month.

"Yes," said Mr. Butler, "we must try to get it in, in the course of the day."

"If it is to be got in to-day, we must go about it this morning. It is time it was in; it is half destroyed now Benton's cattle were in again last night."

"I know they were. Here, Saul, do you run over to Benton's, and tell him his cattle lay in our corn last night."

"And he will tell you to put up the fence," said Saul.

"The fence ought to be seen to. Hendricks, you bring the axe, and I'll go now and tackle it a little," said Mr. B.

Hendricks went for the axe, and having searched in vain for it, returned to Mr. Butler, who was trying to set up a wash tub, which had [illegible] to pieces in despair of the fulfilment of Mr. [illegible] promise that he would get a hoop to-[illegible].

"I can't find the axe; I would as soon undertake a thing as to find it in this place. It [illegible] a rule with every one who uses a tool [illegible] put it in a place where it can't be found [illegible]. If it was left where it was used last, a body might find something once in a while, but as [illegible] is about impossible. I expect the barn [illegible] be among the missing some day."

"Never mind," said Mr. Butler, in a conciliating tone, "the axe will turn up in the course of the day. You see if you can set these staves up. I want to see if Holmes can come and cut that buckwheat to day."

Hendricks did as he was requested. He set up the staves, and looked round for the hoop to confine them in place. "I wonder," said he, "if I am expected to sit here and hold these in place all day. There is no hoop between here and the blacksmith's, I dare say. I have done harder work than sitting here and doing nothing, and more profitable work for my employer; but I must obey orders. Benton's cows are to have another pull at that corn, I see plainly."

In due time Mr. Butler came, and Mr. Holmes was ready to go at the buckwheat as soon as he had ground up his new scythe and spliced one of the fingers of his cradle.

"You have got them set up, have you?"

"Yes; but what is agoing to hold them up when I let go of them?"

"Here's a hoop," said Mr. Butler, "I forgot to tell you about it."

Hendricks took it; while Butler and Holmes were grinding the scythe, he put it on and drove it down. "There," said he, "that's the first job I've known to be finished on this ground since I came here three months ago."

At this moment Saul returned. "Well, Saul, what's the news?"

"Benton says Hyde's cows are in the lower meadow."

"Very likely; I saw a red squirrel running towards the fence, and I thought it likely he would get on it and throw it down. If they find the potatoes, it will save some labor."

"What about the potatoes?" said Mr. Butler, coming up at that moment.

"Hyde's cows are taking care of them," said Hendricks.

"You run and drive them out, Saul, and find out where they got in, and put up the fence a little, just enough to turn them for the present; I'll see to it in a day or two. Hendricks, you harness the horses—we'll try to get a load of that corn in before dinner."

In about half an hour, during which time Messrs. Butler and Holmes had been employed in [illegible] the cradle finger, Hendricks came to [illegible] of the off horse?"

[illegible] last night. I didn't [illegible] day. Isn't there [illegible] body could [illegible] harness?"

[illegible] to bring in [illegible] suffering [illegible] captain thinks [illegible] The same person has seen a stout hickory [illegible] necessity.

"that some of that corn will be saved after all."

The reader has had a specimen of the mode of proceeding on Mr. Butler's farm, and will be able to form a pretty shrewd guess why it was that Mr. Butler, who had an excellent farm, and who was always busy about something, was not deemed and taken by his neighbors to be a forehanded man.

Hendricks, with the aid of Saul, succeeded in getting in most of the corn to which allusion has been made; so that Mr. Benton's cows came home the next day, which was the Sabbath, much less well filled than ordinary.

On Monday morning, Hendricks was out by daylight, and at work when Saul made his appearance, which was not until he had given the sun due precedence. Hendricks informed him that a new leaf was turned over. "Things about the place are going to be done this week as they ought to be done," said he.

"I'm agreed," said Saul, who was quite willing to work, but wished very much to be relieved from the responsibility of directing his own movements.

"Mr. Butler," said John, after breakfast, "has that axe come to light yet?"

"I haven't seen it."

"Here it is," said Lizzy, "I found it in the grass in the garden."

"And took care of it, like a sensible body," said John, taking the axe from her hand. "Thank'ee."

The compliment was not a very polished one, but brought over her beautiful countenance a blush which she hastened into the pantry to conceal.

"Now," said he, "if you and Saul will go at those potatoes, I will put up that fence in a shape that will keep Hyde's cattle out of that meadow for some time, I guess."

"Hyde ought to put up a part of it," said Butler.

"I know he had; but he will never do it; you might as well try to get a hen to do a sum in the rule of three, as to get him to do anything worth while. Come, let us have those potatoes in, and that fence up before sunset."

"If we get all the potatoes in, it is not much matter about the fence."

"What's the reason it isn't? Who wants the cattle making mortar of the meadow? Come on."

They got into a wagon which had been brought to the door before breakfast, and Hendricks drove off at a rapid rate, making a great clattering of the loose boards of the wagon, and rendering it somewhat difficult for Mr. Butler and Saul to keep themselves, or rather the board on which they sat, in place.

"What has got into John?" said Mrs. Butler, pausing from her efforts over the butter bowl, and watching the rapidly disappearing wagon.

"I don't know," said Lizzy, softly. Now she had better not have made any reply to the question, for it was not asked with any expectation of a reply. I say she had better not have answered it, for I am not sure but that she strained the truth a little in so doing. Some passages which had taken place between John and herself, as they came home from meeting together on Sabbath evening, and sat in the "front room" together till the roosters crowed, were, in fact, the causes of the turning over the new leaf management of the farm.

Before night the fence was put in the most substantial order, and the potatoes all put in the cellar.

The next morning when they were all at breakfast, John inquired, "Is Holmes to work for you to day."

"He promised to come and do what he could towards finishing the buckwheat. He thinks it will take him a day and a half to finish cradling it."

"Well, you don't want him to day. Send the cradle home, and tell him it is cradled."

"Cradled! who did it?"

"I did it."

"When?"

"This morning."

The look of astonishment and admiration with which Mr. Butler regarded John, was not unobserved by Lizzie, and led her to meditate on the [illegible] of another retreat to the pantry. She adopted, however, the expedient of holding a cup of coffee to her lips for a very unnecessary length of time.

"What shall we go at to-day, after we have shocked up the buckwheat?" said Hendricks.

"I don't know; what do you think we had best do?"

"Have the rye in where we took the corn off."

"Well, we'll go at it then."

In like manner John's advice was asked daily and followed; so that when winter set in the farm presented a very different aspect from that which it usually wore at that time. Commonly some potatoes were frozen up, and some portion of the sowing left undone, in consequence of the frost overtaking the plow. But now every crop was secured, the grain sown and up quite green, the house banked, and quite a string of stone wall made. That the corn was all husked in season, might have been owing to the fact that turning over the new leaf had inspired the family with such a spirit of industry, that Lizzy had joined them in their huskings, and took her seat near John, that he might break off the ears that were beyond her strength. It happened on one or two occasions that these two continued their labors long after Saul and his father had gone to bed.

In the course of time it came to this, that Mr. Butler used to ask John what he was going to do, as though his right to direct operations was unquestionable. For example, one morning John had a stone boat with several crowbars in at the door.

"What are you going to do," asked Mr. Butler.

"I am going to build a piece of stone wall on the east side of the meadow. The ground is high enough for a wall to stand, and there are stone enough on the knoll which out to come out to make it."

Mr. Butler made no reply, but together with Saul went to digging stone.

"This looks like a new farm," said Mr. George one day to his neighbor, as they rode by Mr. Butler's house.

"Yes," replied the neighbor, "there is a new hand at the bellows."

"Does Hendricks work it on the shares?"

"No, he works by the month."

"Does he? What makes him drive on so?"

"I don't know for certain, but I guess Butler's daughter is at the bottom of it."

When winter set in, Saul, though he was a good boy to work, felt a desire to have a little more furniture in the upper story, and asked leave to go to the Centre to school. "Uncle Zeb says he will board me if I'll come."

"I don't see how I can spare you. We must build in the spring, and we have all the timber to get to the mill," said Mr. Butler.

Saul looked rather down-hearted.

"You can go," said John, who was sitting before the blazing fire between Saul and Liz[illegible]
"I'm going to stay, that is, if they will let me tell you what it is," turning to Mr. Butler, you will give me this critter," laying his [illegible] upon Lizzy's arm, "I'll stay and work for y[illegible] any lay you choose."

Lizzy turned very red, but neither run fo[illegible] pantry, nor pushed away John's hand.

"Well," said Mr. Butler, who had re[illegible] seen what things were coming to, "that m[illegible] pretty much as you and she can agree, musn't it mother?"

"I guess so," said Mrs. Butler, dropping several stitches in a stocking she was knitting for John.

"There won't be much difficulty about it then, I guess," said John. "Saul may go to school. He may go to college if he has a mind. I can get his support out of the farm without hurting any body, I reckon." Then turning to Lizzy, he said, "the road is good and Jack wants to stir himself, and I want you to go over to mother's. Suppose you jump into the wagon and ride with me."

Lizzy looked towards her mother and rose up, went to put her things on. The horse was soon at the door, and Lizzy, was soon at John's mother's, and John's mother was soon introduced to Lizzy who soon became her daughter-in-law, that is to say, on New Year's eve.

INTERESTING TALES.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

MY FORTUNE'S MADE.

BY MARY ALEXINA SMITH.

My young friend, Cora Lee, was a gay dashing girl, fond of dress, and looking always as if, to use a common saying, just out of a band box. Cora was a belle, of course, and had many admirers. Among the number of these, was a young man by the name of Edward Douglass, who was the very 'pink' of neatness, in all matters pertaining to dress, and exceeding particular in his observance of the little proprieties of life.

I saw, from the first, that if Douglass pressed his suit, Cora's heart would be an easy conquest; and so it proved.

'How admirably they are fitted for each other,' I remarked to my husband, on the night of the wedding. 'Their tastes are similar, and their habits are so much alike, that no violence will be done to the feelings of either, in the more intimate associations that marriage brings. Both are neat in person and orderly by instinct; and both have good principles.'

'From all present appearances, the match will be a good one,' replied my husband. There was, I thought, something like reservation, in his tone.

'Do you think so?' I said, a little ironically; for Mr. Smith's approval of the marriage was hardly warm enough to suit my fancy.

'Oh certainly! why not?'

I felt a little fretted at my husband's mode of speaking; but made no further remark on the subject. He is never very enthusiastic or sanguine; and did not mean, in this instance, to dout the fitness of the parties for happiness in the marriage state, as I half imagined. For myself, I warmly approved my friend's choice, and called her husband a lucky man to secure for his companion through life, a woman so admirably fitted to make one like him happy. But a visit which I paid to Cora one day, about six weeks after the honey moon had expired, lessened my enthusiasm on the subject, and, awoke some unpleasant doubts. It happened that I called soon after breakfast. Cora met me in the parlor, looking like a very fright. She wore a soiled and rumpled morning wraper, and her hair was in papers and she had on dirty stockings, and a pair of old slippers down at the heels.

'Bless me, Cora,' said I, 'what is the matter? Have you been sick?'

'No. Why do you ask? Is my dishabille rather on the extreme?'

'Candidly, I think it is, Cora,' was my frank answer.

'Oh, well! no matter,' she carelessly replied, 'my fortune's made.'

'I don't clearly understand you,' said I.

'I'm married you know.'

'Yes, I'm aware of that fact.'

'No need of being so particular in dress, now.'

'Why not?'

'Didn't I just say?' replied Cora. 'My fortune's made. I've got a husband.'

Beneath an air of jesting, was apparent the real earnestness of my friend.

'You dressed with a careful regard to taste and neatness, in order to win Edward's love,' said I.

'Certainly, I did.'

'And should you not do the same in order to retain it?'

'Why, Mrs Smith! Do you think my husband's affection was no deeper than my dress? I should be very sorry, indeed, to think that. He loves me for myself.'

'No doubt of that in the world, Cora.—But remember that he cannot see what is your mind except by what you say. If he admires your taste, for instance, it is not from any abstract appreciation of it, because the taste manifests itself in what you do. And, depend upon it, he will find a very hard matter to approve and admire your correct taste in dress, for instance, when you appear before him day after day, in your present unattractive dress. If you do not dress well for your husband's eyes, for whose eyes, pray, do you dress? You are as neat, when abroad, as you were before marriage.'

'As to that, Mrs. Smith, common decency requires me to dress when I go upon the street, or into company; to say nothing of the pride one naturally feels in looking well.'

'And does not the same common decency and natural pride argue as strongly in favor of your dressing well at home and for the eye of your husband, whose approval, and whose admiration must be dearer to you than the approval and admiration of the whole world.'

'But he doesn't want to see me rigged out in silks and satins all the time. A pretty bill my dress maker would have against him in that event. Edward has more sense than that, I flatter myself.'

'Street or ball-room attire, is one thing, Cora, and becoming home apparel another. We look for both in their place.'

Thus I argued with the thoughtless young wife, but my words made no impression. When abroad, she dressed with exquisite taste, and was lovely to look upon; but at home she was careless and slovenly, and made it almost impossible for those who saw her, to realize that she was the brilliant beauty they had met in company but a short time before. But even this did not last long. I noticed, after a few months, that the habits of home were confirming themselves, and becoming apparent abroad. Her fortune was made, and why should she now waste time, or employ her thoughts about matters of personal appearance.

The habits of Mr Douglass, on the contrary did not change. He was as orderly as before; and dressed with the same regard to neatness. He never appeared at the breakfast table in the morning without being shaved; nor did he lounge about in the evening in his shirt sleeves. The slovenly habits into which Cora had fallen, annoyed him seriously, and still more so, when her carelessness about her appearance began to manifest abroad as well as at home. When he hinted anything on the subject, she did not hesitate to reply, in a jesting manner, that her fortune was made, and she need not trouble herself any longer about her appearance.

Douglass did not feel very much complimented, but as he had his share of good sense, he saw that to assume a cold and offended manner would do no good.

'If your fortune is made, so is mine,' he replied, on one occasion, quite coolly and indifferently.

Next morning he made his appearance at the breakfast table with a beard of twenty-four hours growth.

'You haven't shaved this morning, dear,' said Cora, to whose eyes the dirty-looking face of her husband was very unpleasant.

'No,' he replied carelessly; 'it's a seri- day.'

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wife had hastily thrown on a wrapper, and, with slip shod feet, and head like a mop, was lounging in a large rocking chair awaiting the breakfast bell.

'For mercy's sake, Edward, don't go any longer with that shockingly dirty face,' spoke up Cora. 'If you knew how dreadfully you looked.'

'Looks are nothing,' replied Edward; as he stroked his beard.

'Why, what's come over you all at once?'

'Nothing, only it's such a trouble to shave every day.'

'But you didn't shave yesterday.'

'I know; I am just as well off to-day as if I had. So much saved at any rate.'

But Cora argued the matter, and her husband finally yielded, and mowed down the luxuriant growth of beard,

'How much better you look,' said the young wife. 'Now don't go another day without shaving.'

'But why should I take so much trouble about mere looks? I'm just as good with a long beard as with a short one. It is a great deal of trouble to shave every day. You can love me just as well; and why need I care what others say or think?'

On the following morning Douglass appeared not only with a long beard, but with a bosom and collar that was both soiled and rumpled.

'Why, Edward, how you do look,' said Cora. 'You have neither shaved nor put on a clean shirt.'

Edward stroked his face, and run his fingers along the edge of his collar, remarking, indifferently, as he did so—

'It's no matter, I look well enough.—This being so very particular in dress, is waste of time; and I'm getting tired of it.'

And in this trim Douglass went to his business, much to the annoyance of his wife, who could not bear to see her husband looking so slovenly.

Gradually the declension from neatness went on, until Edward was quite a match for his wife, and yet, strange to say, Cora had not taken the hint, broad as it was.—In her own person, she was as untidy as ever. About six months after their marriage we invited a few friends to spend a social evening with us, Cora and her husband among the number. Cora came alone, quite early, and said that her husband was very much engaged, and could not come until after tea. My young friend had not taken much pains with her attire. Indeed, her appearance mortified me, as contrasting so decidedly with that of the other ladies present; and I could not help suggesting to her she was wrong in being so indifferent about her dress. But she laughingly replied—'You know my fortune's made now, Mrs. Smith. I can afford to be negligent in these matters. It is a great waste of time to dress so much.'

I tried to argue against this, but could make no impression upon her. About an hour after tea, and while we were all engaged in pleasant conversation, the door of the parlor opened and in walked Mr. Douglass. At first glance I thought I must be mistaken. But no; it was Edward himself. But what a figure did he cut! His uncombed hair was standing up, in stiff spikes, in a hundred different directions; his face could not have felt the touch of a razor for two or three days; and he was guiltless of clean linen for at least the same length of time. His vest was soiled, his boots unblacked, and there was an unmistakeable hole in one of his elbows.

'Why, Edward!' exclaimed his wife, with a look of mortification and distress, as her husband came across the room, with a face in which no consciousness of the figure he cut could be detected.

'Wh my dear fellow! What is the matter?' said my husband frankly; for he perceived that the ladies began to titter, and that the gentlemen were looking at each other, and trying to r press their r-

tendencies; and therefore deemed it best to throw off all reserve on the subject.

'The matter! Nothing is the matter, I believe. Why do you ask?' Douglass looked grave.

'Well may he ask what's the matter!' broke in Cora, energetically. 'How could you come here in such a plight?'

'In such plight!' And Edward looked down at himself; felt his beard and run his fingers through his hair. 'What's the matter? Is any thing wrong?'

'You look as if you'd just waked up from a nap of a week with your clothes on, and come off without washing your face or combing your hair, said my husband.

'Oh!' And Edward's countenance brightened a little. Then he said, with much gravity of manner—

'I've been extremely hurried of late; and only left my store a few minutes ago. I hardly thought it worth while to go home and dress up I knew we were all friends here. Besides, *as my fortune is made*—and he glanced with a look not to be mistaken towards his wife—I don't feel called upon to give as much attention to mere dress as formerly. Before I was married, it was necessary to be particular in these matters, but now it's of no consequence.'

I turned towards Cora. Her face was like crimson. In a few moments, she arose and went quickly from the room. I followed her, and Edward came after us, pretty sore. He found his wife in tears, and sobbing almost hysterically.

'I've got a carrage at the door,' he said to me, aside, half laughing, half serious. 'So help her on with her things, and we'll retire in disorder.'

'But it is too bad in you, Mr. Douglass,' replied I.

'Forgive me for making your house the scene of this lesson to Cora,' he whispered. 'It had to be given, and I thought I could venture to trespass upon your forbearance.

'I'll think about that,' said I.

In a few minutes Cora and her husband retired, and in spite of good breeding and everything else, we all had a hearty laugh over the matter, on my return to the parlor, where I explained the curious little scene that had just occurred.

How Cora and her husband settled the affair between themselves. I never inquired. But one thing is certain; I never saw her in a slovenly dress afterwards, at home or abroad. She was cured.

MRS. MARINE T. W. CHANDLE

Thou hast the boon of Love, and with it laureled fame:
To thee, true hearts do bow, and friendship decks thy name
With pearls of rarest worth, for at thy feet doth rest
The homage of the hidden light, that glows within each bre

Thou hast the boon of Love; and music's gift is thine:
Thy mind a golden casket is, whose gems do brightly shin
Blending their rays of rosy light with the poet's fairy dowe
Waking sad hearts to gladness, by a spell of magic power.

So take the boon of Love, and the Spirit's earnest prayer,
That thy life glide gently on, all free from blighting care,
Good angels guard *thy* household hearth, and blessings on
rest,
Such as the world yields not alway, to make thee truly bles

Philadelphia, June 21st, 1847. L. F. A

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

SONNET TO MRS. MARY E. EDWARD

OF WASHINGTON CITY.

BY CALEB LYONS, OF LYONSDALE.

Lady, I've dwelt beneath thy gentle tones,
That linger as the music of a stream
Around my spirit, and not for thrones
Would I dispel the bright ideal dream.
Thy presence oft cast round me as a spell,
Such as the intellect alone can bind—
It is the minstrel's rare Castalian well,
That mirrors forth the glory of the mind.
Though humble be my lay, it is sincere,
And from a heart that's oft been tempted sore,
To one whose brilliant words as stars appear,
To light our pathway to a better shore,
That long will live when earthlier things are dead,
When form hath vanished and frail beauty fled.

Laugh and Grow Fat.



☞ May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A country editor says that a girl was asked not long since, to unite herself in a silken tie, who named May in his proposals. The lady tenderly hinted that May was an unlucky month for marrying. "Well, make it June, then," honestly replied the swain, anxious to accommodate. The damsel paused a moment, cast down her eyes, and with a blush, said, "*Wouldn't April do as well?*"

☞ A Mr. Wilkinson has written to a western paper, informing the public that he thinks the newspaper record of his death is incorrect. He says to the best of his knowledge he is alive, and would be kicking if he could find the author of the report.

☞ "Isaac, can you describe a bat?" "Yes sir; he's a flying insect, about the size of a stopple, has India rubber wings, and a shoe string tale, he sees with his eyes shut, and bites like the devil."

☞ A FREE GOSPEL.—The Louisville Examiner tells a story of a church member who had always been more remarkable for opening his mouth to say amen than opening his purse. He had, on one occasion, taken his usual place near the preacher's stand, and was making his response with great admiration. After a burst of burning eloquence from the preacher, he clasped his hands, and cried out in a kind of ecstacy: "Yes, thank God! I have been a Methodist for twenty-five years, and it hasn't cost me twenty-five cents!" "Bless your stingy soul!" was the preacher's emphatic reply.

☞ PRETTY GOOD, FAT!—An Irishman, a day or two since, who had been often and profitably employed as a stevedore, was observed intently gazing at a steam-engine, that was whizzing away at a swift rate, doing his work for him, and filling the office out of the hold of a ship, quicker than you can say "Jack Robinson." Pat looked till his anger was pretty well up, and then shaking his fist at the "tarnal critter," he exclaimed—

"Choog, choog, choog, spet, spet, stam it, and be bothered, ye ould child o' the divil that ye are! Ye may do the work o' twenty-five fellies—ye may take the bread out iv an honest Irishman's mouth—but, be the powers, now, *ye can't vote*, old blazer, mind that, will ye!"

☞ A droll fellow was asked by an old lady to read the newspaper; and taking it up, began as follows:—

"Last night, yesterday morning, about two o'clock in the afternoon before breakfast, a hungry boy about forty years old, bought a fip custard for a levy, and threw it through a brick wall nine feet thick, and jumping over it broke his ankle right off above the knee, fell into a dry mill pond and was drowned. About forty years after that on the same day, an old cat had nine turkey gobblers, a high wind blew Yankee Doodle on a frying pan, and knocked the old Dutch churn down and killed an old sow and two dead pigs at Bosting, where a deaf and dumb man was talking French to his aunt Peter." The old lady, taking a long breath, exclaimed, "Du tell!"

☞ An honest dame in the town of —— standing beside the corpse of her deceased husband, bewailing in piteous tones his untimely departure, observed; "It's a pity he's dead, for his teeth are as good as they ever was."

☞ "I say," said a dandy to an intelligent mechanic, "I say, I've got an idea in my head." "Well," replied the other; "if you don't cherish it with great care, it will die for the want of companions."

☞ "Father wants you to send him two yards of black broadcloth, he don't care what color it is, and when he kills his pigs last week, he'll pay you what you owe him."

☞ "My dear," said a husband to his affectionate better half, after a matrimonial squabble, "you will never be permitted to go to heaven!" "Why, not?" "Because you will be wanted as a torn... t down below!"

☞ A young lady once remarked that there was but one word in the Bible she wished altered, and that was in the passage, "Whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." She would have the word "smite" changed to "kiss."

Conundrums.

Why is a person snoring in bed like a new song? Because it's sheet music.

"Let's organize," as the music-grinder said when he got in front of our office.

Why was the capture of the city of Mexico like *Ivanhoe?* Because it was *Scott's* best work.

"Par, what is grand larceny?" "It is when a fellow steals from his grandfather."

Why is the sun like a loaf of bread? Because it is light when it rises.

Why is a solar eclipse like a woman [illegible]

THE HEROES OF THE WAR.



MAJOR GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.

The entire press of the country have left us no word of novelty with which to accompany the above portrait of Gen. TAYLOR. For many months past his history, biography, and unparalleled public services, have alike been the theme of the poet and the historian, and have filled the trump of fame with a blast that has rarely been equalled in this country. We have no fear of treading upon party predilections by presenting the above cut, inasmuch as all parties appear about to vie with each other for the honor of offering to him the highest dignity in the gift of a free people. The engraving (as well as that of Gen. Worth) we copy from E. H. Butler & Co.'s cheap edition of "Taylor and his Generals."

POETRY.

For the Boston Recorder.

COMPARISON.—THE LITTLE STAR.

Among the stars which travel on
Through the broad realms of space,
One distant star—a little one,
Glowed in its quietness.

Day after day, night after night
It glimmered, feebly glimmer'd there.
Unheeded was its lonely light,
Unknown it was, that little star.

There, round its circle hurrying,
If it could think, it doubtless thought
Itself a very glorious thing.
And, truly wherefore should it not?

Because, of other worlds the light
Had never travell'd yet so far;
It only knew itself was bright—
Poor little lonely star.

But time will fly, and so will light;
And light and time together flew,
And on that star's bewilder'd sight
The circling worlds their glory threw.

Surpris'd, confused, it wheeled about
And viewed the wonders o'er and o'er,
Fancied its own dim light went out
Their overcoming beams before.

And fain it would have hid away,
Could it have found a corner where,
Or quenched in vapours damp its ray,
Yet glimmer'd on that little star.

And soon it felt the influence sweet
Of their purer, brighter glow,
And meekly dared their eye to meet
And even longed itself to shew.

And when time had pass'd away,
Time will fly and soon is gone,
Some scatterings of a broken ray
To other orbs came shining on.

Fair worlds, so glorious and gay
They for the glimmerer little cared;
And, hurrying on their endless way,
The stars winked at it, and the planets stared.

Worthless indeed the shining seemed
Which such a speck could on them shed,
Yet, as it more distinctly beamed,
It had some light, they said.

And they confessed it had a right
To be and shine as well as they,
It never would eclipse their light
Would not obstruct their way.

Besides, the source from which they drew
Each glorious shining beam,
Gave to that little star, they knew,
Its pale and broken gleam.

So they together travelled on,
Though distant from each other far,
The worlds that with such splendor shone
And that little twinkling star.

POETRY.

From the Conn. Mirror.

Oh 'twould be sweet to lay me down
And "sleep where all must sleep;"
There—where no sorrow can be found,
Where none are known to weep.

Deep be the grave that opes for me—
Secluded be the spot;
The mound, a low one, may it be,
That tells you—I am not.

Lay me far from my father's tomb—
I ask no company;
Throw o'er the earth—and leave no room
For friends to mourn for me.

Mark not my grave with signal tree—
Plant ye no roses there;
Call not, ye friends, to visit me,
Ne'er drop, for me, a tear.

Oh, I shall sleep in sweet repose,
How peaceful shall I be!
He that knows all things only knows
How much is hoped by me.

Hope brightens as I raise the veil,
And cast one look within;
'Tis Hope that telleth loud the tale
That death can conquer sin.

Death! what is death? 'tis but a sleep
That makes our flesh decay:
The soul—kind guardian angels keep
"Till the last trying day."

O, then—in robes of pearly white,
May my frail form be clad!
Can I be seated on the right,
And can I *now* be sad!

Oh no—transporting rapturous thought!
A Heav'n! a Heav'n—in view—
Can I forget those groans that bought
Pardon "for not a few!"
What from my mind these thoughts shall sever?
Shall earthly pleasures? never, never.

POETRY.

THE LAST CONFLAGRATION.

Nor yet had vengeance done. The guilty earth
Inanimate, debased, and stained by sin,
Seat of rebellion, of corruption, long,
And tainted with mortality throughout,
God sentenced next; and sent the final fires
Of ruin forth, to burn and to destroy.
The saints its burning saw; and thou mayst see.
Look yonder round the lofty golden walls
And galleries of New Jerusalem,
Among the imagery of wonders past;
Look near the Southern gate; look, and behold,
On spacious canvass, touched with living hues,—
The Conflagration of the ancient earth,
The handiwork of high arch-angel, drawn
From memory of what he saw that day.
See how the mountains, how the valleys burn!
The Andes burn, the Alps, the Appenines;
Taurus and Atlas, all the islands burn;
The Ocean burns, and rolls his waves of flame.
See how the lightnings, barbed, red with wrath,
Sent from the quiver of Omnipotence,
Cross and re-cross the fiery gloom, and burn
Into the centre! burn without, within,
And help the native fires, which God awoke,
And kindled with the fury of his wrath.
As inly troubled, now she seems to shake;
The flames, dividing, now a moment fall;
And now in one conglomerated mass,
Rising, they glow on high, prodigious blaze!
Then fall and sink again, as if within
The fuel, burnt to ashes, was consumed.
So burned the Earth upon that dreadful day,
Yet not to full annihilation burned:
The essential particles of dust remained,
Purged by the final, sanctifying fires,
From all corruption; from all stain of sin,
Done there by man or devil, purified.
The essential particles remained, of which
God built the world again, renewed, improved,
With fertile vale, and wood of fertile bough;
And streams of milk and honey, flowing long;
And mountains cinctured with perpetual green;
In clime and season fruitful, as at first,
When Adam woke, unfallen, in Paradise.
And God, from out the fount of native light,
A handful took of beams, and clad the sun
Again in glory; and sent forth the moon
To borrow thence her wonted rays, and lead
Her stars, the virgin daughters of the sky.
And God revived the winds, revived the tides;
And touching her from his Almighty hand,
With force centrifugal, she onward ran,
Coursing her wonted path, to stop no more.
Delightful scene of new inhabitants!

ESQUIRE GABLE'S MARRIAGE CEREMONY

You bromish now, you goot man dare
Vot stans upon the vloor,
To hab dish voman for your vife,
And lub her ebermore;

To feed her vell wid sourcrout,
Peens, puttermilk and cheese;
And in all tings to lead your aid,
Dat vill promote her ease.

Yes, and you voman stantin dare,
Do bledge your vord dish tay,
Dat you vill take vor your husband,
Dis man, ant him opey;

Dat you vill ped and poard mit him,
Wash, iron, and ment his cloas,
Laugh when he shmiles, veep when he sighs
Dus share his choys and voes.

Vell, den, I now, vid-in dese valls,
Vidjoy and not vid krief,
Bronounce you bote to be von mint,
Von name, von man, von beef;

I pooblish now, dese sacret bants,
Dese matrimonial ties,
Pefore mine vife, Got, Kate and Poll,
And all dese gazing eyes.

Ant, as de sacred scripture say,
Vot Got unites togedder,
Let no man dare asunder put,
Let no man dare tem sever.

Ant britekroom dare, here you stop,
I'll not let go your collar,
Pefore you answer me dis ting,
Dat ish:—vere ish mine dollar?

For the Boston Recorder.

THE DEATH OF AN AGED CHRISTIAN.

List! heard ye not a Seraph's heavenly strains
Like sweet toned music o'er the waters sound—
Joyous as when on Bethlehem's dewy plains
That song of praise and glory echoed round?—
They linger yet.—Methinks I hear a voice,
'Welcome redeemed to share eternal joys.'

It is a solemn thing to die;—and yet
'Twould seem the spirit of a tottering frame,
Whose eye was raised to Heaven—whose sun was set
On earth, might sing, and joyfully exclaim,
'Oh, Death thou hast no sting! For thee I wait,
To mount, and enter at the Heavenly gate.'

An aged Christian sleeps; his work is done!
Oh mark his end,—'tis peace—triumphant bliss!
Behold, thou bright and ever-during Sun,
Think'st thou thy glory is compared with his?—
Heaven opes to him her everlasting gates,
And Jesus smiling to receive him waits.

Who would not be a Christian, could he die
A death so glorious? He had no fear—
No terror clothed his brow. His fading eye
When casting its last look, shed not a tear
That it must close and die, to ope no more,
Until the last loud trump its life restore.

And well he might so calmly breathe his last!
His hope was founded on the Rock that stands
A sure foundation, which no final blast
Can overthrow.—And now his soul expands
Fresh with immortal youth before the throne,
In holiness complete, and bliss unknown.

New-York. OSCAR.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Enthroned once on high.
Thou favour'd home of God on earth,
Thou heav'n below the sky!
Now brought to bondage with thy sons,
A curse and grief to see,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Our tears shall flow for thee.

Oh! had'st thou known thy day of grace,
And flock'd beneath the wing
Of him who called thee lovingly,
Thine own anointed King;
Then had the tribes of all the world
Gone up thy pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates,
And all thy sons been free!

"And who art thou that mournest me?"
Replied the ruin grey—
"And fear'st not rather that thyself
May prove a castaway?
I am a dried and abject branch,
My place is given to thee;
But woe to ev'ry barren graft
Of thy wild olive tree?

"Our day of grace is sunk in night,
Our time of mercy spent,
For heavy was my children's crime,
And strange their punishment;
Yet gaze not idly on our fall,
But, sinner, warned be,
Who spared not His chosen seed
May send His wrath on thee!

"Our day of grace is sunk in night,
Thy noon is in its prime,
Oh turn and seek thy Saviour's face
In this accepted time!
So Gentile, may Jerusalem
A lesson prove to thee,
And in the new Jerusalem
Thy home forever be!"

The legislature of South Carolina made choice of electors on Tuesday, 4th inst. The Jackson candidates had 57 votes and the Anti-Jackson 99. On Wednesday the eleven votes of South Carolina were given to John Floyd of Virginia for President, and for Henry Lee of Boston for Vice President.

Distressing Mortality.—Br. brig Tweed, Captain King, in 25 days from Kingston, Jamaica, for Halifax, put into Hampton Roads, the 12th inst, with the *loss of all the crew*, except the captain and cook, by fever, twelve days previous.

The legislature of Ohio met at Columbus, on the 3d inst. Samuel R. Miller was elected Speaker of the Senate, pro tem. and David T. Disney, Speaker of the House. They are both Jackson men.

Trial for Piracy.—The Grand Jury of the U. S. Circuit Court, now sitting in this city, have found bills of indictment against an individual named DAVIS, who was arrested some time since and committed to prison, on a charge of Piracy on board the sloop *Ajak*.—*N. Y. Enq.*

Preserving Apples.—Dr T. Cooper, in the *Domestic Encyclopodia*, says that apples may be preserved by putting a layer of dried fern, [brakes] alternately in a basket or box (the latter is considered best, as it admits less air) and cover them closely. The advantage of fern in preference to straw, is that it does not impart a musty taste.—*N. E. Farmer.*

POETRY.

FIELD FLOWERS.—BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of nature, I doat upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue highland mountains and echoing streams,
And of broken glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June:
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delighted your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Ev'n now what affections the violet awakes;
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild-water lily restore:
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart you were dear,
Ere the fervour of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom:
Once I welcome you more, in love's passionless stage
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

THE FOUNT.

FOR THE CENTINEL FONNT.

YOUTHFUL LINES,

Written upon reviewing a scene of suffering, where the attentions of a Mother were most affectionate.

The sweetest [illegible]
A mother's bosom [illegible]
No feelings can with[illegible]
None, like a Mother[illegible]

When sickness seized my [illegible]
And pain compell'd my tears to flow,
She hush'd me, on this pillow soft,
And lull'd away my fears.

When feverish thirst impell'd me oft
The cooling draught to crave,
Her prudence frequent would deny,
But sweet the kiss she gave.

And then, upon her bosom laid,
She walk'd with me and sung;
And never, 'till I tranquil felt,
Thought her fond task was done.

Her moisten'd eye, too, I have seen,
Darting a prayer on high;
—— I knew it was for me she pray'd,
That then I might not die.

Dear Mother! When in future life,
By thousand snares beset,
Thy early, anxious, watchful care,
I'm tempted to forget;

May thy lov'd image to my mind
In all its charms appear;
And then, in virtue's holy path,
My feet shall persevere. H. Y.
December 16, 1828.

The annexed *jeu d'esprit* from FINN, come too late for insertion prior to his benefit: but it is too good to be lost.

Dear Public, you and I of late,
Have dealt so much in fun,
I'll crack you now a monstrous great
Quadruplicated pun!

Like a *grate full* of coals I glow,
A *great full* house to see,
And if I am not *grateful* too,
A *great fool* I must be!

THE VALE OF LOVE.

I know a dear, a lovely spot,
A scene of sunshine and of flowers,
And gladly would I fix my lot
Amid its smiling lawns and bowers;
There, rippling waters softly play,
Telling to blossom'd banks their tale,
And Music's notes and Pleasure's lay
Glide gaily through that joyous Vale.

Yet think not that in bowers and brooks
Its best and dearest charm is found,
Oh! 'tis the home of one whose looks
Shed light and hope and spring around;
And were it changed to trackless sand,
Love's magic wand the scene would hail,
And flowers and fruits the fairy land
Would flourish in that desert Vale!
New Monthly Magazine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SONNET TO ADVERSITY.

BY MRS MORTON.

"For all I thank thee—most for the severe."

Neglected Nymph, that with unheeding sigh,
Turn'st thy white cheek to every striking gale—
While the base crew with wounding taunts assail,
And frowning wealth averts his wintry eye:
Yet the rich virtues follow in thy train.
Thine is Compassion's tear; Submission's calm;
Consoling Hope, Religion's heavenly balm,
And mild Philosophy's instructive strain;
And thine the plaintive Poet's touching song
That moves to melody the chord of care,
Pouring forgiveness o'er the careless wrong,
To heal the wounded spirit of despair.
Ah! may I ne'er forget thy voice divine,
But bless the hour that made its precepts mine.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

Night!—and the long-prisoned thunder from its dwelling
Hath wander'd forth!—see, how the lightnings flash
Around its path!—and hark, its deep voice swelling
Louder and louder, till with one wide crash
It bursts mid-heaven!—'Tis past—and far along
Through the deep vault it rolls;—a myriad host
Take up the fearful burden, and prolong
Its dying echoes. Where is now thy boast
Of power, weak child of clay,—and where art thou,
The impious boaster?—down—down in the dust,
Even with thy fellow-worms. Ay, thou *canst* bow
And tremble too—and feel how frail thy trust.
What shall avail thee in that fearful hour,
When HE the THUNDERER, shall walk forth in power

FOR THE EVENING GAZETTE

SONG.

Enthusiastic minds generally judge prematurely

Thinkest thou I can change my love
In the love I bear for thee?
Thinkest thou I can break my love
From the vows once sworn by me?

Sooner shall the lamb, my love,
Learn to prey on mountain side;
Sooner shall the wolf, my love,
Peaceful through the sheepfold glide.

Sooner shall the stream, my love,
Change its course and backward flow;
Sooner shall thine eye, my love,
Cease with heavenly light to glow.

Oh! believe me true, my love,
And consent with me, to dwell,
I will rather die, my love,
Than neglect to love thee well. C. I

THE LILY OF THE V[illegible]

When nature, all in bloom array'd,
A rich variety display'd,
Our senses to regale,
One little flower did all excel;
The lily of the vale.

'Twas clad in loveliest, whitest hue,
Its scent was far the sweetest too,
Borne on the gentle gale;
'Twas hid beneath the neighboring flowers,
And tho' conceal'd display'd its powers,
Sweet lily of the vale.

The rose may boast her glowing red,
The towering sun-flower rear his head,
Their charms can ne'er prevail;
Since soft, retiring from the view,
I saw thee first in loveliest hue,
My lily of the vale.

COMPOUND EPITHETS.—The custom of using hard compounds furnished Ben Johnson with an opportunity of showing his satire and his learning together.—These are the words of which he speaks sometimes as 'un-in-one-breath-utterable.' Redi mentions an epigram against the sophists which is preserved in Athenæus, and is made up of compounds 'a mile long.' He presents us with a Latin translation by Joseph Scaliger, which may be thus rendered into English:

Loftybrowflourishers,
Noseinbedwallowers,
Bagandbreadnourishers,
Dishandallswallowers,
Oldcloakinvestitors,
Barefootlookfashioners,
Nightprivatefeasteaters,
Craftlucubrationers;
Youthcheaters, wordcatchers, vaingloryosophers,
Such are your seek[illegible]

From the Atlantic Souvenir.

SONG OF A GREEK ISLANDER ILE.

"A Greek Islander being taken to the vale o[illegible] and called upon to admire its beautiful scener[illegible] "Yes, all is fair: but the sea, where is it."

Where is the sea?—I languish here—
Where is my own blue sea?
With all its barks of fleet career,
And flags and breezes free!

I miss that voice of waves—the first
Which woke my childhood glee;
The measured chime—the thundering burst—
Where is my own blue sea?

Oh! rich your myrtles' breath may rise,
Soft, soft, your winds may be;
Yet my sick heart within me dies—
Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,
I hear the whispering tree—
The echoes of my soul are mu[illegible]
Where is my own blue [illegible]

[illegible]CIA HEMANS.

The Editor of the New-York Cou[illegible] challenges all the female writers in America to produce anything equal to the following lines published in his paper under the signature of "*Norna*." The lines are certainly good—but we think that Mr. Brooks estimates them too highly. Norna herself has written much better.—A piece of hers entitled "*Midnight*," which appeared in the Courier a year ago, is, in our opinion, altogether superior to this trifle.

N. E. Review.

HEBREW.—*Jeremiah*, 10, 17.

From the hall of our fathers in anguish we fled,
Nor again will its marble re-echo our tread,
For the breath of the Siroc has blasted our name,
And the frown of Jehovah has crushed us in shame.

His robe was the whirlwind, his voice was the thunder,
And earth, at his footstep, was riven asunder;
The mantle of midnight had shrouded the sky,
But we knew where He stood by the flash of His eye.

Oh Judah! how long must thy weary ones weep,
Far, far from the land where their forefathers sleep!
How long ere the glory that brightened the mountain,
Will welcome the exile to Siloa's fountain?

EVENING REFLECTIONS.

The sun is set, the day is closed;
The night is come the world's composed,
And cares are laid aside.
So fly my days without control,
Like rolling spheres around the pole,
And swift as meteors fly.

My life at best is but a span.
The days are few laid up for man
To number here in pain;
Each moment clips the little space,
Contracts the span, cuts short the race,
And winds the mortal span.

Soon will the wheels to pieces break,
The fountain dry, the fabric shake,
The silver cord untie.
My day will end, my night will come,
My body lodged in yonder tomb,
My soul above the sky.

Well, if my days must end so soon,
My morning sun go down at noon;
The present I'll improve;
I'll take the cross, the same despise,
And seek my mansion in the skies,
And bid this world adieu.

Then break thou wheel! Thou cord untie!
Thou fabric fall! Thou fountain dry!
And night, thy curtain spread!
[illegible] down, my sun! Wind up, my chain!
[illegible]ace, my span, and end my pain,
[illegible]id lodge me with the dead!

Sung by Mr. Wal[illegible]

Oh, welcome the moment, when life's troubled dream
Give way to the rapture of soul;
When true-hearts are met where Benevolence beams,
And nothing but Love can control:
When the joys that we feel, with the cares that have flown,
So mingle their sunshine and shade;
That Fancy can bask in a blaze of her own,
And worship what Genius hath made.

We have met once again and long may we share
The union of Friendship and Love,
While our hearts burn, as one, through the midnight of care,
As the galaxy brightens above.
Here, then, let us throw off the mantle of woe,
And drink to the present and past,
Let a bumper go round till our glasses o'erflow,
And happiness crown us at last.

Should anguish and sorrow o'ershadow our way,
And Hope's phantom beauty beguile;
While CHARITY lends us her generous ray,
We'll live in the light of her smile.
Thus, while darkness envelopes our cold wintry skies
And clouds hang their tempests between;
The Aurora commands her own Iris to rise,
And hallow the [illegible]olate scene.

[illegible] suffering but [illegible]
[illegible] propensity.
captain thinks [illegible]
The same person has seen a stout hickory

For the Boston Recorder.

ANSWER TO "THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL."

The following lines were written at the request of the mother and sister of one who had been recently married, and removed from the banks of Connecticut river to New Connecticut; and who, after her arrival, had sent home "the Bride's Farewell," by *Mrs. Hemans.*

'Tis good to weep—o'er friends we loved,
In earlier, happier days—
O'er distant walks where we have roved,
With gushing sympathies—
O'er fav'rite trees which once we tended—
O'er flowers we loved to keep—
When once we think, *our joys are ended*—
Dear *Sister!*—you *may* weep!

'Tis good to weep—whene'er you think
Of home and pleasures gone—
Of all the tender ties that link
Our kindred souls in one.
The river still flows proudly by,
As rapidly and deep,
As when you left it with a sigh—
Kind Sister!—you *may* weep!

'Tis sweet to weep—the locusts yet,
Are flourishing and green;
The elms which you will ne'er forget,
Are still as they have been;
And, hark!—we hear the pensive strain,
That long has been asleep,
The tune, you loved, is struck again—
Dear Sister!—you *may* weep!

'Tis kind to weep—for, morn and eve,
Are gathered round the fire,
The circle you were forced to leave,
To hear the voice of prayer.
The hour is blest, when low we bow,
Rapt in devotions deep!
But Oh!—you are not with us *now!*
Sweet daughter!—you *may* weep!

'Tis kind to weep—O, yes; 'tis kind,
To drop the flowing tear,
When sorrow presses on the mind,
For friends to us *so dear.*
And we will think of *her* away,
And her fond memory keep,
And hope to meet, some better day,
Where we shall *cease to weep!*

G. M. BARD.

same.

oy to the pleasant land we love—
The land our fathers trod!
Joy to the land for which they won
"Freedom to worship God."

For peace on all its sunny hills
On every mountain broods,
And sleeps by all its gushing rills,
And all *its mighty* floods.

The wife sits meekly by the hearth
Her infant child beside;
The father on his noble boy
Looks with a fearless pride.

The grey old man beneath the tree
Tales of his childhood tells;
And sweetly in the hush of morn
Peal out the Sabbath bells.

And we *are* free—but is there not
One blot upon our name?
Is our proud record written fair
Upon the scroll of fame?

Our banner floateth by the shore,
Our flag upon the sea—
But when the fetter'd *slave* is loos'd
We shall be *truly* free.

Salem, An Address was delivered by the
J. P. Cleaveland, and a collection of $50
for the same Society.

POETRY.

For the Boston Record

FAREWELL TO MY PUPILS.

Oh fleetly, fleetly time hath past,
Ye lov'd ones, since we met,
The parting hour has come at last;
And now our tears are flowing fast,—
The tears of kind regret.

The morn shall come;—but ye no more,
With light and blithesome tread,
Shall come to meet me as before,
The scene of our communion's o'er,
Its joyful hours have fled.

Farewell, ye *little ones* farewell,—
With cheeks of rosy hue,
And eyes, whose gladsome glances tell
How hope's enchanting, soothing spell
Is softly thrown on you.

Those eyes, though tears bedim them now,
Will soon again be dry;
And from each fair and sunny brow,
Untaught at grief's cold frown to bow,
The cloud of sadness fly.

For ah, in childhood's reckless hour,
Of life ye little know;—
How o'er its path dark tempests low'r,
And oft, with chilling, with'ring pow'r,
The blasts of sorrow blow.

Then fare ye well:—may He who said,
Let children come to me,—
He who for guilty sinners bled,—
On you his choicest blessings shed,—
Your Friend, your Guardian be.

Farewell, beloved *youth*, farewell,
God wills that we should part,
Each rising sigh I'll strive to quell,—
Nor let one wayward wish rebel,—
Though sadness fills my heart.

Ye from my lips no more shall hear
Instruction's wonted voice,
Then let me now, with love sincere,
Once more entreat you God to fear—
To make the happy choice.

Flee, flee from those ensnaring wiles,
The world has round you spread,—
The world, which oft, with flatt'ring smiles,
The unsuspecting youth beguiles
The ways of death to tread.

And choose in youth that better part,
Which nought can rend away,—
Which blunts at last death's dreaded dart,—
And fills with joy divine the heart,—
And leads to endless day.

Then, though we meet no more below,
The blissful hour may come,
When, free from sin, and pain, and wo,
We, where eternal pleasures flow,
Shall find a common home.

S. D. A.

February, 1828.

THE SABBATH.

Thou unimagin'd God! though every hour,
And ev'ry day, speak Thy tremendous power;
Upon the seventh, creation's work was crown'd,
When the glad universe career'd around;
Then ever hallow'd be Thy chosen day,
Till Nature die, and time shall roll away.

Sweet Sabbath morn! from childhood's dimpled prime
I've loved to hail thy calm-renewing time:
Soft steal thy bells upon the pensive mind,
In mingling murmurs floating on the wind,
Telling of friends and times long wing'd away,
And blissful hopes, harmonious with the day.

On thy still dawn, while holy music peals,
And far around the ling'ring echo steals,
What heart communes not with the day's repose,
And, wrapp'd in angel dreams, forgets its woes?
Who, in His temple, gives to God a prayer,
Nor feels the majesty of heaven there?
The sacred stillness of the vaulted pile,
Where gather'd hearts their homage breathe awhile;
The mingled burst of penitential sighs,
The choral anthem pealing to the skies,
Exalt the soul to energies sublime,
Chain the wild thought, and solemnize the time.

Emblem of peace! upon the village plain,
Thou dawn'st a blessing to the toil-worn swain;
Soon as thy smiles upon the upland play,
His bosom gladdens with the bright'ning day;
Humble and happy, to his lot resign'd,
He owns the inward sabbath of the mind.

And when, with bending knee and sainted tone,
His vows are breathed unto Jehovah's throne,
Serene the thoughts that o'er his bosom steal,
When homeward winding for the Sabbath meal.

* * * * * * * * *

These are the wonted blessings of the day,
That all his weekly toils and woes repay:
And when aerial Night hath veil'd the view,
And star-gleams twinkle on the meadow dew,
Some elder boy beside his father's knee,
Shall stand and read the Holy History;
Or peaceful prayer, or chaunted hymn shall close
The hour that woos him to a sweet repose.

MONTGOMERY.

POETRY.

SONG.—*By Mrs. Hemans.*

——"Oh! cast thou not
Affection from thee! in this bitter world
Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast,
Watch—guard it—suffer not a breath to dim
The bright gem's purity!"

If thou has crush'd a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quench'd a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted;
But on thy harp or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token!

If thou hast loos'd a bird,
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,
Still, still he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee;
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave shall bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruis'd a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its clusters yet may glow
Through the leaves their bloom revealing;
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown
With a bright draught—fill'd—oh! never
Shall earth give back that lavish'd wealth
To cool thy parch'd lip's fever!

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee,
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee;
And like that string of harp or lute
Whence the sweet sound is scatter'd;—
Gently, oh! gently touch the chords
So soon for ever shatter'd!!

POETRY.

For the Boston Recorder.

THE GREEK MOTHER'S PETITION.

Mothers, of that happy land,
Far beyond the western wave,
Oh, extend the bounteous hand,—
Save,—from famine's horrors,—save.

'Tis not for ourselves alone,
Thus we pour our earnest prayer,
Want, privation, we have known;—
Want *we* still could meekly bear.

But we cannot check the tears,
Which unbidden freely flow,
While our grief, our anxious fears
Waken at our *children's* wo.

Oh, our children!—mothers, hear us;
'Tis for them we fondly plead,
You can succour, you can cheer us,
Oh, bestow the boon we need.

While your little ones ye see
Crowding round your loaded board,
To our wretched children we
No such comforts can afford.

"Give us bread;—we faint, we die,"
Is their sad, distracting call,
Tell us, would not such a cry
Your own tender hearts appal?

Oh, extend the bounteous hand,—
Save,—from famine's horrors, save,—
Mothers, of that happy land,
Far beyond the western wave.

S. D. A.

POET'S CORNER.

From the Religious Remembrancer.

A WILLOW BRANCH FROM HARRIET'S GRAVE.

[A 'Sailor' recently visited the Isle of France, where the remains of that much loved Missionary, Mrs. NEWELL, are deposited, and gathered a Branch of the Willow-Tree which shades her early Grave.]

Departed saint! this relic from thy grave,
Borne as a tribute o'er the pathless wave,
Our sympathies recall;—while sad we tra
Thy early tomb,—thy distant resting place.
A *stranger* wandering near thy lowly head,
Perchance by pity or affection led,
Cull'd this memento of thy much lov'd name,
Transcending ancient trophies, rear'd for fame.
Oft as a breeze fann'd the extended deep,
Each leaf slow moving would a requiem keep;
Bending its leaves, the willow guards thy mound:
A flower, recluse, perfumes the sacred ground.—
Here HARRIET sleeps;—but while we linger near,
A Heavenly voice dispels the rising tear,—
Speaks of a land of pure and perfect rest,
Where those who sleep in JESUS shall be blest,
There sin and sorrow never more shall reign;
There friends who lov'd on earth, will meet again—
Nor fear to die.—Transplanted to that Clime,
The *humblest* flower with radiance e'er will shine.
Faith must believe, and wait the promised days,
When vision ends, and all is ceaseless praise.

Philadelphia, Jan. 1822

V. G. W.

JEPTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

She stood before her father's gorgeous tent,
To listen for his coming. Her loose hair
Was resting on her shoulders, like a cloud
Floating around a statue, and the wind,
Just swaying her light robe, reveal'd a shape
Praxiteles might worship. She had clasp'd
Her hands upon her bosom, and had raised
Her beautiful, dark, Jewish eyes to Heaven,
Till the long lashes laid upon her brow.
Her lip was slightly parted, like the cleft
Of a pomegranate blossom, and her neck,
Just where the cheek was meeting to its curve,
With the unearthly beauty sometimes there
Was shaded, as if light had fallen off,
It's surface was so polish'd. She was quelling
Her light, quick breath, to hear; and the white rose
Scarce mov'd upon her bosom, as it swell'd
Like nothing but a lovely dream of light,
To meet the arching of her queenly neck.
Her countenance was radiant with love,—
She look'd a thing to die for it. A being
Whose whole existence was the pouring out
Of rich and deep affections. I have thought
A brother's and a sister's love was much.
I know a brother's *is*—for I have been
A sister's idol; and I know how broke
The heart may be with its own tenderness.—
But the affection of a delicate child
For a fond father, gushing as it does
With the sweet springs of life, and pouring on
Through all earth's changes like a principle,—
Chasten'd with reverence, and made more pure
By the world's discipline of light and shade—
It must be holier.

The wind bore on
The leaden tramp of thousands. Clarion notes
Rang sharply on the ear at intervals;
And the low, mingled din of mighty hosts
Returning from the battle, pour'd from far,
Like the deep murmur of a restless sea.
They came, as earthly conquerors always come,—
With blood and splendor, revelry and woe.
The stately horse treads proudly—he hath trod
The brow of death, as well. The chariot wheels
Of warriors roll magnificently on—
Their weight hath crush'd the fallen. *Man* is there—
Majestic, lordly man—with his sublime
And elevated brow, and godlike frame;
Lifting his crest in triumph,—for his heel
Hath trod the dying like a wine-press down!

The mighty Jepthah led his warriors on
Thro' Mizpeh's streets. His helm was proudly set;
And his stern lip curl'd slightly, as if praise
Were for the hero's scorn. His step was firm,
But free as India's leopard; and his mail,
Whose shekels none in Israel might bear,
Was like a cedar's tassel on his frame.
His crest was Judah's kingliest. And the look
Of his dark, lofty eye, and bended brow,
Might quell the lion. He led on; but thoughts
Seem'd gathering round which troubled him. The veins
Grew visible upon his swarthy brow,
And his proud lip was press'd as if with pain.
He trod less firmly; and his restless eye
Glanc'd forward frequently, as if some ill
He dar'd not meet, were there. His home was near;
And men were thronging with that strange delight
They have in human passions, to observe
The struggle of his feelings with his pride.
He gaz'd intensely forward. The tall firs
Before his tent were motionless. The leaves
Of the sweet aloe, and the clustering vines
Which half concealed his threshold, met his eye
Unchang'd and beautiful; and one by one,
The balsam with its sweet-distilling stems,
And the Circassian rose, and all the crowd
Of silent and familiar things, stole up
Like the recover'd passages of dreams.
He strode on rapidly. A moment more,
And he had reach'd his home; when lo! there sprang
One with a bounding footstep, and a brow
Of light, to meet him. Oh how beautiful!—
Her dark eye flashing like a sun-lit gem—
And her luxuriant hair!—'twas like the sweep
Of a swift wing in visions. He stood still,
As if the sight had wither'd him. She threw
Her arms about his neck—he heeded not.
She call'd him "Father"—but he answer'd not.
She stood and gaz'd upon him. Was he wroth?—
There was no anger in that blood-shot eye.
Had sickness seiz'd him? She unclasp'd his helm,
And laid her white hand gently on his brow,
And the large veins felt stiff and hard like cords.
The touch arous'd him. He rais'd up his hands
And spoke the name of God, in agony.
She knew that he was stricken, then; and rush'd
Again into his arms; and with a flood
Of tears she could not bridle, sobb'd a prayer
That he would tell her of his wretchedness.
He told her—and a momentary flush
Shot o'er her countenance; and then the soul
Of Jepthah's daughter waken'd; and she stood
Calmly and nobly up, and said 'twas well—
And she would die. . . . . .
. . . . . The sun had well nigh set.
The fire was on the altar; and the priest
Of the High God was there. A wasted man
Was stretching out his wither'd hands to Heaven,
As if he would have pray'd, but had no words—
And she who was to die, the calmest one
In Israel at that hour, stood up alone
And waited for the sun to set. Her face
Was pale, but very beautiful; her lip
Had a more delicate outline, and the tint
Was deeper; but her countenance was like
The majesty of angels.

The sun set—
And she was dead—but not by violence.— ROY

SAPPHO'S HYMN TO EVENING.

(From the Dublin University Magazine.)

HAIL, sweetest Eve! All pleasant things are thine;
The social meal, the spirit-stirring wine;
Th' unutter'd joy which fills the mother's breast,
As on it sinks her smiling babe to rest.
All hail, sweet Eve! How grateful is thy close
To him who toils—how sweet is *his* repose:
So feels the peasant when the day is done,
Greeting with silent hymn the setting sun.
E'en storm-nurs'd seamen on their native main
Bless in their hearts thy brief and gentle reign.
In cities too, the industrious artisan,
Bound to one spot from morning's earliest dawn,
Earns with more cheerfulness his scanty fee,
Sweetening the long day's toil with thoughts of thee!
With thoughts of thee, and of his own lov'd home,
Whither Restraint, his demon, cannot come;
But where Affection's cup, full to the brim,
And unexhausted ever, waits for him!
All hail, sweet Eve! Where deserts outstretched lie
Beneath the ardour of a cloudless sky,
Droops the faint traveller in the mid-day blaze,
And shrinks before the Sun's relentless gaze,
And dreams of springs that from the sand-hills burst,
And long—long draughts to slake his burning thirst:
But oh, how leaps his very heart to see
The lengthening shadow promise give of thee.
All hail, sweet Eve! What joys fond lovers feel,
When from the mocking crowd's rude gaze they steal
To roam unseen thro' forests' twilight shade,
Or by the unruffled stream, or loud cascade,
To gaze in silence on thy silv'ry star,
Which seems to smile upon them from afar,
While drunk of heart they own Love's twin-born power
Deep feelings murmuring forth—sweet evening hour!

All hail, sweet Eve! There is an unmark'd grave,
O'er which the dark-leav'd mourners sadly wave;
Tall weeds and o'er-fed grass grow heavily there,
And you may hardly breathe the still dull air—
That spot is dear to me as the warm sun—
Oh! not a leaf but I have wept upon!
No wild-flow'r of the spot, whose darksome hue
Tells of the tainted ground, now drinks the dew,
But lives within my heart for aye to be
Water'd by tears of saddest memory!
Sweet evening hour! I bless thy glad return,
In secret o'er that narrow mound to mourn;
Far from the crowd—the vain, the cold, the gay,
To bend me o'er that fondly-cherished clay,
And in thy ear alone to pour—apart,
The lone, sear'd hope of my forsaken heart!
All hail, sweet Eve! Sweet Eve all hail again!
The Sun is set—the Stars are met—Amen.

THE DRAMA.

FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

BULWER, my friend, you've framed a bill—
I fear 'tis all bow wow—
To regulate the Drama's course,
For where's the Drama now?

At Drury if you seek the Muse,
You'll catch a German vrow,
Or trip up a *danseuse*' light heels—
For where's the Drama now?

To Covent Garden should you pass,
The doors are shut, I vow,
And all the actors sent to grass—
So where's the Drama now?

Legitimate and Regular
Are equal any how;
Who cares what name the rubbish bears—
For where's the Drama now?

All unclean beasts usurp the stage,
From elephant to sow;
And Shakspeare lies in Cap'let's tomb,
For where's the Drama now?

Of old, the least encroachment caused
A monstrous O. P. row;
But there's no dust when all is lost—
For where's the Drama now?

Puff go the bills, puff goes the press,
Brass is the lessee's brow;
His girls are gigging all behind,
But where's the Drama now?

The audience stay away, or hiss,
The manager makes his bow;
He wonders what can be amiss—
And where's the Drama now?

The Chamberlain's estate is hard,
A black bus'ness I trow—
Colman and Collier both advise—
But where's the Drama now?

No more we see, as John Bull should,
Bulgruddery and his cow;
The age of comedy is o'er,
And we've no Drama now.

When music comes it takes the whole,
Not part, like old Niel Gow;
You've Paganini all night long—
One string's the Drama now.

One string! why, no, not even one:
All's gone, we grieve to allow—
We've foreign art, and trick, and wile—
Alas! no Drama now.

Dear Bulwer, throw your bill i' the fire,
And burn it there like tow;
Ex nihilo, even you, *nihil fit*—
We have no Drama now.

HEATHEN AND MAHOMETAN FEMALES.

The blue smoke rolls high, like a breeze-lifted cloud,
Above the Bananas, on Ganges bright shore,
And the drum wildly beats and the cymbals clash loud,
Like the music of war e'er the battle is o'er.
Yet war rages not on the Bengallee shore,
Nor burnish'd arms through the Banana trees shine,
Why rises the tumult yet more and still more,
As the sun settles down in his peaceful decline?
Oh! sad is the scene on the Bengallee shore!
More sick'ning, more sad than the war's hateful strife
It's a funeral pyre that the blue smoke curls o'er,
And the drum drowns the cries of a Bengallee wife.
Unaccus'd, unsuspected, of crimes that require
Such dread expiation, so fearful a doom,
She's conducted unwept, to the high-flaming pyre,
In the pride of her youth, in her beauty's bright bloom.
Oh! turn we our eyes from these regions of woe,
Where Innocence shudders in view of her doom;
Where crescent-guard standards in Eastern winds flow
A calmer life seek and a happier tomb.
But hark from the Harem of splendor and ease,
Where a grief seems unknown and forbidden a tear,
Methinks a soft sigh meets mine ear with the breeze—
'Tis a broken heart's sigh and conducts to the bier!
Go, question the matron who wanders forlorn
Arabian sands, why she's wretched and sad,
She will tell you the son whom in grief she hath borne,
Whom her love hath caress'd & her cares have made glad
Oh! he—even he! (let Humanity weep!)
Hath requited her love with reproaches and blows,
And caused her, her pillow of palm-leaf to steep,
With tears of distress that her heart alone knows.
Or turn we, in hope; where the western sun throws
His going-down splendor on prairies of green,
Where proud Araucania spreads fair as the rose
Her vallies and hills a luxuriant scene:
Nor Brahma's dark mysteries, nor Mahomet's creed,
Spread o'er this mild region their baneful control
And here may a female enjoy then indeed,
Repose in her life and a hope for her soul?
Ah! no.—Kindles bright, in the chieftain's proud e
Resentment's keen flash, of revenge the high fl
'Tis the wife of his bosom that trembling stands bo
While anathemas fall on her person and name.
From the current she dipp'd in the noon-tide of d
For her lord, who reposed on his moss-woven b
A crystal clear draught, where it sparkled in play
Dancing sportively over its pebble-paved bed;
She was weary and thirsty—she warily glanced,
And the calabash raised to her bright-glowing li
Ah, woe is the hour! her proud chieftain advanced
She dies—who a draught from his calabash sips—
Wherever she roves o'er the wide-spreading earth,
Despair overshadows the female's dark way,
Till the Gospel's mild light shine serene on her birth
And her mid-night gives place to the glories of da

ELI

For the Recorder & Telegrap

MESSRS. EDITORS,—I send you the following lines wr
ten on SAMUEL WARD TALBOT, who died at Nottin
ham West, N.H. on the 27th of Sept. last, aged 9 year

A voice of woe from Nottingham is gone,
A voice of woe is heard on Athol hills
Its fatal work the scythe of death has done
And flowing grief the eye of kindred fills.

That eye, which once bespoke a thoughtful mind,
Now fades away beneath the stiffened lid,
That heart is still, which beat so warm and kind,
And all the charms of active life are hid.

That tongue no more affection's notes can speak
That bosom chill, no longer pants for breath,
A smile yet lingers on that whitened cheek,
A lovely smile, and yet the smile of death.

That busy head no more shall seek for lore,
That infant knee no more shall bend in prayer,
The pains which racked the sickly frame are o'er,
And soon the worm unseen shall revel there.

That little life was like an early rose
That in the morning blossoms fresh and fair,
But long before the lids of evening close
Its fading leaves are on the wings of air.

The lovely Lad, when yet his infant sun
Four times had marked the circle of the year,
In Roman measure taught his thoughts to run
And listened soon the Attic Muse to hear.

He was a child, and yet his ardent soul
Had caught the language of the holy seers;
Oft o'er the Hebrew text his eye would roll,
And oft the truth would melt that eye to tears.

Serene and calm he breathed his soul away,
Prepared we trust to meet its final doom,
And weeping friends his dear remains convey
To lay them in the friendly stranger's tomb:

Long shall his dear, his lovely image cli
Where nature placed it in the parent's
And oft the falling leaves of autumn
To kindred dear, the hour in mournin

Andover, Mass. skies

POETRY.

From the Liverpool Mercury.

The following affecting lines, for which we are indebted to a correspondent, originally appeared in the Gospel Adv., an American Magazine:

ADDRESS TO THE EVENING STAR.

By Richard Nesbit, a Lunatic in the Pennsylvania Hospital.

O, Venus, lovely evening star!
Diffusing precious light afar,
How much superior is thy fame
To her's from whom thou tak'st thy name;
She leadeth hapless man astray,
Thou lightest wanderers on their way.

The mantle of the dark was spread,
The tempest warr'd around my head,
As wearied, pensive, and alone,
Through devious wilds I journeyed on,
Imploring for some gentle ray,
To light a wanderer on his way.

When soon, with gladness and surprize,
I saw thee in the western skies;
Cheering the dismal gloom of night,
With grateful, friendly, moderate light,
Complete, as all the glare of day,
To light a wanderer on his way.

O! thus should anxious cares infest,
Or jarring passions rend the breast,
And in dark tempest struggling roll,—
May reason open on my soul,
And with serene and sober ray,
Conduct the wanderer on his way.

Let others toil for wealth or fame,
Or call ambition but a name,
Yet follow what delusion yields,
Unmindful of yon starry fields,
The idle fancies such display
Mislead the wanderer in his way.

To them their pleasure I resign,
The evening star of reason mine;
With this no other light we need,
This, best, man's destin'd path shall lead
To that cold tomb of kindred clay,
Where ends the wanderer's earthly way.

TO RICHARD NESBIT.

On seeing his "Address to the Evening Star."

I am the root and the offspring of David, and th
bright & morning star?—Rev. 22d ch. 16th vs

Poor maniac! how I pity thee,
That thou no other star could'st see;
And think that none but this we need
Man's devious lonely steps to lead:
But, ah! not even reason's ray
Shall ever cheer thee on thy way.

Behold! in yonder eastern skies,
A milder, lovlier star arise!
Diffusing *light* and joy afar;
It *is* "the bright and morning star."
This ushers in a glorious day,
And lights the pilgrim on his way.

"The evening star of reason," thine,
The bright and morning star" be mine:
Reason may "lead to that cold clay,
Where ends the wanderer's earthly way,"
But o'er the grave *this* star shall rise,
And point the pilgrim to the skies.

O lovely, "bright and morning star,"
Lead thou thy precious [illegible] far,
And make the light of truth divine
To every human bosom shine:
Conduct the pilgrim on his way,
To realms of an eternal day.
Then thou my guide, where'er I roam,
Still lead me to my heavenly home;
Right me to that blissful shore,
Where friends shall meet to part no more:
Gather all nations from afar,
And be to them a "ruling star."

July 25, 1824.

CLERICUS

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

ABBOTSFORD.

Day springs from distant Ocean—calm and bright,
Winds, like a glittering snake, the lovely Tweed.
Rock, dewy forest, catch the rosy light—
The early bee is humming o'er the mead—
O'er white-wall'd cots the smoke is trailing fair,
And the lark sings, and flowers scent all the air.

The shepherd resting on his crook—the line
Of Cheviot mountains, distant, dim and blue—
The waters murmuring as they flow and shine
Towers, spires, the summer foliage glancing through
Enchant the gazer, till he dream he be
In Tempe's vale, or Pan's own Arcady.

And here stands Abbotsford—romantic dome!
Attracting more than all this lovely scene,
For glorious genius here hath made a home.
Its torrents whitening o'er the woods of green,
Slopes, larches, to the small forget-me-not,
A magic breath, and tell of fame and Scott.

How sweet to view the scenes of his own song,
Reclined on his flower damasked, shady knoll!
Castles that held the gay and knightly throng,
Glens where, in silver, storied rivers roll,
And, faint as time long lapsed, marked Cheviot fell,
And hear, in fancy, Melrose-abbey bell.

Peace, Abbotsford, to thee and him whose fame
Hath hallowed thee with interest, ne'er to die!
Link'd with his immortality, thy name
With "Vaucluse" and the "Hermitage" shall vie;*
Thos from southern land, and o'er the sea,
Men we are dust shall fondly bow to thee.

* well known retreats of Petrarch and Rousseau.—S

POETRY.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

"I am a Pebble, and yield to none,"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone,
"Nor change nor season can alter me;
I am abiding while ages flee.
The pelting hail and drizzling rain
Have tried to soften me long in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt,
Or to touch my heart, but it was not felt.

None can tell of the Pebble's birth;
For I am as old as the solid earth.
The children of man arise and pass
Out of the world like blades of grass,
And many a foot on me has trod
That's gone from sight and under the sod!
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abashed and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;
And she felt for a while perplexed to know
How to answer a thing so low.
But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone—
"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element, where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time nor season, nor storm nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding wheel,
Has ever subdued, or made to feel."
And soon in the earth she sunk away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak;
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and wondering, said—
"A modest Acorn! never to tell
What was enclosed in her simple shell—
That the pride of the forest was then shut up
Within the space of her little cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
To prove that nothing could hide her worth.
And, oh! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire that beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering towards the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I.
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year;
But never from this shall a vaunting word
From the humbled Pebble again be heard,
Till something without me, or within,
Can show the purpose for which I've been!"
The Pebble could not its vow forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

H. F. Gould.

Ah, cease thy tears and sobs, my [illegible]
I did but snatch away the unclasped knife.
Some safer toy will soon arrest thine eye,
And to quick laughter change this peevish cry.
Poor stumbler on the rocky coast of wo,
Tutored by pain each source of pain to know!
Alike the foodful fruit and scorching fire
Awake thy eager grasp and young desire;
Alike the good, the ill offend thy sight,
And rouse the stormy sense of shrill affright!
Untaught, yet wise, 'mid all thy brief alarms
Thou closely clingest to thy mother's arms,
Nestling thy little face in that fond breast
Whose anxious heavings lull thee to thy rest!
Man's breathing miniature! thou mak'st me sigh—
A babe art thou—and such a thing am I!
To anger rapid, and as soon appeased—
For trifles mourning, and by trifles pleased—
Break friendship's mirror with a peevish blow,
Yet snatch what coals of fire on pleasure's altar glow
O thou that rearest, with celestial aim,
The future seraph in my mortal frame,
Thrice holy Faith! whatever thorns I meet,
As on I totter with unpractised feet,
Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee,
Meek nurse of souls through their long infancy!

THE SETTING SUN.

Lines taken from a work called "HAPPINESS," a tale by the author of "No Fiction," lately published in this city.

Say, did ye mark the sun to-day,
Slow bursting through the shadowy cloud,
He chased the twilight gloom away,
And gilded all his sable shroud?

And then methought he lingering stood
To gaze upon the world awhile,
And ere he sunk upon the flood,
To bless it with a parting smile.

So, when the Christian's day is past,
'Tis his to chase the twilight gloom,
To shine the brighter at the last,
And shed mild radiance o'er the tomb.

So, when life's well-spent journey o'er,
Lies pictur'd in the approving breast,
'Tis his the landscape to explore,
And bless the view, and sink to rest.

POETRY.

For the Boston Recorder.

TO A FRAGMENT OF COTTON.

Methinks thou art immortal.—Thou wert first
But the scant remnant of a spruce cravat,—
And then the baby tore thee,—and the dog
Did munch thee in a corner where he play'd—
And thou wert hanging to the housemaid's broom,—
Yet here thou art for all.—

Hast aught to say?—
No doubt! the veriest triflers on times deal
Most plenteously in words. So, ope thy mouth,
And I will listen.—Tell me of thy birth,—
'Neath the warm radiance of some summer sun,—
And all thy strange adventures, since the down
Of babyhood was on thee,—to thine hour
Of finish'd beauty, 'neath the shuttle's skill.—
—Speak'st thou of ebon hands, that wrought constrain'd
And burning tears that on thy bosom fell
From Afric's laboring sons?—I would not hear
Of Slavery, that deep and dark reproach
Of my lov'd land!—If thou hast nought beside,
To tempt my listening ear,—away, away,—
To that transforming mill, whose magic power
Rendereth a smooth sheet for the writer's quill
From an unsightly shred.—And when again
Thou com'st to greet me, take the goodly form
Of a *Liberia Herald*,—shadowing forth
The bliss of that heaven-planted Colony
Which good men love.—So shalt thou expiate
All thine offences, and obtain a place
On reading table, or choice cabinet,
Or haply, by the binder's art array'd,
In library be station'd, side by side
With *their* strong annals, who on Plymouth's rock,
Mid storm, and frown, and obloquy, stood firm,—
And gave the admiring world a *pattern-land*.

L. H. S.

THE CAGED SKYLARK.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Self lies hid in all our feelings,
All our doings, all our dealings,
All our thinking, hearing, seeing,
E'en the things that round us stir, are
But the echo on the mirror
Of our individual being.

Therefore in the scenes that meet us,
Therefore in the sounds that greet us,
Something kindred seems to glisten,
Or to breathe a tone that reacheth
Deep into the heart, and teacheth
Love that wisdom's self might listen.

Hence, sweet bird! whom thoughtless mortals
Lured from yon celestial portals,
Here in slavish bonds to languish;—
Hence, as in thy cell thou singest,
Many a mortal charm thou bringest
To beguile my bosom's anguish.

There thou thrill'st, in grated prison,
Blithe and bold, as when uprisen
Whilom on the morning's pinions,
As when earth, and air, and ocean
Seemed to share thy sweet emotion,
Seemed to own thy wild dominion!

Oh! that thus the bard,—neglected,
Friendless, homeless, unprotected,
Galled with wrongs yet unresented,
Wrongs his better self despiseth,
Though his feeble nature riseth,
Writhing still and discontented.

Oh! that he were thus pervaded
With the Past! were thus persuaded
Of his proper sphere and powers!
Oh! that he could sing as sweetly!
Oh! that he could praise as meetly
HIM, who sendeth adverse hours!

Yet! in every scene that meets me,
And in every sound that greets me,
Something kindred seems to glisten,
[illegible] to breathe a tone that reacheth
[illegible] into the heart, that teacheth
[illegible] that wisdom's self might listen!

C.

Miscellany.

[illegible]

Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear:
Repent! thy end is nigh.
Death at the farthest can't be far,—
O think before thou die!

Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But ah! destruction stops not there,
Sin kills beyond the tomb!

To-day, the gospel calls: to-day
Sinners, it speaks to you.
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy shall ensue.

AN INDIAN TALE.

Her spring of life was scarcely passed away
And she was innocent and young.—The smooth,
Unruffled stream of time flowed quietly—
And she had known her happiest days. Her form,
Just budding into womanhood, was seen
To give the promise of perfection—and her step,
While bounding in her joyous childish sport,
Was light as gossamer. The waving woods
Rang, loudly echoing to her merry laugh
Or the loved carol of some favorite song.
Her long, rich, raven tresses floated loose
Save where a few, in female pride, were bound
With beads or coral, and these seemed to scorn
The unwished restraint. Her face was yet too young
To show what would be, yet a noble air
Did play around it, spite of youth. Her mouth
Was sweetly dimpled, and when op'd to smile,
Or utter thoughts of winning innocence,
Disclosed a pearly treasure.—You might trace
Her lineage in her quick, dark, Indian eye;
An Indian only owns that piercing glance,
That eye of fire.——I know, or think I know,
What it must be to quail beneath the look
Of some proud Turk, who, half unsheathed his sword,
Cries to the lowly follower of Christ,
Passing, perchance, within his sabre's length,
"Away, you Christian dog."—I'd rather be
A Christian dog than Turkish sinner—and I know
The Jew, with meek and sanctimonious face,
And eye upturned to heaven, thanking his God
That he, selected out from all mankind,
That he and his alone can e'er enjoy
The glorious heavens.——Can it indeed be so?
That this fair, happy universe was formed
For one or few? Oh no! it must be false,
And heaven was made for all, as all for heaven—
Yet man, in narrow selfishness, would think,
Each in his separate capacity,
That God had favored him above his kind,
When,—humble to the earth before his Maker,
He should submit, owning, in shame of soul,
How great his guilt.

She had a father too,
And he, her sire, in naught was like to her,
But as the eagle to the harmless dove
Or stately cedar to the rose.—He was
The prince and warrior of his tribe and seemed
A being formed for war——'twas his delight
And occupation.—His the stage of life,
When time had treasured well his manliness
And he could proudly sally forth, arrayed
In strength mature.——His countenance was noble
And wore that princely majesty of mien
Which God has given nobility.—His eye,
When slumbering, was bright, but when in ire
'Twas roused, was like the basilisk's—'twas death—
He could strike the eagle on the wing,—could throw
With certain aim the tomahawk,—could raise,
More fierce than any of his tribe,
The murderous warwhoop, and his step was fleet
As bounding deer or antelope,——and yet
With these his soul was closed to all the ties
Which binds man to his fellow,—he had none
To call his friend, with whom to interchange
The sweet civilities of life.—He knew
But little of the world and cared still less—
He had something heard of white men, only as
The pale men from the rising sun, and thought
They came usurpers of his native glens,
Which, by tradition handed from his sires,
He knew were his.——He hated them for this
And in his ire went forth to hunt them down—
Like panthers of the forest.

'Twas by the accident and chance of war,
That, as his warriors foraged in the wild,
A stranger noble and in prime of youth
Was brought before the Indian king——no fear
There was upon his lofty brow, to meet
The glance of savage joy which greeted him.—
He was condemned.——It is an easy thing
Where the accuser and the judge are one—
And he must die.—'Tis hard to die.—To think
That the last sun-beam of our day is sinking
Deep in the ocean of eternity,—
To feel that life has nothing more for us—
To know that we must sunder every tie
Which drags us back to earth; in retrospect
To look on the fair, glorious universe,
Which now appears more beautiful than ever
Its scenes more brilliant and its joys more dear;
The earth and air all breathing and rejoicing
In happiness and love.—It is an hour
Of sadness to the mind.—And yet men live
As though existence never reached its bound—
Its thread could ne'er be broke.

The time was near
And men were gathered round the scene of death,—
The stranger came, with brow serene, and step,
Firm as the gallant war-horse in the battle,
But with a solemn calmness.——He had laid
His head upon the block——a caitiff arm
Was raised to seal his doom—and then, when all
Drew breath, each quicker than the former, then
The Indian maiden rushed with speed of thought,
Between the murderer and his prey.—She said
He should not die, or she would first receive
The villian blow.——Her haughty sire was moved—
The stranger lived.

It was in after years
When he the lion of his tribe had gone,
Gone to the land of spirits and his fathers,
The Indian maiden found a friend in him,
Whose life she had preserved—and now her blood
Flows purely in free veins—her royal line
Many the mighty of our land may trace. PERCY.

For the Recorder & Telegraph.

CHARITY:

At times I've boldly tried to scan
The works of God's creation o'er,
To view the wide extended plan
Upheld by his Almighty power—
And I was proud that I alone
Could soar so high above my kind
That I could fathom things unknown
Or mould them out to please my mind—
Then have I wished to find a spot
Where I might meekly cast my lot
And e'en forget that I had been
A fellow e'en to thoughtless men;
Where each eternal, endless day,
Resplendent with the glorious ray
Of God's own brightness, would impart
A holier feeling to my heart,—
Would purify each wandering thought
And make me live as mortals ought,
Dependent on the abundant love
Of him who dwells in light above.—
There could I linger long and trace,
In fancy wandering free as thought
Or as the breath of heaven, a race
Of beings bright as innocent,
Whose souls with virtue were content,—
Whose hearts are pure, and I could note
Their every thought and act to be
The impulse of divinity;
For I have look'd on man, and found
Each centered in his narrow self,
And every wish was strongly bound
In glory, honor, sordid pelf,
In sensual pleasure, joyous mirth,
And all the trifling things of earth,
And left their Heaven, their God alone
As things for scorn to glut upon,—
And when they sunk beneath the rod
Of chastening mercy, they did seem
Almost to turn and curse their God—
They would blast him and not be them.
Could sickening fancy linger here?
Was this a feast for her to taste?
Oh no! she'd hide the trickling tear
Which flowed for sins and sorrows past,
And meekly raise her eye to heaven
And hope that all might be forgiven.—
But is there no redeeming spot,
Whereon a pardoning grace might rest?
From which the stain of shame to blot
By bounteous heaven's serene behest?
There is;——sweet smiling charity,
And heaven born hope, and holy love
And kind compassion's radiant eye,
The melting voice of sympathy,
All, all are tokens from above.
Yes! I have watched with jealous care
The flickering passions of the mind
To note if aught was worthy there
Of heaven, if aught to good inclined—
And I have found it—It was when
Lone beggary, with suppliant tread,
Came to the door of virtue—then
She of the open palm, and eye
Of liquid tenderness went forth
To scatter blessings on the head
Of aged poverty;——and worth
Sat smiling;——this was Charity. PERCY.

It rains. What lady loves a rainy day?
Not she who puts prunella on her foot,
Zephyrs around her neck and silken socks
Upon a graceful ancle—nor yet she
Who sports her tassel'd parasol along
The walks, beau-crowded on some sunny noon,
Or trips in muslin, in a winter's night
On a cold sleigh-ride—to a distant ball.
She loves a rainy day who sweeps the hearth,
And threads the busy needle, or applies
The scissors to the torn or thread-bare sleeve;
Who blesses God that she has friends and home;
Who in the pelting of the storm, will think
Of some poor neighbor that she can befriend;
Who trims the lamp at night and reads aloud
To a young brother, tales he loves to hear,
Or ventures cheerfully abroad, to watch
The bedside of some sick and suffering friend,
Administering that best of medicine,
Kindness and tender care and cheering hope,
—Such are not sad, e'en on a rainy day.

From the Religious Intelligencer.

REFLECTIONS ON HEARING A CRICKET ON THE EVENING OF JULY 27TH, 1822.

Ah! say, thou little mourner, wherefore art thou come?
A sure presage of autumnal gloom;
Surely, too early has your moan begun,
For summer yet is smiling in its bloom.

Go, stay a little longer that unpleasant strain,
Lest you should rouse the *thoughtless* from their rest;
Or whisper to the *gay* a thought of pain,
Or wake a drowsy conscience in some breast.

You sing of sorrow, autumn, & the dying year—
Monotonous as is your steady song;
Themes too offensive for *refinement's* ear—
How dare you, then, the dreary strain prolong!

But still I hear thee sing, "The summer's o'er, is o'er;
The harvest's childhood and its youth gone by:"
Hush, insect preacher; tell that tale no more;
Speak not of death—men do not mean to die.

Sound not the death-like knell of their departed days;
Embitter not their hopes of joys to come;
Quench not anticipations gilded rays,
Nor lend a vagrant thought towards the tomb.

Unwelcome to the gay, the thoughtless and the vain
Are themes so sober and so full of truth,—
Cease, idle chirper, speak not so again,
Lest it should reach the ears of giddy youth—

It may disturb the death-like silence of their sleep,
And penetrate their deaf and closed ear;
Bedim the laughing eye, that is not used to weep,
With holy sorrow's penitential tear—

Lest *feeble*, *hoary age*, should pause and hear thy song,
And catch a transient thought that *winter's* nigh;
That *summer's o'er*; that *autumn* is not long;
That they are not *immortal*, and *may die*.

The voice of nature, reason, and the voice of *God*,
Have plead, and warn'd, and importun'd in vain;
The Gospel trump has sounded long and loud,
And yet their sleep of sin and death remain.

Go, pensive, little mourner, cease your warning lay;
Let them sleep on and take their fleeting rest;
They must awake, when an eternity,
With all its terror blazes on their eye,
And kindles fire eternal in their breast.

"HE DWELLETH NOT IN TEMPLES."

BY BRYANT.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkening wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the grey old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole o'er him, and bow'd
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised. Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn to Him—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in his ear.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one house with glee—
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea!

The same fond mother bent at night,
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One 'midst the forests of the west
By a dark stream is laid,
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the lov'd of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd
Above the noble slain,
He wrapt his colors round his breast.
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fan'd,
She faded midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus, *they* rest who play'd
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth—
Alas for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond the earth!

DRINKING SONG OF THE MEN OF BASLE.

[Close by the city of Basle is the field of St. James, where, in the year 1444, a sanguinary battle was fought between 1600 Swiss and 30,000 French! It lasted ten hours, the French being led by the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI. The Swiss were not so much vanquished as they were tired with fighting, and exhausted by the number of their adversaries. Out of the 1600 only 16 survived, who brought the news of the battle to Basle. The French lost 6000 men. On this spot grows a red wine which is called, from this memorable circumstance, "the blood of the Swiss."]

Drink! drink!—the red, red wine
That in the goblet glows,
Is hallow'd by the blood that stained
The ground whereon it grows!

Drink! drink!—there's health and joy
In its foam to the free and brave;
But 'twould blister up like the elf-king's cup,
The pale lip of the slave!

Drink! drink! and as your hearts
Are warmed by its ruby tide,
Swear to live as free as your Fathers lived,
Or die as your Fathers died!

Lays and Legends of the Rhine.

A MEETING.

I met upon a journey,
The family of my fair,
And cordially they hailed me
With unaffected air.

They asked me many questions,
If all were right and well,
And said I had not altered,
Except that I was pale.

I asked for old relations,
And friends of auld lang syne,
And for the little dog that used
To lick my hand and whine.

For my beloved, now wedded,
I asked with careless brow,
And joyfully they answered
She was a mother now.

And many a gratulation
Was kindly sent by me,
That thousand thousand blessings
Might still her dowry be! [ing

Her little sister told me
The pup of auld lang syne
Had grown a growling mastiff,
And fallen into the Rhine.

The fairy's like her sister,
The very smile she wore
Still lives in every dimple,
And charms me as of yore.

Athenæum.

SUPPRESSED DEDICATION OF "DON JUAN."

Bob Southey! You're a poet—Poet-laureate,
And representative of all the race,
Although 'tis true that you turn'd out a Tory at
Last,—yours has lately been a common case,—
And now, my Epic Renegade! what are you at!
With all the Lakers, in and out of place?
A nest of tuneful persons, to my eye
Like "four and twenty Blackbirds in a pye;

"Which pye being open'd they began to sing",
(This old song and new simile holds good),
"A dainty dish to set before the King,"
Or Regent, who admires such kind of food;—
And Coleridge, too, has lately taken wing,
But like a hawk encumber'd with his hood,—
Explaining metaphysics to the nation—
I wish he would explain his Explanation.

You, Bob! are rather insolent, you know,
At being disappointed in your wish
To supersede all warblers here below,
And be the only Blackbird in the dish;
And then you overstrain yourself, or so,
And tumble downward like the flying fish
Gasping on deck, because you soar too high, Bob,
And fall, for lack of moisture, quite a-dry, Bob!

And Wordsworth, in a rather long "Excursion,"
(I think the quarto holds five hundred pages),
Has given a sample from the vasty version
Of his new system to perplex the sages;
'Tis poetry—at least by his assertion,
And may appear so when the dog-star rages—
And he who understands it would be able
To add a story to the Tower of Babel.

You—Gentlemen! by dint of long seclusion
From better company, have kept your own
At Keswick, and, through still continued fusion
Of one another's minds, at last have grown
To deem as a most logical conclusion,
That poesy has wreaths for you alone:
There is a narrowness in such a notion,
Which makes me wish you'd change your lakes for ocean.

Works of Lord Byron.

[illegible] with emotion, throughout the congreg

The hymn is as follows:

[illegible]es, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well;
[illegible]Friends, connexions, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Home! thy joys are passing lovely;
Joys no stranger-heart can tell!
Happy home, indeed I love thee!
Can I—*can* I say—*Farewell?*
Can I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Scenes of *sacred* place and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath-bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last *farewell?*
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I lov'd so well!
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell,
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from Hell!
Glad I bid thee,
Native land! Farewell—Farewell!

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE RESOLVED SOUL AND CREATED PLEASURE.

Courage, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield.
Close on thy head thy helmet bright;
Balance thy sword against the fight.
See where an army, strong as fair,
With silken banners spread the air.
Now, if thou be'st that thing divine,
In this day's combat let it shine;
And show that nature wants an art
To conquer one resolved heart.

Pleasure.

Welcome the creation's guest,
Lord of earth, and heaven's heir;
Lay aside that warlike crest,
And of nature's banquet share;
Where the souls of fruits and flowers
Stand prepared to heighten yours.

Soul.

I sup above, and cannot stay,
To bait so long upon the way.

Pleasure.

On these downy pillows lie,
Whose soft plumes will thither fly;
On these roses, strew'd so plain,
Lest one leaf thy side should strain.

Soul.

My gentle rest is on a thought,
Conscious of doing what I ought.

Pleasure.

If thou be'st with perfumes pleased,
Such as oft the gods appeased,
Thou in fragrant clouds shalt show,
Like another god below.

Soul.

A soul that knows not to presume,
Is heaven's and its own, perfume.

Pleasure.

Every thing does seem to vie
Which should first attract thine eye:
But since none deserves that grace,
In this crystal view thy face.

Soul.

When the Creator's skill is prized,
The rest is all but earth disguised.

Pleasure.

Hark, how music then prepares,
For thy stay, these charming airs;
Which the posting winds recal,
And suspend the river's fall.

Soul.

Had I but any time to lose,
On this I would it all dispose.
Cease tempter. None can chain a mind
Whom this sweet cordage cannot bind.

Chorus.

Earth cannot show so brave a sight,
As when a single soul does fence
The batt'ry of alluring sense;
And heaven views it with delight.
Then persevere; for still new charges sound;
And, if thou overcom'st thou shalt be crown'd.

Pleasure.

All that's costly, fair and sweet,
Which scatteringly doth shine,
Shall within one beauty meet,
And she be only thine.

Soul.

If things of sight such heavens be,
What heavens are those we cannot see?

Pleasure.

Whereso'er thy foot shall go,
The minted gold shall lie;
Till thou purchase all below,
And want new worlds to buy.

Soul.

Wer't not for price, who'd value gold?
And that's worth nought that can be sold.

Pleasure.

Wilt thou all the glory have
That war or peace commend?
Half the world shall be thy slave,
The other half thy friend.

Soul.

What friends, if to myself untrue?
What slaves, unless I captive you?

Pleasure.

Thou shalt know each hidden cause;
And see the future time:
Try what depth the centre draws;
And then to heaven climb.

Soul.

None thither mounts by the degree
Of knowledge, but humility.

Chorus.

Triumph, triumph, victorious soul!
The world has not one pleasure more;
The rest does lie beyond the pole,
And is thine everlasting store. *Andrew Marvell*

TO A LADY:

On her ornamenting her person with jewels, in preparation for a Ball.

Lady, forbear! Will the pearls that you twist
With your fine glossy ringlets, so graceful and fair,
Persuade hoary Age from his work to desist?
Or bribe from your forehead the furrow of care?

No, Lady, no! the bright ringlet will fade;
And youth from such art no attractions can borrow;
The gem meets a rival—the brilliant must fade
On the brow yet untouch'd by the finger of sorrow.

Lady, forbear! Will the diamond you wear,
A lustre emit to illumine your heart?
Pour the effulgence of happiness there?
Or ward from your bosom affliction's keen dart?

Thinkest thou envy, and malice, and hate,
Will level no shafts at the gem-shielded breast?
Lady, they're sure as the arrows of fate!
They will enter thy bosom and trouble thy rest.

Calm the quick glance of thy rapture-lit eye,
Lull the quick throb of thy joy-beating heart;
Thy visions of pleasure will soon be gone by,
And Hope's gay enchantment in darkness depart.

Many a bright eye has sparkled with pleasure,
When clasping the bracelet, or decking the breast,
That dim with a tear has thrown off the vain treasure,
Betraying the griefs that the bosom oppress'd.

Think, Lady, think! when disease shall arrest thee,
Rifle thy beauty, and mock at thy joys;
How vain it will be that indulgence hath blest thee,
And garnish'd thy form with the brightest of toys!

When Death shall his signet affix to thy brow,
And thy fair tresses rest on a forehead of snow;
No jewels, I ween, will affection allow—
They would flout at the eye that lies rayless below!

The beautiful ruby that drops from thine ear,
And vies with the crimson that rests on thy lip,
Methinks at thy poor death-blanch'd features would jeer,
And exult that pale death could its rival-bloom nip.

No, Lady, no! such adorning and gear
How ill would become a poor child of the tomb!
Where there's none to extol, tho' thou lovely appear?
And the dress of the grave should comport with its gloom.

Yet why shouldst thou shrink at the doom you must know,
Tho' appalling to nature, and humbling to pride!
The Gospel of Christ can a raiment bestow
That is fair in the tomb, and is bright on the bride.

A spirit of meekness, a spirit of peace,
More precious than jewels and costly array,
In lustre and beauty will ever increase,
When the light of the diamond has vanish'd away.

ELIZA.

For the Recorder and Telegraph.

On the death of Mrs. H. G. who was found dead in her room, to which she had retired, as is supposed for prayer.

She went to tell her sorrows in His ear
Who ever, from his throne of glory, hears
His children in the hour of need;
And *there*, away from every mortal eye,
Her spirit burst from its entanglement
Of flesh, and rose where *prayer* is known no more.
And now the untold agony is past—
Oh summon not anew your feeble aid!
Ye cannot keep the spirit from the skies;—
Its joyous pinions now are spreading wide,—
Why seek to chain it more to that poor clay!
Why do you long to see again that heart,
Which now hath ceas'd its achings, beat with pain,
And tell again its bitter score of woes?
Ye need not weep because that sunken eye
Can weep no more. Its fire is quench'd, 'tis true—
But see! it kindles in that brighter world,
On which, while here, it fix'd its longing gaze.
No pain, no tears are there—unfading glory
Circles around th' emancipated spirit.
I know, that ear is deaf to your lamentings,—
It does not heed, as it was wont, your griefs,—
It seems to have no sympathy for woe.
But catch ye, if ye can, one glowing strain
Of heavenly harmony that rings around
"The everlasting hills"—then tell me,
Would you bring again th' enraptur'd soul
To this dark world, to tune her harp to sorrow?
To hear again the sighs of wretchedness,
And feel anew the wrongs she could not heal?—
Why do ye linger round her lifeless clay?
Would ye forbid that dust its peaceful rest!
No—let them bear this precious relic home
To the lone grave, nor shudder o'er its brink.
For hark! th' archangel's trump is sounding,
The dead awake! *This dust* arises, "cloth'd
In its immortal beauty." Mingling now
With all the ransom'd ones, she swells aloud
This never-ending song—"Lo God, this God,
Is our's; we *waited* for him, and we'll praise
His name forever!"

H. J.

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

The morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds
With a strange beauty—Earth received again
Its garment of a thousand dyes; and leaves,
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
And every thing that bendeth to the dew,
And dreameth of the rainbow, lifted up
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

It was not well with Hagar. The gemmed earth
Was pouring odours from its spicy pores,
And the young birds were carolling as life
Were a new thing to them—but oh, it came
Upon her heart like discord, and she felt
How cruelly it tries a broken heart,
To see a mirth in any thing it loves.
She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were pressed
Till the blood left them;—and her lashes clung
To her fine forehead as if all the strength
Of woman's heart had nerved them. Her dark eye
Was clear and fearless, and the light of Heaven
Which made its language legible, shot back
From the long lashes, as it had been flame.
Her noble boy stood by her with his hand
Clasped in her own, and his round, delicate feet,
Scarce trained to balance on the tented floor,
Sandalled for journeying. He had looked up
Into his mother's face, until he caught
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling
Beneath his snowy bosom, and his form
Straitened up proudly in his tiny wrath,
As if his light proportions would have swelled,
Had they but matched his spirit, to the man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now
Upon his staff so wearily? His beard
Is low upon his breast, and his high brow,
So written with the converse of his God,
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
His lip is quivering, and his wonted step
Of vigor is not there, and though the morn
Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
Its freshness as it were a pestilence.
Oh man may bear with suffering—his heart
Is a strong thing, and godlike, in the clasp
Of pain that wrings mortality—but tear
One chord affection clings to—break one tie
That woman with a look has grafted him,
And his great spirit breaketh like a reed.

He gave to her the water and the bread,
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
To look upon her face, but laid his hand
In silent blessing on the fair haired boy,
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should Hagar weep? May slighted woman turn,
And as a vine the oak hath shaken off
Bend lightly to her tendencies again?
Oh no! * * * * * *
Make her a slave—steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies—let the last star,
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain—
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness,—yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But oh, estrange her once—it boots not how—
By wrong or silence, any thing that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness
And there is not a high thing out of Heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step, and slow—
Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye undimmed,
As it had been a diamond, and her form
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
Her child kept on in silence, though she pressed
His hand till it was pained, for he had caught
As I have said, her spirit—and the seed
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.
The morning past—and Asia's sun rode up
In the clear Heaven, and every beam was heat.—
The cattle of the hills were in the shade—
And the bright plumage of the Orient lay
On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
It was an hour of rest,—but Hagar found
No shelter in the wilderness, and on
She kept her weary way until the boy
Hung down his head, and opened his parched lips
For water—but she could not give it him.
She laid him down beneath the sultry sky,
For it was better than the close hot breath
Of the thick pines, and tried to comfort him.
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know
Why God denied him water in the wild.
She sat a little longer, and he grew
Ghastly and faint as if he would have died.
It was too much for her. She lifted him
And bore him farther on, and laid his head
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub,
And shrouding up her face, she went away
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,
Till he should die,—and watching him she mourned—
God stay thee in thine agony, my boy!
I cannot see thee die, I cannot brook
Upon thy brow to look,
And see death settle on my cradle joy—
How have I drank the light of thy blue eye!
And could I see thee die?

I did not dream of this when thou wast straying
Like an unbound gazelle among the flowers,—
Or wearing rosy hours
By the rich gush of water sources straying,
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
So beautiful, and deep.—

Oh no! and when I watched by thee, the while
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the deep Nile—
How prayed I that thy father's land might be
A heritage for thee.

And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee,
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press—
And oh, my last caress
Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee—
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there
Upon his clustering hair?
* * * *
She stood beside the well her God had given
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
The forehead of her child, until he laughed
In his reviving happiness, and lisped
His infant thoughts of gladness at the sight
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

ROY.

EPITAPH ON A POOR, BUT HONEST MAN

Stop, reader, here, and deign to look
On one without a name,
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book
Of fortune or of fame.

Studious of peace, he hated strife;
Meek virtues fill'd his breast;
His coat of arms—"a spotless life,"—
"An honest heart"—his crest.

Quarter'd within was innocence;
And thus his motto rn—
"A conscience void of all offence
Before both God and man."

And in the last great day, though pride,
Now scorns his pedigree,
Thousands shall wish they'd been allied
To this great family.

POETRY.

SUNDAY EVENING.—By Bowring.

Welcome the hour of sweet repose,
The evening of the Sabbath day!
In peace my wearied eyes shall close,
When I have turned my vesper lay
In humble gratitude to Him
Who waked the morning's earliest beam.

In such an hour as this, how sweet,
In the calm solitude of even,
To hold with heaven communion meet,
Meet for a spirit bound to heaven;
And, in this wilderness beneath,
Pure zephyrs from above to breathe!

It may be that the Eternal Mind
Bends sometimes from His throne of bliss;
Where should we then His presence find,
But in an hour so blest as this—
An hour of calm tranquility,
Silent, as if to welcome Thee?

Yes! if the Great Invisible,
Descending from His seat divine,
May deign upon this earth to dwell—
Where shall he find a welcome shrine,
But in the breast of man, who bears
His image, and His Spirit shares?

Now let the solemn thought pervade
My soul—and let my heart prepare
A throne:—Come veil'd in awful shade,
Spirit of God! that I may dare
Hail Thee!—nor, like Thy prophet, be
Blinded by Thy bright majesty.

Then turn my wandering thoughts within,
To hold communion, Lord! with Thee;
And, purified from taint of sin
And earth's pollutions, let me see
Thine image,—for a moment prove,
If not Thy majesty, Thy love—

That love which over all is shed—
Shed on the worthless as the just;
Lighting the stars above our head,
And waking beauty out of dust;
And rolling in its glorious way
Beyond the farthest comet's ray.

To him alike the living stream
And the dull regions of the grave:
All watch'd, protected all, by Him,
Whose eye can see, whose arm can save,
In the cold midnight's dangerous gloom,
Or the dark prison of the tomb.

Thither we hasten—as the sand
Drops in the hour-glass, never still,
So gather'd in by Death's rude hand,
The storehouse of the grave we fill;
And sleep in peace, as safely kept
As when on earth we smiled or wept.

What is our duty here?—To tend
From good to better—thence to best:
Grateful to drink life's stream—then bend
Unmurmuring to our bed of rest;
To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
Scattering their fragrance as we go.

And so to live, that when the sun
Of our existence sinks in night,
Memorials sweet of mercies done
May shrine our names in Memory's light
And the blest seeds we scatter'd, bloom
A hundred fold in days to come.

For the Recorder & Telegra

PARTING FRIENDS.

Tell me, why standeth that glistening tear
Bedewing yon dark eye?—
It cometh deep from the fountain, dear
To friendship's sacred tie.

Oh, it telleth how fondly the heart
Clings to the one it loves—
And the hour when it cometh, to part,
Its true affection proves.

And it telleth of days that are past
In friendship's warm embrace—
It telleth that pleasure cannot last
In this dark wilderness.

And say, why swelleth the anxious breast,
When the last look is given?—
Ah! that bosom may no more be press'd,
Its cords may soon be riven.

Yes, that warm and throbbing heart may, far
From home grow cold and die,
When no kind and friendly hand is near,
To close th' expiring eye.

And lonely in a distant grave
Strangers may place it there,
No friend with tears the stone may lave,
And o'er it breathe a prayer.

Then let the tear of affection flow—
It floweth not in vain;
For the plant it nourisheth will grow,
'Twill reach to heaven's domain.

And let the anxious bosom feel—
And to its God commend,
And to his holy, righteous will,
The interests of its friend.

And soon we'll be in the world above,
Where parting is no more—
And join the song of redeeming love,
And praise forever more.

W. N. Y.

York, Nov. 1st. 1826.

Poetry.

MATERNAL LOVE.

"Just as they were about to push off, the poor woman discovered that her child had been left behind. Her maternal feelings prevailed over her desire of safety, and in defiance of the remonstrance of the captain, she seized the side of the vessel, and got on board. The child having been left in the cabin, she rushed down for it; but, before she could return, the vessel gave a sudden reel and sank. The poor woman and her child—and a mother's strong affections deserved a better fate—perished without giving a single signal of distress, and they had for their companion in death the unfortunate steward, who, through some mistake, had remained behind."—*Liverpool Journal, Oct.* 13.

Oh! great is woman's love, and strong
In its own strength, and more enduring far
Than rocks of adamant, or sun, or star.
The waters wear, the clouds obscure, or dim
Their strength, but hers is changeless—quenchless; they
Stand—shine—by others' aid, by borrow'd beam:
She draws, from fount of her own heart, the ray
That lights her love—the draught that still supplies
The thirst of her affections with its joys;
This "wine of life," o'erflowing evermore—
The widow's cruise of oil, and aye-increasing store.

Her bosom is its treasure-house,—the rain,
That droppeth fatness on the hill and plain,
Is not so bounteous, scattereth not so wide
Its fertile blessings, in the morning's pride,
As woman's love—the blossom that doth blow
In the mind's Eden, pure as lilies' snow;
The manna of the soul, that falls to feed
The spirit's hunger in its hour of need:
The essence of all feelings—the heart's dew,
Watering the flowers of Hope, by Fancy's fount that grew.

As the dark shadow by the moonlight beams,
E'en than the substance more substantial seems,
So youth's affections, shadow-like, have strove—
Vain strife!—to match in zeal a mother's love;
Deep, holy, calm within—within—it glows,
Like sunlight in the bosom of a rose,
When the young June—the summer's youth—doth shower,
Into its crimson heart, of love and light the dower.

More than life cherish'd—lov'd with fonder mood,
Than pelican her young, that feed on her own blood,
And precious as the apple of her eye,
Unto a mother is her first-born boy.
Say, would'st thou picture love? Oh! limn him not,
As they of golden days have limn'd the thought,
Capricious, wild, as his own arrows blind,
That make a desert of the human mind,
Blighting, in wanton play, each flower that glows
Within the oasis of the soul's repose.
Love wouldst thou picture? Take a mother bending
Over her first-born's slumber—her heart blending
All colours of the passions into one
Bright halo of affection round her son,
Drawing its tints of love, and heavenly tone,
From the thron'd glory, circling God above,
Who sentinels our sleep with starry love.

Love wouldst thou picture? See yon gallant ship,
Like an embodied Zephyr, kiss the wave,
Scorning therein her snowy wings to dip,
Or to hold converse with her shadow, save
When her proud head she bends, like virgin coy,
To let the ruder breezes pass her by.

There is a mother in that gallant ship,
And her fair boy, upon whose brow and lip
Playeth the image of his long-lost sire—
The only hope that since hath fed the fire
Of her affections—her lorn soul's desire—
Light of her eyes, and life-blood of her heart,
That might be torn away with it—not part.
The day is chang'd, and veils the affrighted ray:
The spirit of the storm awakes—away,
In wild companionship, the waves and he
Ride to their havoc on the treacherous sea;
In joy of rage deep calleth unto deep,
And each one answereth with a giant leap.

Ah! that fair ship! like to a thing of life,
With fear she trembles at the billows' strife,
While the waves throng and leap with ravenous greed,
As famish'd wolves upon a gallant steed.
Alas, the noble ship! that erst had sate
Upon the waters, thron'd in queenly state,
Now, like a drunkard, reeleth to and fro,
Unrob'd and helpless in extremest woe.
One struggle in her impotent despair—
God! I can look no more! where is she, where?

And where the mother and her boy? sound sleep
On him had fall'n, lull'd by the rocking deep,
And she, in her wild flight from coming fate,
Had gain'd the boat without her bosom's freight.
Back, back she leap'd—she gain'd the cabin door,
Ship, mother, son sank—shall they rise no more?

Yes! she shall rise, and lay before the throne
Of mercy's God, her beautiful—her own—
Her warm blood's purchase—the redeeming price
Paid by her life—her own heart's sacrifice:
By this dear plea, all deeper judgment ward,
Claim from the Lord of love her love's reward,
And live for evermore with him she died to guard.

J. B.

THE MARINER'S WI[FE]

We bade adieu, when the fair win[d]
And tears were falling free;
For tranquil seas, and a homeward
How bright our eyes will be!

Kind gales prevail, and spread the sail,
Swift o'er the azure main;
With a swifter wing, may ye safely bring
Her homeward back again.

The honest tar, who sails afar,
Will think when on the sea,
That winds ahead, which others dread,
Will waft his sighs to me.

But a heart true, he never knew,
Which feels those sighs alone—
When the fair wind blows, and the prou[d]
I'll send him back my own.

From the sea-girt skies, his fancy fli[es]
His thoughts at home incline;
As the bosom be, of the heaving [sea]
As safe and true as mine!

POETRY.

SONNET.

BY EDWARD MOXON.

Methought my Love was dead. O 'twas a night
Of dreary weeping, and of bitter wo!
Methought I saw her lovely spirit go
With lingering looks into yon star so bright,
Which then assumed such a beauteous light,
That all the fires in heaven compared with this
Were scarce perceptible to my weak sight.
There seem'd henceforth the haven of my bliss;
To that I turn'd with fervency of soul,
And pray'd that morn might never break again,
But o'er me that pure planet still remain.
Alas! o'er it my vows had no controul.
The lone star set: I woke; full glad I [s]eem,
To find my sorrow [b]ut a *Lover's Dream!*

AN ORIENTAL LOVE SONG.

(FROM THE ASIATIC JOURNAL.)

I wish I were the silver band
About thy bosom bound,
Or the emera'd ring upon thy hand,
Or the roses within thy tresses wound,

For my heart would sing aloud with glee,
And never more repine,
If that gentle bosom beat for me,
And that hand were clasped in mine.

I wish I were a golden bell
Upon thy pleasant feet,
That I might lure them to the well,
Where lovers joy to meet,

For then with gladness I might guide
Thy footsteps to my home,
And thou, Beloved, from my side
Wouldst never more desire to roam.

I wish I were a crystal brook
In a cool sequestered place,
Where thou at eventime mays't look
Upon the shadow of thy face,

For on the clear untroubled stream
The beauty of thy form abides,
Until Night's dark and silent dream
Over the water glides.

And so upon my faithful breast
Thine eye of tender beauty beams,
Till balmy sleep, Night's holy guest,
Closeth my weeping eyes in dreams.

TIME.

(FROM THE BRITISH MAGAZINE.)

But Time—O silent-flowing Time!
Like a mighty rushing stream,
Hath borne away upon its breast
Every hope and every dream!
And like the fleeting flower,
That falleth ere the banquet hour
From the feaster's burning head,
The joys which wanton sloth doth bring
Upon our foreheads withering,
Along the mournful path are shed.

Here the first morning of thy life
In its golden beauty rose;
And now, behold! how dark a night
Upon that beauty doth repose!
Then nature seemed to laugh with glee,—
The stream, the breeze, the flower, the tree,
Welcomed thy gladness with their song;
But listen now—the flower is fled,
And on the river's troubled bed
The tempest rolls its voice along.

Alas! where'er thy footsteps turn,
Midst scenes of grief they tread;
There wrath, and hate, and vengeance burn—
Here sleep the honour'd dead.
In thine dear heart thy trusting youth
Did sow the seeds of love and truth—
The fruits thine age will never find!
There—e'en thy memory is forgot;
There—envy thy dear fame doth blot;
There—thy fond cares no grateful heart can bin[d]

But let us look unto that hill
Where the star of morn doth shine,
And the horizon's utmost bound
Is burning with a ray divine.
This pure and fruitful light
Unveileth to the spirit's sight
The land where faith exulting springs;
A holy fire inflames our heart;
Wherefore may we not depart
O Death! lend us thy wings!

Along this desert earth each trace
Of pleasure fades beneath our feet;
But come to that eternal place
Where all the past our eyes shall greet.
There dwell our dreams of happier years,
Our farewells hushed with sighs and tears,
Our hopes and vows—a blessed Heaven!
There our youth will bloom again,
And each object of our pain
Unto our clasping arms be given!

So when the chilly autumn blast
Hath swept the shadow from each tree,
The nimble swallow hasteneth fast
From its leafless home to flee—
Taking its quick and joyful way
Unto a land of warmer day,
Whence the bright sun does cheer our breast;
And findeth in its distant flight
Another heaven, another light,
And for its young another nest.

Now Spring parades her new domain,
And tries her quickning power again;
Nature unbinds her wintry shroud,
(As the soft sunshine melts the cloud,)
The ice-lock'd streams, as if they felt
Her touch, to liquid diamond melt.

Who loves not Spring's voluptuous hours
The carnival of birds and flowers;
Yet who would choose, however dea[r]
That Spring should revel all the year!

HYMNS,

Sung at the late celebrations of American Independence in Boston.

At Broomfield Street Church. Composed by

MR. G. V. H. FORBES.

On mount, and tower, and fortress height
Columbia's starry banners play—
Her cannon broke the morning light
Of this, our Freedom's natal day.

But, hark! [a] sweet and mellow tone
Comes swe[lling] o'er the sounding main—
An echo from [e]arth's blasted zone,
Where lately clanked the captive's chain.

'Tis like a thousand voices, high
Above the shout of tossing seas,
In strains of praise and melody,
Pour'd on the balmy ocean breeze.

Oh Africa! thy slavery ends!
The vampyre from thy hills hath gone;
Thy God, from heaven, in mercy bends,
To roll the years of gladness on.

Mountain to mountain, sea to sea,
In wave and echo, lift their voice
To swell the trump of Jubilee,
When Africa's free sons rejoice.

At Park Street Church. Composed by

REV. J. PIERPONT.

With thy pure dews and rains,
Wash out, O God, the stains
From Afric's shore;
And, while her palm trees bud,
Let not her children's blood
With her broad Niger's flood
Be mingled more!

Quench, righteous God, the thirst
That Congo's sons hath cursed—
The thirst for gold!
Shall not thy thunders speak
Where Mammon's altars reek,
Where maids and matrons shriek,
Bound, bleeding, sold?

Hear'st thou, O God, those chains,
Clanking on Freedom's plains,
By [C]hristians wrought!
Them, who those chains have worn,
Christians from home have torn,
Christians have hither borne,
Christians have bought!

Cast down, great God, the fanes
That, to unhallowed gains,
Round us have risen—
Temples whose priesthood pore
Moses and Jesus o'er,
Then bolt the black man's door,
The poor man's prison!

Wilt thou not, Lord, at last,
From thine own image, cast
Away all cords,
But that of love, which brings
Man, from his wanderings,
Back to the King of kings,
The Lord of lords!

At the Baptist Church, in Charles Street. Composed by

REV. JAMES D. KNOWLES.

Hail, day of Freedom! let the beam
Of joy be bright on every brow;
Let songs swell out o'er hill and stream,
And banners wave in gladness now.

For Bunker's height no more is red,
Nor Monmouth's plain with heroes strown;
Peace o'er our land her wings hath spread,
And Freedom claims it as her own.

Great God! through whom the weak are strong,
The simple wise, the trampled free,
Thy temple gates to-day we throng,
To raise our grateful hymns to thee.

Yet, Lord, though Slavery's chain is rent,
The baser thrall of Sin remains;
And many a knee to her is bent,
And willing millions wear her chains.

Oh! be her cruel bondage riven,
And our Redeemer's reign succeed;
Thus grant us, Lord, the peace of heaven,
And let our land be "free indeed"

THE CHILD OF SORROW.

When Heaven dissolves the sacred tie
Which binds two faithful souls in one,
Where shall the sad survivor fly,
The arrows of despair to shun?

O can the musing hour of grief,
A pause from keen remembrance know—
Or rooted sorrow find relief
From exempt forms of outward woe?

Can fortune's smile his future peace restore?
Or can the sprightly song and dance,
Where pleasure's festive train in all
The mazy rounds of joy advance?

...aukful lines are said to be the last ...action of the Poet Cowper.

...e crown of my hope,
... is in haste to be gone;
...ar me ye cherubim up,
And waft me away to his throne.

My Savior, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above,
All glory, dominion and power.

Dissolve thou the bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Oh! strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

Then that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glory I shine,
And no longer pierce by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline.

THOUGHTS,

OCCASIONED BY THE PLANTING OF AN ACORN.

Go, tiny product of a matchless tree,
Go to the bosom of the fostering earth,
And germinate and spring, as fair to be,
As the majestic oak that gave thee birth.

I'll joy to see thee burst the yielding ground,
And (like a mother o'er her infant boy,)
Think how thou'lt spread in future grandeur round
Thy leafy boughs, the sunny hillock's joy.

But oh! it checks my pride,
To think that thou with storm-defying trunk,
And undecaying limb and verdant bough,
Shall beautiful abide,
When, youth and vigor flown, my form has sunk
Where shades nor sun-shines cheer the senseless brow

Yet 'twill be so—and haply may be thrown
Thy dark-brown shade across my narrow bed,
And there, by winds autumnal kindly blown,
Thy crimson'd leaves be sweetly gathered.

And is this human life?
Is this the lot of him whose heart throbs high
With wishes, hopes, affections and desires?
Ah! cease the strife—
If flush'd with kindling hopes, we're bid *to die*;
If, love in spring-tide bloom, the heart expires!

Oh! were it true, as *unbelievers* say,
That we were made to live these few short years,
(That hurry on and pass like thoughts away—
And dimm'd alas! with griefs, mistakes and fears.)

And then, that this high soaring, reasoning mind,
Grasping at all that's beautiful and great,—
These bright, fond hopes—these sweet affections kind,—
This soul, that pants for an immortal state,

Shall all be swept to the oblivious lake
Of everlasting death—and cease to be!
While springs shall come and joyous mornings wake,
And nature smile and shout in victory—

I'd think it wise the lamp of hope to quench,
Since 'twould but lead to disappointment's goal,
Each dear affection from my heart to wrench,
And chide the actings of my reasoning soul.

I'd envy birds that chant in sylvan bower,
And find their heaven in groves serene and cool,
I'd envy all that lack the reasoning power,
And cease to call the suicide a fool!

But 'tis not so;
Reason, and faith, and intellect, and truth,
All answer, "no"—
These powers shall flourish in eternal youth,
And brighter grow,
When beauteous earth, with trees and blossoms gay,
And sun and skies and stars have pass'd away,
No more to glow.

ELIZA.

For the Recorder & Telegraph

THE APPOINTED HOUR OF PRAYER.

My sister, 'tis our time of prayer,
I hail this welcome hour—
I go unto my God, and there
My inmost soul I'll pour.

I'll meet thy spirit—shall I meet
Thee bowing at the mercy seat?
My sister, go, he will receive—
He'll pardon all thy guilt—
Thy Saviour—yes—oh but believe—
For thee his blood was spilt,

I'll meet thee—come, Ill meet thee there,
And join with thee in suppliant prayer.
Say, will you give him all your heart?
Oh why refuse it now?
Earth's pleasure's false, you've felt its smart—
Oh, will you, will you bow?

Now is the time—no longer wait—
Come, with me enter Zion's gate.

W. N. Y.

THE FIRST BALL. BY L. E. L.

Ay, wreath the tresses o'er thy brow,
The pearls amid thine hair,
And gaze until that young cheek grow
A thousand times more fair.
With sunny smiles and blushes bright,
The Parthian arrows which to-night
Must the young beauty wear;
Clasp the last ruby of her zone,
And now go forth, thou lovely one!

And, glad as fair, it is thy first,
Ah, that the charm hath made
Thou hast not seen the bubble burst,
Nor watch'd the flower fade;
And little dream'st an hour will be,
When festal scene shall seem to thee
A silence and a shade,
Thou know'st not pleasure has the wing,
As well as song of bird in spring.

Oh, spring is beautiful as brief!
The cheek forgets its rose,
The colour withers from the leaf,
And worse still, I know those
Who wear their outward breath and bloom,
Like blossoms placed upon the tomb,
To hide the darkest woes.
For, soon as these fair hues depart,
They fade yet faster from the heart.

But thou, as yet, canst only see
The festal hall, where Night
Reigns, throned like a divinity,
With incense and with light.
Like music and like echo meet
The harp-notes and the silvery feet,
And thousand flowers unite
In gather'd beauty to declare
Their soul's sweet secrets to the air.

What dost thou dream of, lovely one?
Of pleasure? Look around,
Behind the veil and mask, for none
Unveil'd unmask'd are found.
Mark yon fair girl: the tears have rush'd
To her blue eyes, the cheek has blush'd,
As with a crimson wound:
And why? your head is bound with pearls,
While hers hath but its own bright curls!

Or, pass you such poor triumph by;
The pride is on your brow,
And laughing lip and flashing eye
Another hope avow.
What dost thou dream of, lovely one?
Of hearts that but a look hath won?—
Looks shaft-like from a bow,
That slay by chance? Now, out on thee!
To think of such cold vanity.

Or do you dream a dearer dream,
And can such dream be love?
No star hath such a fatal beam
In yon wide heaven above.
Go, waste your first, your sweetest years;
Go, wash away your rose with tears;
Go, like a wounded dove;
The poison'd arrow in your side
You cannot bear, you yet must hide!

Mark her who by you column lone
Leans with dark absent eye;
A blush upon her cheek is thrown,
'Tis from the red wreath nigh;—
She's musing over some sweet word,
Long whisper'd but still freshly heard,
Some honey flattery;
Careless, perchance, and lightly spoken,
But which the heart too oft hath broken.

Why should I speak these words of doom
To one of fairy glee?
Alas! who ever look'd on bloom,
Nor thought how it would be?
Soon, nothing but a thing too deep,
For weary memory to weep,
And thus it is with thee;
For all thy beauty and thy breath
Are nurst by care, to end in death!

DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.

I saw a pale horse, smeared with gore,
Course over the bleeding plain;
Death's grisly form aloft he bore.
Hell followed in his train,
With famine, sickness, fire, and sword,
And every ill to slay;
Where'er they passed the life blood poured,
And nations blanched away.

But though to these the Almighty gave
O'er man's frail life control,
Their power is ended at the grave—
They cannot harm the soul;
And those for whom on Calvary's height
Christ yielded up his breath,
Unawed may front the ghastly sight,
And triumph over death.

Yes, when the heavens shall pas away,
The stars on earth shall fall;
When all yon countless orbs decay,
And darkness lures them all,
The pure in heart, on angels' wings,
Shall reach that world of bliss,
Where grief no more the bosom wrings,
That aches so oft in this

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

'Twas on a lonely, desert shore,
I stood and heard the Ocean's moan;
The storm had raged—its rage was o'er—
And hush'd was each despairing groan.

I walk'd—I stood—and nought was heard,
Save zephyrs flying o'er the deep;
I walk'd—I stood—and nought was fear'd—
Still was not wanting cause to weep.

The angry storm its work had done,
Nor spar'd the trembling or the brave;
Scarce was the cry. "alarm." begun,
E'er all was plunged beneath the wave.

Quick were the billowy mountains raised,
And Ocean from its bed was driven;
The darken'd sky sulphureous blaz'd,
And rocks were by the thunder riven.

But now—no more the lightnings flash'd;
The thunder's peal had ceas'd to roar;
No more the surging billows dash'd,
Or beat tumultuous on the shore.

Alone I trac'd the sea-worn strand,
Where lately rag'd the swelling wave;
And there I saw, thrown on the sand,
The sailor, fearless once, and brave.

I stood and mus'd, while Fancy drew
The terrors of the stormy seas;
I seem'd to hear the shrieks, though few,
Which rose upon the ocean breeze.

And then I thought of all the wo,
Which those who brave the flood assails;
I thought of all the tears that flow,
When the poor widowed mother wails.

I thought of scenes beyond the grave—
Of scenes now bursting on the soul—
The "shores" which "living waters" lave—
The "gulf" where "angry billows" roll.

I rais'd and bore his corse away,
And laid it in a lonely grave;
And there the wanderer's feet may stray,
To bless the memory of the brave.

But, O! the rapture of my heart,
When I within his bosom found
The Word of God—that only chart
To guide the pilgrim heavenward "bound!"

This to the soul broad pinions gives,
To soar beyond the upper skies;
And there we trust the sailor lives,
Who with it in his bosom dies.

Transported with the joys I shar'd,
I laid it in the lonely bed,
Which for the lost I had prepar'd—
A pillow for the sailor's head!

Printed and Published every Saturday, by D. Fanshaw, Printer, corner of Broadway and Murray-street, opposite the City-Hall, at Two Dollars per year, payable quarterly.

THE LAST DAY OF AUTUMN.

BY DR. PERCIVAL.

Now the growing year is over,
And the shepherd's tinkling bell
Faintly from its winter cover
Rings a low farewell:—
Now the birds of Autumn shiver,
Where the withered beech leaves quiver
O'er the dark and lazy river,
In the rocky dell.

Now the mist is on the mountains,
Reddening in the rising sun:
Now the flowers around the fountains
Perish one by one;
Not a spire of grass is growing,
But the leaves that late were glowing,
Now its blighted green are strowing
With a mantle dun.

Now the torrent brook is stealing
Faintly down the furrowed glade—
Not as when in winter pealing,
Such a din it made,
That the sound of cataracts falling
Gave no echo so appalling,
As its hoarse and heavy brawling
In the pine's black shade.

Darkly blue the mist is hovering
Round the clifted rock's bare height—
All the bordering mountains covering
With a dim uncertain light;—
Now, a fresher wind prevailing,
Wide its heavy burden sailing,
Deepens as the day is failing,
Fast the gloom of night.

Slow the blood-stained moon is riding
Thro' the still and hazy air,
Like a sheeted spectre gliding
In a torch's glare:
Few the hours, her light is given—
Mingling clouds of tempest driven
O'er the mourning face of Heaven,
All is blackness there.

"*And false the light on glory's plume,*
— — — — — — — &c. &c.
There's nothing bright but Heaven."

We may twine the green wreath round the brow of the brave,
We may tread in the footsteps of glory.
And fame from oblivion a record may save,
Which shall make us resplendent in story;
Yet, what is the wreath which the world holds so high,
Will it free us from care for the morrow;
Will it dry the big tear-drop on misery's eye,
Or soften the throbbings of sorrow?

No! not in this world can we look for relief,
From the bright gilded pages of story;
For the wound that is made by the arrow of grief,
Is ne'er healed by the bandage of glory.
But to brighten the clouds which may shadow our days,
The hope of eternity's given;
And the light that is shed by religion's pure rays,
Serves to guide our frail footsteps to Heaven.

March 29, 1822.

From the London Evangelical Magazine.

HYMN FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

Congregation and Children.

The Saviour while on earth
Welcom'd with gentle grace,
The child of meanest birth,
Who humbly sought his face;
And Jesus yet will condescend
To be the little infant's friend.

Children alone.

Gracious Redeemer, thus
We seek thy love divine;
Pity and welcome us,
And bless, and make us thine.
Gracious Redeemer condescend
To be our Saviour and our friend.

Congregation and Children.

The Saviour, while below,
When children sang his fame,
Smil'd in the midst of woe,
To hear them lisp his name;
And Jesus still will hear the praise
Which even lisping children raise.

Children alone.

Tender Redeemer, bow
To hear the songs we bring,
And smile upon us now—
Thy name we love to sing.
Tender Redeemer hear the praise,
Which even children strive to raise.

Congregation and Children.

From all beneath the skies,
And all in heaven above,
Let Hallelujahs rise
To Jesus' tender love;
Who evermore will condescend
To be the infant's God and Friend.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Lines written on a visit to the interesting Sabbath School, at Lake Lane, Portsea, (Eng.)

Be doubly bless'd th' auspicious day
This edifice was plann'd;
And may immortal gifts repay
The founder's liberal hand;
Angels with joy beheld it rise,
To train immortals for the skies.

How sweet to mark the artless throng,
And hear th' ingenious youth
Raise with one voice, the infant song,
And learn the word of truth;
Delightful work! his path to trace,
Who died to save our ruined race.

Now fancy, o'er life's little span,
Glances her busy eyes.
And sees them bear the name of man—
Industrious, good, and wise:
Bids them each useful art employ,
Anticipates their future joy.

With quenchless zeal some Whitefield may
From hence arise and shine,
To wipe the wretch's tears away,
And heal the balm divine;
With winning eloquence to tell,
What glories in Immanuel dwell.

Some of the little ones may live
To adorn their country's name;
Indulgent heaven by them may give
Fresh lustre to her fame.
Some may the blessed Gospel bear
To distant lands, and plant it there.

Perhaps the eye of heaven may view
Some infant Milton here;
Perhaps some youthful Howard, too,
To every age still dear;
Perhaps some Wilberforce—again
Pleading with zeal the rights of men.

And many to this honor'd spot,
O God's eventful day,
(py enviable lot!)
ful shall point and say,
there,—to us the bliss was giv'n,
and find the path to heav'n! BOURNE.

For the Recorder & Telegraph.

TO A BRIDE.

They've jewell'd well thy loveliness,
Mate of my earlier years—
And the cheek they left to spotlessness,
Is jewell'd by thy tears.
Thou'rt passing to the altar,
With thy silken lashes low,
To swear thou wilt not falter
From love's lot of weal or woe.

Thy brow is paler than it's wont,
Save veins of deeper blue—
And love, in ev'ry lineament,
Like light is breaking through.
Thy fairy foot treads falteringly—
Thy lip is dyed like wine—
For here thou'rt wed unalteringly
To other hopes than thine.

I will not mar thy blessedness
By words of broken dreams—
'Twere worse than utter uselessness
To curse untasted streams.
But when the pearl is broken,
Tho' the shell its ruin hide,
'Tis hard to leave unspoken
One requiem to its pride.

ROY.

We are informed by the writer of these lines, that they are extracted from a Poem which may be shortly given to the public—suggested by the recent services in Park-street meeting-house, Boston, for the purpose of organizing an African church, consisting of persons about to embark for the Colony at Liberia.

Delightful scene!
I view it still.—Divine philanthropy
Smil'd on the glorious work. The church of God
Bless'd the propitious hour. A multitude
Stood in the stillness of entranced hope—
Of breathless expectation.—Witnesses
Invisible were there!—Myriads of spirits,
Redeem'd from earth, hover'd around the place,
With joy that swells to sweeter, loftier strains
The songs of heaven, when one repenting sinner
Turns to his God, and meets forgiving love.—
The shining hosts above; the orders bright
Of angels, *natives* of th' etherial plains,
Bend from their seats of bliss; and for a moment
Forget their golden harps, their hymns of joy.—
Silence all!

THE INFIDEL.

[By Moses H. Perkins.]

I've heard, on Afric's dreary shore,
The serpent's hiss, the panther's roar,
No footsteps mark'd the sands:
No human voice the desert cheer'd,
Save now and then were faintly heard,
The yells of savage bands.

I've seen the red volcanic tide,
Impetuous sweep the mountain's side,
And wrap the plains in fire;
And heard the shepherd's plaintive moans,
Mingling with Etna's hollow groans,
On passing gales expire.

In twilight's faint and dusky beam,
I've seen the murderer's weapon gleam,
Bath'd in the victim's gore;
Ghastly and pale, with many a wound,
The mangled corse, half breathing found,
Stretch'd on the blood-stain'd shore.

I've heard amid the foaming deep,
When tempests howl, and whirlwinds sweep,
Heart-rending cries "to save;"
The shrieks of many a trembling soul,
And mark'd the sea's tremendous roll,
Which swept them to their grave,

Nor shepherd's moans, nor panther's roar,
Nor wreck, nor corse upon the shore,
To me such pain has given,
As seeing on the couch of death,
The infidel resign his breath,
Without the hopes of heav'n.

From the Liverpool Advertiser.

ON THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Fair modest flower that shuns parade,
Whose sweets all other sweets excel,
Oft have I sought thee in the shade,
And watch'd thy slowly opening bell.

In life's fair morn, when I was blest,
And sigh'd like others to be gay—
Pale flower! I placed thee near my breast,
And threw the blushing rose away.

Yet 'twas not hatred that did guide
My infant choice, and move my scorn;
Methought the rose was swoln with pride,
And thou neglected and forlorn.

May pity ever thus prevail,
And softly all my soul incline,
To listen to the plaintive tale,
And make the cause of sorrow mine.

And when I see misfortune sink
'Neath cruel pride's sarcastic rail,
I'll raise its drooping head, and think
On thee, sweet lily of the vale.

MISCELLANY

POETRY.

THE SOUL.

All things without, which round about we see,
We seek to know, and how therewith to do:
But that whereby we reason, live, and be,
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause of the ebbs and floods of Nile:
But of that clock within our breasts we bear,
The subtle motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone,
And pass both tropics, and behold each pole,
When we come home are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own soul.

We study speech, but others we persuade;
We leech-craft learn, but others cure with it;
We interpret laws which other men have made,
But read not those which in our hearts are writ.

Is it because the mind is like the eye,
Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees,
Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly;
Not seeing itself when other things it sees?

No doubtless: for the mind can backward cast
Upon herself, her understanding's light,
But she is so corrupt and so defaced,
As her own image doth herself affright.

For e'en at first reflection she espies
Such strange chimeras, and such monsters there,
Such toys, such antics and such vanities,
As she retires, and shrinks for shame and fear.

For this few know themselves; for merchants broke
View their estate with discontent and pain,
And seas are troubled when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport and carry out the mind,
That with herself the mind doth never meet.

[*Sir John Davies.*

Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds:
And many a resolute, who now appears,
Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden,
Find in his breast a heart he wot not of.
Let but a single honest man speak out
The true name of his crime!

[*Coleridge's Wallenstein.*

He deserves to find himself deceived,
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man. [*id.*

There is a natural
Unceasing war 'twixt cunning and suspicion;
Peace exists only betwixt confidence
And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders
The future generations. [*id.*

HYMN.

QUESTION: "*And I heard the voice of the Lord saying, 'whom shall I send, and who will go for us?*'"—Isa. 6: 8.

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES.

From dear New-England's happy shore,
Where all our kindred dwell;
We go—on Pagans light to pour—
Our native land! farewell!

Question: and I heard the voice &c.

DOMESTIC MISSIONARIES.

We go, where seldom on the ear
Salvation's tidings swell;
We go, to dry the mourner's tear—
Our pleasant home! farewell!

Question: And I heard the voice, &c.

HOME PREACHERS.

Where all our early friendships blend,
Of Jesus' love we'll tell;
And in the work our lives will spend—
Brethren!—a short farewell!

CHORUS.

From all these cherished scenes we go—
The home of praise and prayer;
To meet earth's gladness or earth's woe,
And many a toil to bear.

Forewell, ye friends, who shared our joy;
Ye, in whose hearts we dwell;
A noble work shall now employ
Our energies—farewell!

Brethren, we press the parting hand;
Our songs—of parting tell;
Then, till we reach heaven's holy land,
A sweet, but brief farewell!

Prayer.—Benediction.

The singing of the Hymn which preceded the closing pray

MUSINGS.

Where are those eyes so blue and bright,
That lately beamed on me their light;
Whose witching power, at every glance,
Betokened all of love's romance—
Kindling affections in the breast,
That, haply, might disturb its rest;
Yet leaving such sweet sadness there,
That all on whom it fell might uncomplaining bear?

Where are those lips, whose mutterings went
So deep within me, and were blent
With all my heart's imaginings
Of heavenly hopes and heavenly things,
And so beguiled its every hour,
And so absorbed its every power,
That still their accents fresh upon mine ear
In softest whisperings come, as if those lips were near?

OLDIER'S FUNER

...d at night the hour of one,
...muffled drum was rolling ;
...castle bell sent from its tower of stone
The sound of its heavy tolling.

Many a soldier was marching there,
With musquet and banner trailing,
And the music played the funeral air,
That mingles with grief and wailing.

They bore him along in his coffin, proud
As when he rode in his glory ;
And many a sign on his sable shroud
Told his high and martial story.

They marched to the beat of the hollow drum,
With slow and measured sadness ;
And there ran thro' the ranks a stifled hum,
But it was not the hum of gladness.

They bore him away to the battle ground,
Where his life for his home was given ;
Then they stood in solemn stillness round,
And consigned his soul to heaven.

They fired o'er his grave the farewell shot,
And the Cannon answered louder ;
Then they thought of the battle when wild and hot,
And their hearts felt sterner and prouder.

With quicker step and lighter breath,
And with banner spread and flying,
They had marched that day to the field of death,
And their thoughts were on aught but dying.

Slowly now to his honoured grave,
Where he fell with a patriot's bravery,
They bore the youth, who died to save
His country and home from slavery.

PERCIVAL.

THE LAST DAY OF AUTUMN.

BY DR. PERCIVAL.]

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And the shepherd's tinkling bell
Faintly from its winter cover
Rings a low farewell :—
Now the birds of Autumn shiver,
Where the withered beech leaves quiver,
O'er the dark and lazy river,
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Now the mist is on the mountains,
Reddening in the rising sun ;
Now the flowers around the fountains
Perish one by one ;—
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Deepens, as the day is failing,
Fast the gloom of night.

Slow the blood-stained moon is riding
Thro' the still and hazy air,
Like a sheeted spectre gliding
In a torch's glare ;—
Few the hours, her light is given—
Mingling clouds of tempest driven
O'er the mourning face of Heaven,
All is blackness there.

P.

From the Memoirs of Jane Taylor.

TO MADAM DE STAEL.

WRITTEN AFTER READING CORINNE OU L'ITALIE.

O woman, greatly gifted ! why
Wert thou not gifted from on high ?
What had that noble genius done—
That knew all hearts—all things, but *one*,
—Had that been known ? O, would it might
Be whispered, ere she took her flight !
Where, where, is that fine spirit hurled,
That seemed unmeet for either world ?

While o'er thy magic page I bend,
I knew thee—claim thee for my friend :
With thee a secret converse hold,
And see my inmost thoughts unfold.
Each notion crude, defined—expressed ;
And certain, what I vaguely guessed.
And hast thou taught, with cruel skill,
The art to suffer better still ;—
Grief's finest secret to explore,
Though understood too well before ?
Ah well, I'd thank thee if I might ;
Although so wrong, thou art so right !
While I condemn, my heart replies,
And deeper feelings sympathize.

Thy view of life—that painful view,
How false it is !—and yet how true !
"Life without love—a cheerless strife ;
Yet love so rarely given to life."
And why must truth and virtue, why,
This mighty claim of love deny ?
—What was this earth, so full, so fair ?—
A cheerless desert, bleak and bare—
God knew it was—till love was there.
Say, has the heart a glance at bliss—
One—till it glance or gaze at this ?
Ah no ! unblessed, unsoothed the lot,
Fair though it seem, that knows it not !
'Tis true !—and to the truth replies
A thousand joyless hearts and eyes ;
Eyes beamless—hearts that do not break—
They cannot—but that always ache ;
And slowly wither, day by day,
Till life at last is dried away.

"Love or Religion ;" yes, she knew,
Life has no choice but 'twixt the two :
But when she sought *that* balm to find,
She guessed and groped ; but still was blind.
Aloft she flew, yet failed to see
Aught but an earthly deity.
The humble Christian's holy love.
O, how it calmly soars above
These storms of passion !—Yes, too much
I've felt her talent's magic touch.
Return, my soul, to that retreat
From sin and woe—thy Saviour's feet !
There learn an art she never knew,
The heart's own empire to subdue ;—
All to resign that He denies ;—
A large, but willing sacrifice.
To Him in meek submission bend ;
Own Him an all-sufficient friend ;
Here, and in holy worlds above,
My portion—and my only love !

September 23, 1822.

THE INN.

Extract from a poem recited before a literary society in Providence in September last, entitled "The Populous Village."

There stands the *Inn*—a lodge where kings might rest,
And oft some exiled king has been its guest;
Where wandering princes luxury might find,
Nor miss the villas that they left behind.
There journeying merchants, yeomen of the soil,
And learned trav'lers oft relax their toil,
The rattling wheels bring in; at evening time,
The tide of guests from every state and clime:
Roused by the porter at the early dawn,
Refreshed by sleep, again the tide rolls on.
No bloated landlord meets you at the door,
Whose rank excess steams forth at every pore;
No sooty bar-room there, on every side
With broken chairs and two-legged stools supplied,
Whose narrow windows but exclude the day,
If yet through cobwebs it might find its way;
Whose wainscot, from the ceiling to the floor,
With "strayed or stolen" or "stop thief," stuck o'er;
But splendid drawing rooms, with carpets strown,
And seats and sofas like the softest down.
* * * * * *
Cast o'er the guests your scrutinizing view—
No lounging, drinking, wrangling, bedlam's crew,
Where the stale song with witless toasts is crowned,
And the loud horse-laugh and the slap goes round;
But minds well furnished, with experience fraught,
On high eventful themes exchanging thought;
And sure the circling sun sees, from the skies,
No spot where themes of higher moment rise.
A people's glory risen—and rising yet—
No splendour waning, and no glory set.

ALAS ! POOR WILL !

Will Lapstone mended shoes for *bread*,
For he was *bred* to trade,
Until a *maid* perplex'd his head,
Whose shoes he sometimes *made*.

One day, to *measure* her he ran,
And, without *measure* stupid,
About her *instep* he began,
When *in stept* Master Cupid.

At Will he let an arrow fly,
'Against his *will*, who cried, did,
"I beg, Sir, you will not *shoot I*,"
As he her neat *shoe tie* did.

To piece his heart, he tried in vain,
'Twas not to be made whole,
For though he *mended* now and then,
He could not *heal* his *soul*.

He brought her *shoes* and own'd his flame,
To which "*shu ! shu !*" cried she,
And scoff'd at *Cupid*, the false dame,
With much *cupidty*.

A note from her he had with speed,
Ah ! note the cruel slut,—
She knew 'twas *'bove his hand* to read,
So he threw it *under foot*.

He pick'd it up from off the ground,
And thought to try 'twas better,
But found that he was quite *spell-bound*,
By this *enchanting letter*.

Whilst *rueing* what did him befall,
His trade to *ruin* past ;
And as he *slowly* lost his *all*,
He *quickly* found his *last*.

As tall a man of *wax*, in fine,
Ne'er *wax'd*, then, in *a stall*,
As now *fell* into a *decline*,
On his *decline and fall*..

They laid *Will* in the green earth's *lap*,
With a *stone* above his head,
And o'er his *grave engrav'd* this scrap
"Here lies *Will Lapstone*—dead."

GRAMMATICAL TAUTOLOGY.

I'll prove the word that I have made my theme,
Is that that may be doubled without blame ;
And that that *that*, thus trebled, I may use,
And that that *that* that critics may abuse
May be correct. Farther—the dons to bother—
Five *thats* may closely follow one another!
For be it known that we may safely write
Or say, that that *that* that that man writ was right ;—
Nay, e'en, that that *that* that *that* that follow'd
Through six repeats, the Grammar's rule has hallow'd ;
And that that *that* (that *that* that *that* began)
Repeated seven times is right !—Deny't who can.

Anecdote of Burns.—On a visit to a certain seaport town in this country, Burns entered into a warm discussion on religious topics with a person named Andrew Turner, who was famed for Deistical principles, and what John Bunyan would have denominated an "ill favored" countenance. The Poet was worsted in the argument, at which he felt nettled, and vented his spleen in the following impromptu :—

Eng. pap.

It happened once upon a time,
The de'il got stuff to mak' a swine
And laid it in a corner ;
But after that he chang'd his plan,
An' made it something like a man,
An' ca'd it ANDREW TURNER.

At a public dinner at the City of Washington, on the 12th instant, by the Columbia Artillery, the following *poetical* toast was drunk :

Our Revolutionary Heroes, who are grown old and hoary,
May our small guns crack their praise and our big ones roar their glory.

CRITICS AT FAULT.—The editor of the Literary Gazeete says, "The expression, the two first, is unqustionably erroneous, if not ungrammatical. There can be no two firsts." The Glasgow Chronicle quotes this grammar ukase, and clenches it thus; "Neither can there be two lasts. Yet no error is more common, even in writings of the best authors." If so, we may ask, can there be more than one best author? But we humbly submit that both our brethren are palpably wrong. Just let them suppose that Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith head a procession, marching two abreast—that Mr. Thompson and Mr. Williams bring up the rear—and then tell us whether Messrs. Jones and Smith are not the "two first," and Messrs. Thompson and Williams the "two last."

WANTED,

An ounce of purest blarney stone;
A piece of proud contention's bone;
A blandest smile from 'happy land'
To borrow from whom will lend a hand;
Some caoutchouc to erase the 'line;'
A summer's day from 'Auld Lang Syne;'
Cement that makes bad manners mend;
A book that's true from end to end;
Some news half lost from friction travelling;
A hint how time proceeds unravelling;
A pip from the apple of beauty's eye;
To know how long till by and bye;
A daguerreotype of genius' twins;
To find where east or west begins;
A pot of grease from the 'great bear;'
Direct from Virgo's lids a tear;
A cup of cream from the 'milky way;'
The breadth and depth of the longest day;
The length and girth of both the 'poles;'
The exact amount of human doles;
A recipe to stretch out holes.

☞ J. G. Whittier is contributing a series of papers to the National Era, entitled "Stray Leaves from the Diary of Margaret Smith. They claim to be veritable products of "good old colony times;" but whether so or otherwise, they contain many gems of wisdom in a quaint setting. Of the gifts of God bestowed upoa ungrateful men, it is said, that "They are as delicacies poured upon a mouth shut up, or as meats set upon a grave."

The Diary tells of a women, one Goodwife Matson, who "formerlie dwelt at the Marblehead fishing haven" and much troubled the goodly people there, and especially the church, which was 'plainlie in fear of her ill tongue and wicked temper.'

"She was one of the unruly women who did break into Thompson's garrison house, and barbarously put to death two Saugus Indians, who had given themselves up for safe keeping, and who had never harmed anie, which thing was a great grief and scandal to all well-disposed people. She scrupled not to say that she would as lief stick an Indian as a hogg, and walked all the way from Marblehead to Boston to see the Quaker woman hung, and foully jest over her dead bodie.'

Happily such furies trouble our Marblehead neighbors no longer. [Salem Obs.

REMEMBRANCE.

'How often is our path
Crossed by some being, whose bright spirit sheds
A passing gladness o'er it; but whose course
Leads down another current, never more
To blend with ours! Yet far within our souls,
Amidst the rushing of the busy world,
Dwells many a secret thought, which lingers still
Around that image.'

☞ A casual correspondent in Watertown, (N. Y.,) sends us the following extract from a temperance lecture by Burchard, the eccentric 'revivalist,' lately delivered in that village. We mentioned in a recent anecdote lately the manner in which the speaker once obtained a quid of tobacco in church; and it seems but fair that we should set forth his subsequent trials in eschewing the weed: 'I was once,' said he, 'an inveterate lover of tobacco, and I know how difficult it is to break off the habit of using it; still it can be done. I indulged in the use of the weed to a great excess; I loved it; but knowing that its effects were bad, and especially ill-becoming a man of the gospel, I made one almighty resolve to quit it. With that resolution I took a tremendous 'cud,' which was to be my final wind-off. I chewed it and chewed it, and rolled it as a sweet morsel under my tongue,' and from one cheek to the other, for three weeks. 'Pears to me tobacco never tasted so good before; and I almost shed tears when I recollected that it was to be my last indulgence. When its strength was all gone, I threw it away. 'There, Burchard,' said I, 'there goes your last—your omega of quids!' Well, for a while it was very hard doing without it, and I was often sorely tempted to try it again. Old tobacco chewers would pull out their rusty steel-boxes, give them a scientific snap, and say, 'Burchard, have a chew?'—and for a long time whenever I heard the click of a tobacco-box, I involuntarily put my hand in my trowse's to get hold of my pig-tale. In fact I am afraid I sometimes blundered dreadfully in my sermons, my thoughts being more perhaps upon tobacco than upon the Lord. But I stuck to my resolution and neither 'cavendish' nor 'pig-tail' has ever been between my teeth from that time to this! What an 'old trump' he is, isn't he?

RAILROADS.—It is calculated that there will be more miles of railroad opened this year than in any previous one since these works were first commenced in this country. Independent of the many new lines about being completed, the extension of old roads is progressing very rapidly, and sections of country most remote from the Atlantic have been connected with the principal markets of the Union. About three hundred miles of railroad will be brought into use this year in New York; about five hundred in New England; in New Jersey thirty miles; Ohio, fifty miles—making in these States nearly nine hundred miles of road. Besides this, there are at least one hundred miles in progress, part of which will be completed in 1849.

THE CHURCH BELL.

Hark! the tolling Sabbath bell,
Sounding far o'er hill and dell!
It inviteth high and low,
To the house of prayer to go;
It inviteth wrinkled age
To attend the sacred page;
It invites the blushing bride,
And the bridegroom at her side—
Hermit tottering o'er his staff,
School-boy with his jocund laugh,
Soldier clad in garb of gold,
Seaman, noble, frank, and bold,
Statesman, with the anxious look,
Scholar, brooding o'er his book,
Merchant, musing o'er his gains,
Pauper, fretting o'er his pains,
And in every human ear,
Rings that summons to appear.

Win thy thoughts from earth away,
Let them be with heaven to-day.
Think not now of sordid gold,
Nor of gaudy flags, unroll'd,
Nor of learned books, the lore,
Prized by Pagan men of yore,
Nor thy vessel tossed at sea,
Nor thy lands so dear to thee,
But unto thy God repair,
To his holy place of prayer.

☞ He who relies on the exertions of others to take him through the world, is a mere dependant; and is perpetually the sport of their whims and caprices, of their favor or aversion. He may one day be basking in the sunshine of popular favor, and the next struggling in the slough of their neglect. The man alone is truly independent who relies upon his own exertions, to the exclusion of foreign aid. Besides, such a one will generally be deemed more *worthy* of favor or assistance than he who has never shown himself capable by his own unaided efforts. There is a proverb that, "God helps those who help themselves." Such also is generally the case with men.

A mad dog was killed in Foxboro' on Saturday, 27th ult. Eighteen dogs and one horse that were bitten by him have already been killed. He passed through the centre of the town, and several persons narrowly escaped being bitten. A little child of Rev. Mr. Barnes was in the road, the dog snapped at him, leaving the froth from his mouth on its clothes, but inflicting no wound. Mr. Samuel Cain started in pursuit of the dog, taking a gun that had only a bird charge in it, he came up with him in the woods and discharged his gun at him, when the dog turned furiously upon him, and he despatched him with the butt end. Great excitement prevails, and a town meeting is to be immediately called to make proclamation of war upon the whole canine race. [Boston Post.

"Done Brown" by a "Green Un."

We are almost tired of recording the rich hat are constantly occurring, at the expens unsophisticated green ones, all over the cou Hardly a week passes, but we are called up chronicle the case of some unfortunate, who been invited to inspect the structure of the ge "elephant," in some particular or other—if not entire animal, even, from trunk to tail. The lowing case, however, is exactly the reverse of foregoing—presenting the novel spectacle of eral old and knowing ones victimized by whom they pitied for his greenness. As th something entirely new, and altogether out of common run of "sells," we feel bound to give place. Here it is; it is certainly fresh, origi and unhackneyed:—

One day, week before last, a young man of n exceedingly verdant appearance, arrived at Ca with the intention of awaiting the arrival o boat destined above. He was dressed in an aw ardly put together suit of homespun, and gazed everything with such undisguised amazement, to attract the sincere pity of our good citizens his greenness. He had evidently been confi all his life in the backwoods, and was now ushering himself into an unknown and wondr ly curious world. The Tobacco Plant came while the young man was on the wharf-boat Zeppa, having in tow a canal boat. He vowed was the "all-firedest funniest thing" he had since he rode on that "tarnal snortin' steambo and expressed a lively curiosity to see its in nals.

He was accordingly led below by the propri who took great pains to show him those char arrangements for sleeping, &c., only to be fo on Canal boats. His curiosity gratified in particular, he wandered up town, almost stop on his way to examine the children, dogs and He finally stopped before our office, and disti ly spelled out our sign, making but one mista on being told that it was a printing office, he pressed the greatest curiosity to see how "t fellers made papers." He was shown in, and ed at our pressman with much greater venera than a Whig would at the President of the U States. He succeeded in leaving a happy i sion upon the printer, that his present ad was probably the greenest fellow that had wandered from marm's apron strings. On rec ing a paper, he went outside the door and spe its contents in a low tone for half an hour. Wh else he wandered we know not, but finally pay his host of the Mazeppa a gold one dollar pi for his fare, and insinuating that living was mighty high" in the places he had lately visi got into a steamboat and took himself off. Imm ately after his departure, Mr. Reed, of canal boat, found that he had been "did" to amount of $275, which had been picked from pocket! And in a few days thereafter, Smith, of the Mazeppa, ascertained that this remarkably verdant young man had actually "i en in" the *Steamboat Clerk* by passing some co terfeit gold coin on him, besides *victimizing* seve passengers in the same manner! Mr. S. then amined his gold piece, and found it counterfei so! We deeply sympathise with our "fellow izens," yet can scarcely refrain from admiring rogue's *finesse* in the accomplishment of his cality.

MY COUNTRY.

I love my country's pine clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air,
In wild fantastic forms.

I love her rivers deep and wide,
Those mighty streams that seaward glide
To seek the ocean's breast;
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,
Her shady dells, her flow'ry dales,
The haunts of peaceful rest.

I love her forests dark and lone,
For the wild bird's merry tone
Is heard from morn to night;
And there were lovelier flowers I ween,
Than e'er in eastern lands were seen
In varied colors bright.

Her forest and her valleys fair,
Her flowers that scent the morning air,
Have all their charms for me;
But more I love my country's name
Those words that echo deathless fame—
"The land of Liberty."

Bessie Bell.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

When did Love, saucy urchin, ever stop for reflection? When did he ever take heed for the mischief he might be doing, as he recklessly let fly his arrows around? *Did he ever! Not he!* It even appears as if he enjoyed the sport the more,—the more he witnesses the sighs and tears of his victims, which his own cruel hand has wrought,—and laughs beneath his wings at the frowns and threats of obdurate papas, and the grave lectures of prudent mothers!

For example, now, here is an exploit of the little god in our own good village of Fairdale.

Upon the summit of a beautiful green knoll in the most secluded quarter of the village stands the comfortable cottage of Goodman Bell, the miller. In front the view is unobstructed, sweeping gradually down to the bright waters of the Silver Creek, as it is called, which skirts the base. And here stands the old mill which has ground out the corn and rye to feed all Fairdale for two generations, —the tempting guise of johny-cakes, hasty-pudding, and snbstantial loaves of smoking brown bread! Leaping over the dam come the waters of the creek, rushing and dashing down with great attempt at display, then creaming and foaming around the old moss-grown stanchions, fall off quietly into the silver sheet below. From morning until night the cheerful music of the mill mingles with the song of the birds, and the gentle whispers of the wind among the drooping branches of the old willow-tree. And after a storm, the waters as they hurry over the dam, vexed perhaps that their translucent beauty is for the time destroyed, fret and fume so loudly that they may be heard even for miles around.

At the back of the miller's cottage is a thick grove of pines, embalming the air with their healthful fragrance. Between this grove and the house, however, is the substantial kitchen garden, which in their season displays a flourishing array of vegetables,—nor must I omit to mention in proof of the taste which reigns within the cottage, that upon each side of the lawn in front is a small flower-plot, bordered with tulips, pinks, and jump-up-johnnies—huge peonies in the centre, and the intermediate spaces filled up with ragged-robin, larkspur, marigolds, and other floral varieties. There are rose-bushes, too, around the windows—wild grape-vines trained over the little summer-house, and upon each side of the front door a tall lilac stands nodding to its neighbor snow-ball at the corner. In fact, one may travel far and not rest their eyes upon a more lovely spot than marks the domain of our good miller.

And as all was so quiet and pleasant without the cottage, so was it all sunshine within. The miller's wife was a pattern of thrift and cheerfulness, and Bessie,—but here I must pause a moment to think what she was like! Such a mischievous merry maiden has seldom tripped over Fairdale green as Bessie Bell! Such a pair of roguish black eyes,—long silken lashes, perfect love-nets to ensnare poor swains—then such a redundance of dark, shining tresses, as would curl and do as they

But as for her mouth, it defied all criticism—I am almost sorry to say that the little gipsey kept it in such constant play, laughing and singing, that it must be a keen eye indeed which could detect its outline,—but her lips were red as cherries, and her little teeth almost dazzled, they were so white and shining. She was not fair, but more beautiful far, with her clear olive complexion, and cheeks like a fresh-blown rose. She was no sylph, Bessie Bell,—for two hands could not span her waist by many long inches, and her plump round arms could wield the broom or ply the dasher with equal dexterity.

I would not insinuate by this that she was very industrious,—how could she be, the merry one, when there were the birds, and the butterflies, and her own happy heart, bidding her be on the wing for joy and gladness Sometimes the good mother would shake her head and exclaim:

'Well, well, this will never do,—Bessie must go to work!'

'Yes, yes, Bessie must go to work!' echoed the miller.

And so they kept on shaking their heads and apostrophizing, from week to week, and from month to month, and year to year! But one glance from Bessie's roguish eye would destroy all the grave lectures which Goodman Bell had treasured up during his day's work as reproofs for her giddiness,—and the wheel of the old lady never flew round and round so swiftly as when she was listening to one of Bessie's merry songs. And thus smoothly passed the life of the miller's only daughter until her seventeeth year,

'The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, and slumbers light,'

marking the innocence and gladness of her heart.

Plenty of lovers had Bessie,—causing no small share of envy from the more wealthy and accomplished village belles,—for their brothers,—their cousins,—even their beaux from the city, all alike seemed perfectly fascinated by the charms of the little maid.

Never was miller more prosperous than Goodman Bell,—never was so much grist brought to one mill,—never a clapper kept so busy! The little boys, poor fellows, could scarcely ever mount the meal-sack and ride on old Dobbin to mill,—and why? Why because their elder brothers, or some neighbor's tall gawky son, would carry the grist themselves,—and not only carry it there, but bless you, they would wait, and wait, hour after hour, sauntering around the mill, or in the grove, under pretence of waiting for their load, when it was all just for a glance at that bewitching little gipsey, Bessie Bell.

Now, as Bessie was their only child, and withal so pretty and lively, it is no wonder the honest miller and his wife had formed great expectations for the future. No less quality than a lawyer, or a doctor, perhaps a clergyman, did they look for in a son-in-law; and, as he counted over his gains, with honest pride the good man would exclaim:

'Our daughter will not go empty-handed into any man's house!' and the old lady would glance complacently at the crowded clothes-presses filled with snowy linen, and at the large chests heaped with bed-quilts and blankets, all the work of her own hands intended as a marriage dowry for her darling Bessie.

In short all went pleasantly and happily under the miller's roof until that same Love must needs kindle up discord and rebellion. I do not wonder the little god wished to try his skill upon one as roguish as himself,—but then he might have 'let the course of true love run smooth,' and not caused so much disturbance in the shape of Hal Carey, comely as that shape was' Now, who was Hal Carey? no lawyer,—no doctor,—no minister,—no even a spruce clerk in our 'variety store! He was nobody,—just nobody at all,—and for Love to introduce such an one to the affections of the miller's bright-eyed daughter all who read must allow was a most shabby trick!

Hal Carey belonged to that numerous class of persons who never get up in the world,—not from any fault of their own,—not because they have not industry, honesty, sobriety, and perseverance,—but because Fate like a mill stone presses upon their heads, and whenever they would rise sinks them again to the level. The grandfather of Hal had been an industrious day-laborer,—working from morning till night, toiling like a slave in the fields and barns of Fairdale,—so had Hal's father—and so did Hal himself; but there was a certain shrewdness and talent about the latter which his progenitors did not possess,—and many knowing ones in the village prognosticated that 'Hal would be something yet.'

Goodman Bell often employed Hal, little thinking what a piece of work he was laying out for himself; and although he often glanced at the athletic figure of his workman, and thought what a noble-looking fellow he was, the simple old man never once surmised his pretty daughter might think so too!

So there was Hal day after day busy about the mill, or in the garden, or cleaving the huge logs, piled up in the wood-yard,—and there was sly Bessie, too, running back and forth, now dancing and skipping down to Silver Creek, now industriously weeding down the onion-beds, or peeping up roguishly the animated face of her lover, almost beneath the very stroke of the axe, as, like a dutiful daughter, she gathered up chips for her mother,—naughty Bessie!

Some perhaps may blame poor Hal, whose only wealth consisted in the possession of a kind old grandmother, whose delight he was, and for whose support every dollar he earned was applied, for stealing the affections of charming Bessie, whose station in life, though but a humble miller's daughter, was so much above his own. Nor do I think he had any such intent,—it was Love's doings,—neither Hal nor Bessie had any voice in the matter!

At length a suitor, such a one as gladdened the eyes and joyed the heart of Goodman Bell, made his appearance at the cottage. What though he was as old again as Bessie and a widower with three rude romping children! This was a mere trifle,—for was he not a lawyer, living in one of the finest houses in Fairdale—nor was there any lack of handsome carpets, or stately mirrors, to gladden the eyes of a young bride! No wonder the miller was a happy man, as, day after day, he saw the gig and fine bay horse of the lawyer wending up the hill and stopping at his own little gate,—nor did he deem it occasion to frown if there the gig remained an hour, or even longer. Sometimes, too, the lover acceded to the kind invitations of Mrs. B. and partook h[illegible]ily of her nice

THE TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Father guide me! Day declines,
Hollow winds are in the pines;
Darkly waves each giant bough
O'er the sky's last crimson glow;
Hush'd is now the convent's bell.
Which erewhile with breezy swell
From the purple mountains bore
Greeting to the sun-set shore.
Now the sailor's vesper hymn
Dies away.
Father! in the forest dim
Be my stay!

In the low and shivering thrill
Of the leaves that late hung still;
In the dull and muffled tone
Of the sea-wave's distant moan;
In the deep tints of the sky,
There are signs of tempest nigh.
Ominous, with sullen sound,
Falls the closing dusk around.
Father! through the storm and shade
O'er the wild,
Oh! be Thou the lone one's aid—
Save thy child!

Many a swift and sounding plume
Homewards, through the boding gloom,
O'er my way hath flitted fast,
Since the farewell sunbeam pass'd
From the chesnut's ruddy bark;
And the pool's now low and dark,
Where the wakening night winds sigh
Through the long reeds mournfully.
Homeward, homeward, all things haste—
God of might!
Shield the homeless midst the waste,
Be his light!

In his distant cradle-nest,
Now my babe is laid to rest;
Beautiful his slumber seems
With a glow of heavenly dreams;
Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,
Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,
Where his mother bends to pray,
For the loved and far away.—
Father! guard that household bower,
Hear that prayer!
Back, through thine all-guiding power
Lead me there!

Darker, wilder, grows the night—
Not a star sends quivering light
Through the massy arch of shade
By the stern old forest made.
Thou! to whose unslumbering eyes
All my pathway open lies,
By thy Son, who knew distress
In the lonely wilderness,
Where no roof to that blest head
Shelter gave—
Father! through the time of dread,
Save, oh! save!

[illegible] HYMN.

[illegible]! to thy care
[illegible]idence on high;
[illegible]d ourselves in pray'r,
[illegible] hope and humble eye.

[illegible] perplexing devious way
[illegible]hy kind protection still we trace;
And ev'ry year, and ev'ry day,
Proclaims thy goodness and thy grace.

Oh, may the same preserving hand
Uphold us all our journey *through*;
And lead us on, a chosen band
Of saints and pilgrims here *below*.

Grant us thy guidance and thy aid,
Like Israel's sacred cloud and fire,
Till these terrestial scenes shall fade,
And faith in vision shall expire.

[illegible]d when the [illegible]n,
[illegible] all the [illegible]e;

POETRY.

THE FLOWERS.

Ye bright Mosaics! that, with storied beauty,
The floor of Nature's temple tesselate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer:—

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand;—
But to that fane, most Catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned;—

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the winds and waves,—its organ thunder,—
Its dome the sky.

There as in solitude and shade I wander,
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God,—

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral Apostles! that, in dewy splendor,
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
Oh! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
"Arrayed," the lilies cry—"in robes like ours;
"How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
"Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure:
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *momento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
[illegible]

RESIGNATION.

By Bishop Ken.

My heart shall humbly, LORD, thy will attend—
Ambitious only, never to offend.
O keep my will meek, ductile, and sedate,—
The same in a serene or stormy state;
O Father, choose what thou would'st have me be
In danger or secure, enslaved or free;
In consolation, or afflicting grief,
Wealthy, or destitute of all relief;
Give life or death, give health or a disease,—
Success or disappointment, pain or ease,
I'll welcome e'en desertions when I pray
Nor murmur at denial or delay:
Send persecution, torture, or disgrace,
I gladly will thy bitt'rest cross embrace,
'Tis by thy gracious will thy martyrs bleed,
And thy supports their agonies exceed.
Thou, LORD, not I, wilt suffer the distress,
While our two wills in thine, shall coalesce.
I choose, my GOD! all thou hast predefined;
My very death—its time, place, manner, kind.
I'll welcome pangs, in which I shall expire:
CHRIST-like resign'd to die, is my desire:
In thee alone my spirit is at rest:
Thy will be done. Thy will is ever best.
I'll from my bosom all self-will expel—
Self-will, the fruitful sin which peoples hell:
In the blest saints, in all the hosts divine,
Throughout all heaven, there is no will but Thine!

THE HEART.

The heart—the gifted heart—
Who may reveal its depths to human sight!
What eloquence impart
The softness of its love—the grandeur of its might.

It is the seat of bliss—
The blessed home of all affections sweet;
It smiles where friendship is—
It glows where social feelings meet.

'Tis Virtue's hallowed fane—
'Tis Freedom's first, and best, and noblest shield!
A strength that will remain,
When grosser powers and feebler spirits yield!

It is Religion's shrine,
From whence our holiest aspirations wing;
Where joys, which are divine,
And hopes, which are of heaven, alone may spring.

The fount of tenderness—
Where every purer passion has its birth,
To cheer—to charm—to bless—
[illegible]d s[illegible]ctify our pilgrimage on earth.

THE MARTYR'S SONG.

He knelt, the Saviour knelt and pray'd,
When but his Father's eye
Look'd through the lonely garden's shade
On that dread agony;
The Lord of all above, beneath,
Was bow'd with sorrow unto death!

The sun set in a fearful hour,
The stars might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
So to o'ershadow HIM!
That He who gave man's breath, might know
The very depths of human woe.

He proved them all! the doubt, the strife,
The faint perplexing dread,
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
All gather'd round his head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray—
Yet pass'd it not, that cup, away!

It pass'd not—though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath His tread;
It pass'd not—though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead.
But there was sent Him from on high,
A gift of strength for man to die.

And was the Sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may *we* meet our conflict yet,
In the dark narrow way?
Through Him—through Him, that path who trod—
Save, or we perish, Son of God!—*Mrs. Hemans*

THE PASSAGE.

[From the German of Uhland.]

Many a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed the restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades, old and tried—
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form,
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn mine eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore,
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman! thrice thy fee,
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

[*Edinburgh Revie*

[illegible] *M[illegible]n the Eastern Argus.*

[illegible] in two[illegible]. Blake, who perished with
[illegible]n.—For[illegible]r, 1821, on the Green Moun-
[illegible]Square,[illegible]t, near the town of Arlington.
[illegible]copies
[illegible]neat,[illegible]s sweep the mountain's height,
[illegible]btain-[illegible]ess was the dreary wild,
[illegible]Han-[illegible]cheerless hour of night,
[illegible]class[illegible]wander'd, with her child.
[illegible]vo-[illegible]drifted snow she press'd
[illegible]cal[illegible]was sleeping on her breast.
[illegible]on,[illegible]er still the wind did blow,
[illegible]darker hours of night came on,
[illegible]eeper grew the drifts of snow—
[illegible]limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone.
[illegible]d! she cried, in accents wild,
must perish, save my child.

[illegible]e stript her mantle from her breast,
And bar'd her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapt the vest,
And smil'd to think her babe was warm.
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon a snowy bed.

At dawn a traveller passed by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil—
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold, and hard and pale—
He mov'd the robe off the child;
The babe looked up, and sweetly smil'd.

Extract from "Sketches of Poetry" by J. W. lately published.

Give me the friendship that enwreathes
Around the chilling cup of care,
Give me the balm soft pity breathes,
The feeling heart, the falling tear;

For 'tis not in the goblet bright,
The gem of friendship glows,
'Tis like the star that shines by night,
Through winter's storms and snows.

The world it is a bitter one,
And men are governed all by gold;
But love in woman's breast begun,
Clings like the faithful ivy's fold.

In ruin still more tenderly,
Her faith, her friendship, purer glows,
She is the balm of misery,
The star that shines thro' storms and

…g simple and touching verses are …pen of the editor of the Chrystal …:—

…oughts are in my native land,
…heart is in my native place—
Where willows bend to breezes bland,
And kiss the river's rippling face—

Where sunny shrubs disperse their scent,
And raise their blossoms high to heaven,
As if in calm acknowledgment
For brilliant hues and virtues given.

My thoughts are with my youthful days,
When sin and grief were but a name—
When every field had golden ways,
And pleasure with the day-light came.

I bent the rushes to my feet,
And sought the water's silent flow;
I moved along the thin ice fleet,
Nor thought upon the death below.

I culled the violet in the dell,
Where wild rose gave a chequered shade;
And listened to each village bell,
So sweet by answering echo made.

In God's own house, on God's own day,
In neat attire I bent the knee;
Pure sense of duty bade me pray,
Joy made me join the melody.

Thus memory, from her treasured urn,
Slakes o'er the mind her spring-like rain—
Thus scenes turn up, and palely burn,
Like night-lights in the ocean's train.

And still my soul shall these command,
While sorrow writes upon my face,—
My thoughts are on my native land,
My heart is on my native place.

THE SPELLS OF HOME.

…the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss where thy childhood
play'd;
By the waving tree thro' which thine eye
First look'd in love to the summer sky;
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell—
Holy and precious—oh! guard it well!

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
Which hath lull'd thee into many a dream;
By the shiver of the ivy leaves,
To the wind of morn at thy casement eaves;
By the bees deep murmur in the limes;
By the music of the Sabbath-chimes;
By every sound of thy native shade,
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight called unto household mirth,
By the fairy tale of the legend old
In that ring of happy faces told;
By the quiet hours when hearts unite
In the parting prayer, and the kind "good
night;"
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift!—it hath gentle might,
A guardian power and a guiding light!
It hath led the freeman forth to stand
In the mountain-battles of his land;
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas,
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;
And back to the gates of his father's hall,
It hath won the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart in its pride would stray
From the loves of its guileless youth away;
When the sullying breath of the world would
come
O'er the flowers it brought from its child-
hood's home;
Think thou again of the woody glade,
And the sound by the rustling ivy made,
Think of the tree at thy parent's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once
more!

THE FAREWELL.

Days of my cherished youth, farewell!
Ye fleeting joys adieu!
Hence, Memory! hence thy potent spell!
Cease on the happy past to dwell,
Nor vain regrets renew!
Hope, Joy, and Love ye spectres bright, ye
vanished shades, adieu!

Thoughtless and young, a wreath of flowers
Around by brows I bound,
And fondly sought those blooming bowers,
Where, circled by the laughing Hours,
I dreamt that love was found;
Fancy and Hope before me flew, and scat-
tered fragrance round.

Days of my cherished youth, farewell!
Ye pleasant scenes adieu!
No more of tranquil hours ye tell,
When all unheard Time's footsteps fell,
And all unheeded, flew;
Gems of the roseate morn of life, a long and
last adieu!

THE SWEARER.

I saw him when life on his cheek budded young,
When glow'd his blue eye and his brow (snowy white,)
Beneath the soft ringlets that over them hung,
With expression as pure as a cherub of light.

And I gazed with delight, and I waited to hear
From his ruby lips burst the sweet accents of prayer;
So lovely did childhood and beauty appear,
That I thought, "sure the spirit of Heav'n must be there."

He lisp'd—'twas the name of his Father and Friend—
Yet prayer, nor petition, nor praises, I hear;
Gay laughter and mirth with the sacred name blend,
And unitedly enter my wonder-struck ear.

No flash of reproof from the mother's fond eye,
Awaken'd conviction of sin in his heart;
No prayer she uplifted to Him who, on high,
Beheld him "not guiltless," his grace to impart.

The child gambol'd on. When he next met my view,
The passions of manhood enkindled his eye,
And nature most kind, to her first promise true,
Enrob'd him in charms that with angels might vie.

But from features angelic, with horror I turn'd,—
As the passions that play'd on his oft-changing eye,
Were in language express'd that a fiend might have learn'd,
When his Heav'n he despis'd, and forsook the most High.

Gay scenes roll'd away, and Consumption's pale hand
From his cheek stole the rose—from his figure its grace!—
But the habits of childhood retain'd their command,
And an oath fill'd his tongue, while in Death's cold em-
brace.

'Twas his last hour of life!—Hopes deceptive had flown!
Eternity's curtain was drawing away!
His heart felt the pang—Christ had left him alone——
He clasp'd his shrunk hands, and attempted to pray.

"My God!"——They were words he had utter'd before,
In Pleasure's, in Passion's, in Frolic's mad hour;
But never had spoke them a boon to implore,
Or to deprecate wrath, or confide in his power.

"My God!"——He for mercy & grace would have striven,
He raised his dim eye and he struggled for breath—
"My God!"——He had sinn'd past the mercy of heav'n,
And he sunk without prayer to the bosom of Death!

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them, who shall be heirs of salvation?"
Heb. 1: 15.

I have heard there were times when the cloud curtain'd sky,
Has drawn its light drapery and open'd a way
For Spirits celestial down earth-ward to fly;
Oh! where do they rest them, or where do they stray?

I have sought them where roses and myrtles are twined,
In the fragrant breath'd grove, at the twilight's bland hour,
When the beauties of nature so sweet are combin'd,
That, I thought, Angels might be beguil'd by their pow'r.

But tho' sweet, and the whispers of love had been there,
They were whispers deceitful, and vows that betray'd,
Perhaps the blest Angels were hovering near,
And in anger and grief had forsaken the shade.

I have sought them in halls, where the brilliant lamps play'd
On the mirror's pure surface (like stars in the stream,)
And music breath'd soft, and fair forms were array'd
In transparent attire, (like the forms in a dream.)

And so lightly they mov'd, as the music swell'd high,
And so joyous they smil'd as they glided along,
That I thought as they passed by my half-dazzled eye,
Some Angels of light might have mix'd with the throng.

But slander, with whispers, and envy with tears,
Slid in with the group, and if Angels were nigh,
Those sounds uncongenial might shock their pure ears,
And they 'scaped my dim vision and rose to the sky.

By the tomb of the rich, where the proud marbles speak
The praise of the ashes that slumber below,
Where grandeur and wealth and magnificence weep
In the pomp and parade and appearance of wo;

I thought might descend thro' the midnight's still air
The Angels with tears the white marble to lave,
But a dull ignis-fatuus was sentinel there,
And the night bird shriek'd wildly around the lone grave.

Oh! when, and oh! where, do the Angels descend?
On beams of the orient, or clouds of the west?
Society's haunts, or lone shadows befriend?
Oh! where do they wander, or where do they rest?

Do ye know the small cot, at the foot of the hill,
Where are "entertain'd strangers" & houseless & poor?
It is humble and cheerful and peaceful and still,
And the Angels of mercy oft visit the door.

On the bright Sabbath morn, when the village church bell
Has its humble group gather'd for worship and prayer,
And on news of salvation they thankfully dwell,
The Angels of glory delight to be there.

In the thick woven bower, where devotion's soft voice
(Than the wood robin's sweeter) oft floats in the air,
The Angels of Heaven bend down to rejoice
On the saint's supplication, the penitent's prayer.

In the chamber of death, where in bitterness flow
The tears from the orphan's and widow's dim eye,
By the glory that rests on the dying man's brow,
You may know that the Angels are hovering nigh.

Wherever they rove, and wherever they rest,
And are "ministering spirits," to wait on the just;
The Angels the green turf on a Christian's low breast,
watch over the hallowed dust. E.

GERTRUDE.

(From the last Number of the New Monthly Magazine.)

The Baron Von der Wart, accused, tho' it is believed unjustly, as an accomplice in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel, and attended by his wife Gertrude, throughout his last agonizing moments, with the most heroic fidelity. Her own sufferings, and those of her unfortunate husband, are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterwards addressed to a female friend, and which was published some years ago, at Haarlem, in a book entitled *Gertrude Von der Wart, or Fidelty unto Death.*

Her hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed,
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above;
Its pale stars watching to behold
The night of earthly love.

"And bid me not depart," she cried,
"My Rudolph! say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side,
Peace, peace! I cannot go.
Hath the world aught for *me* to fear
When death is on thy brow?
The world!—what means it?—*mine* is *here*—
I will not leave thee now!

"I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss,
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through this!
And thou, mine honour'd love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on!
We have the blessed Heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won."—

And were not these high words to flow
From Woman's breaking heart?
—Through all that night of bitterest woe
She bore her lofty part:
But oh! with such a freezing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, love of mortal agony,
Thou, only *thou*, shouldst speak!

The winds rose high—but with them rose
Her voice, that he might hear;—
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near:
While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow,
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch, upon the lute chords low,
Had still'd his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheeks such kisses press'd,
As Joy and Hope ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last!
She had her meed—one smile in Death—
And his worn spirit pass'd.
While even as o'er a martyr's grave,
She knelt on that sad spot,
And weeping, bless'd the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not! F. H.

SONG.

From the New Tragedy of "The Duke of Mantua," ascribed to Lord Byron.

"Up with the light,
My maiden bright,
The thrush twitters on the tree;
Each merry, merry bird to his mate doth call,
And the bridal waits for thee!

"The sunbeams pass
On the dew-spread grass,
And the gold gleams are in the sky;
The morn's balmy breeze to thy casement
hies,
And thy bridegroom is waiting for thee."

The lover spake,
"Fair maid awake,"
Yet the maiden still she slept!
"Why tarries she from me?—thy bonny
face I'll see,"
And lightly to her window he leapt.

One cry he gave,
Then still as the grave
In dim horror he fix'd his dark eye;
For there his lady bright slept her long,
long changeless night,
And a blood-sprinkled corpse welter'd
nigh!

For the Boston Recorder.

STANZAS.

Desipere in loco.—Horace.

Lift loud and long the voice of mirth
In Pleasure's glittering halls;
And give the jocund echo birth
Round all her tassel'd walls;—
But never be the house of God
With foot of reckless mirth be trod!

Let wit go with the sparkling bowl,
And glee go with the song,
And peals of stunning laughter roll
Amid the festive throng;—
But never, never be the place
Where sound the messages of grace,
The audience-chamber of the Lord,
Stained with one laughter-moving word.

Let humor curl the ruby lip
In beauty's circle gay,
And animate the fellowship
Of fond hearts, day by day;—
But never, never be it known
In warnings from Jehovah's throne;
Nor in the melting voice of love
That woos the wandering soul above.

Let Learning, Genius, Eloquence,
Their various forces call,
To rouse and charm the sluggish sense;—
But be it solemn all!
Yes, be thou solemn as the grave
When thou hast souls to lose or save;
The hour of mirth,—observe it well,
Is but the harvest-time of hell!

NIL.

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

How beautiful this night! The balmiest sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome walls, whence icicles depend
So stainless, that their white and glittering spears
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that wrapt Fancy deemed it
A metaphor of Peace—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

Shelley.

Education.

PSALM XVII. 15.

Sweet wife! thou hast gained the blest haven at las
Thy dangerous voyage thou hast traced safely throu
The winds of affliction, and death's chilling blast,
Have not sunk thy cargo, for Jesus is true.

Thy days of temptation afflict thee no more,
All pain and distress now forever shall cease:
On the pinions of angels thou't borne safely o'er,
And anchored forever in the haven of peace.

Sweet wife! thy lon husband is now left to mourn
The loss of a partner both loving and kind;
Bereft of a friend at his sun-gilded morn,
He grieves here in sorrow that wears on the mind.

His house is left vacant, he views it with pain,
Its sun's been extinguished and blotted from sight;
The days of his youth proffer blessings in vain,
While wrapt in the solitude of widow'd night.

But why should I weep, lament and repine?
Dear Hosah's transplanted in heaven above:
In sweetest conjunction the branch in the vine
Now blooms in the garden of Jesus' love.

Go up, my sweet angel! thy Saviour says, come;
A convoy escorts thee to glory on high!
Farewell, my dear wife, till thy husband comes home,
Where parting ne'er moves a companion to sigh.

A WEEPING HUSBAND.

While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?
Why was I made to hear thy voice
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?
'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in,
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perish'd in our sin."

POETRY.

MAY.

I feel a newer life in every gale;
The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours;
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls,
Beauty is budding there;
The Bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods
With the light dallying of the west-wind play;
And the full-brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

[*Percival.*

From Badger's Weekly Messenger

FUNERAL IN A NEW COLONY.

Around the forest-skirted plain
A few rude cabins spread,
And from their doors a humble train
Came forth with drooping head:—
They hied them to the dead man's home,
Lone hearth, and vacant chair;
Deep sorrow dimm'd that lowly dome,—
Where was the funeral prayer?

His widow'd wife was weeping loud,
While closely to her breast,
Affrighted at the unwonted crowd,
A wondering infant prest;
His aged mother bending low
With poverty and care,
Sent forth a feeble wail of wo,—
Where was the soothing prayer?

They bare him thro' his cultur'd land,
They halted not to weep;
The corn was planted by his hand,
Who shall its harvest reap?
On,—on,—beneath his favorite trees
That coffin'd corpse they bare,
A sighing sound was on the breeze,—
But still, no voice of prayer.

Where his own plough had broke the soil,
His narrow grave was made,
And 'mid the trophies of his toil
That manly sleeper laid;
His stricken household gathered near,
They mourn'd in deep despair,—
Where was the spell to sooth their tear?
Where was the heaven-breath'd prayer?

Forget they that Almighty Hand
Who o'er them held the rod?
Ah!—blame ye not that alien band,
They had no Man of God;
No healer, Gilead's balm to shed,
With priestly power was there;
No hallow'd lip, above the dead
To lift the voice of prayer!

artford, May, 1832.

For the Boston Recorder

HYMN.

Eternal God! supremely wise!
Nature's great, sovereign Lord!
Where'er we turn our rolling eyes,
On every side new wonders rise
Thy goodness to record.

The smiling spring all soft and light,
Expanding many a flower,
The summer's sun intensely bright
And autumn's storms, and winter's night,
Alike declare thy power.

The cristal streams, the fruitful trees,
Supplying daily food,
The softening rain, the cooling breeze,
The waving fields, the flowing seas,
Proclaim that thou art good.

Since 'tis by thee, great God, alone,
We live, we breathe, we move,
For all the mercies thou hast shown,
We would be grateful, we would own
Thy rich, parental love.

The morning and the evening prayer,
To thee shall still be given;
And may it be our constant care,
To watch each thought, to shun each snare,
That tempts our feet from Heaven.

THE PILOT—*By T. H. Bayley.*

Oh, pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep;
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I dare not go to sleep.
Go down! the sailor cried, go down,
This is no place for thee;
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

Ah! pilot dangers often met,
We all are apt to slight,
And thou hast known these raging waves
But to subdue their might,
It is not apathy, he cried,
That gives this strength to me;
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

On such a night the sea engulf'd
My father's lifeless form;
My only brother's boat went down
In just so wild a storm:
And such, perhaps, may be my fate,
But still I say to thee,
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

CHILDHOOD.

BY R. HOWITT.

We come to being from the night,
As cometh forth the morning light;
The world is beautiful and new,
The earth is filled with flowers and dew;
Birds loudly sing on wing and spray,
And we more merrily than they.

We gather strength, we run, we leap,
Find joy in every thing—and sleep,
With mirth and beauty hand in hand,
We take possession of the land:
Life *then* is surely not a breath—
What *then* has life to do with death?

A mother's love, her smiles, her tears,
Are with us in those blessed years;
The seeds of fond affection sown
In youth, that strong in age are grown;
Love, that in part her love repays,
Her solace in declining days;
Warmth, light in age's wintry gloom,
Fair stars, sweet blossoms to the tomb.

Then knowledge comes with manhood's noon,
With care and sorrow—all too soon.
The springs of mystery are unsealed,
Whate'er was hidden, is revealed;
A common vision is the spring;
The rainbow is a common thing;
The morning and the sunset skies
Are gazed on with familiar eyes;
The reign of wild delight is o'er,
And the bright earth is heaven no more!

LITHUANIAN CHANT.

'Tis morning:—Ho!—O'er wilds and woods
Shine out, thou gladness-bringing sun:—
Leap, leap for joy, ye sparkling floods,
Breathe, warbling groves, your orison,
'Tis Morn!

'Tis noonday!—Ho!—Sweet incense fling,
Rose! from thy censor's treasuries;—
Skim o'er the pool, ye light of wing,
Ope, daisied meads, your thousand eyes,
'Tis Noon!

'Tis evening!—Ho!—Turn, meek-eyed herds,
Turn, gathering flocks, unto your fold;
Home to your nests, ye wandering birds,
The West pours down its molten gold,
'Tis Eve.

And bright was the spot where the Quaker came
To leave it his hat, his drab and his name.
That will sweetly sound from the trump of Fame
Till its final blast shall die.
The city he reared from the sylvan shade,
His beautiful monument now is made;
And long have the rivers their pride displayed
In the scenes they are passing by.

SONG.—*By T. H. Bailey.*

Once 'twas my hope, upon this spot
A tender flower to raise;
I thought its bloom would be my pride
Through many summer days;
But ere the sunbeam's smile had lured
Its perfect fragrance forth,
Its soft leaves severed from the stem,
Lay trampled on the earth.

I sorrowed all the winter time,
And bitter tears I shed;
When spring returned it found me still
A mourner o'er the dead;
But soon I saw the plant arise,
And spurn its earthly tomb,
More beautiful than when I nursed
Its infancy of bloom.

That lesson in my memory
I'll treasure up with care;
I will not sorrow for the dead
With impious, mad despair;
I know hereafter they'll shake off
This perishable earth,
And boast an immortality
Of beauty and of worth.

For the the Recorder & Telegraph.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Many of your readers noticed with deep regret the annunciation of the death of Bishop HEBER, of Calcutta, in your last paper. He was a man of exalted talents, and distinguished piety. It is not more than two or three years since he went out to India to fill the See vacated by the death of Bishop *Middleton*. And he went out in the spirit of an apostle. He engaged with the ardor of youth, combined with much Christian firmness in furthering the great plans of benevolence in that quarter of the world. But he rests from his labors, and sweet and cherished shall be his remembrance.—Some of your readers will thank you to insert the following hymn,* composed by Bishop HEBER, just before he sailed from England, and sung at his consecration. We recollect our delightful emotions on first reading it in the Missionary Herald :—

1. From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand :
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2. What tho' the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Tho' every prospect pleases
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim
'Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
'Till like a flood of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
'Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign.

* *This Hymn was formerly published in the Recorder; we cheerfully insert it again on this occasion, when it recalled to mind by the lamented d[eath]*

THE OLD MAN.

Why gaze ye on my hoary hair,
Ye children young and gay?
Your locks, beneath the blast of care,
Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kiss'd from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faultering tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,
Would bow my infant knee,
And place her hand upon my head,
And kneeling, pray for me.

But then, there came a fearful day,—
I sought my mother's bed,
Till harsh hands bore me thence away,
And told me she was dead.

I pluck'd a fair white Rose, and stole
To lay it by her side,
And thought strange sleep enchained her soul,
For no fond voice replied.

That eve, I knelt me down in woe
And said a lonely pray'r,
Yet, still my temples seem'd to glow
As if that hand were there.

Years fled—and left me childhood's joy,
Gay sports and pastimes dear,
I rose a wild and wayward boy
Who scorn'd the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed,
Yet, ere at night I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
And down I fell and wept.

Youth came—the props of Virtue reel'd!—
But oft at day's decline,
A marble touch my brow congeal'd—
Blest Mother!—was it thine?—

In foreign lands I travell'd wide,
My pulse was bounding high,
Vice spread her meshes at my side,
And pleasure lur'd my eye;—

Yet, still *that hand*, so soft and cold,
Maintain'd its mystic sway,
As when amid my curls of gold,
With gentle force it lay.

And with it breath'd a voice of care
As from the lowly sod,
"My son—my only one—beware!
Nor sin against thy God."

Ye think, perchance, that age hath stole,
My kindly warmth away,
And dimm'd the tablet of the soul;—
Yet when with lordly sway,

This brow the plumed helm display'd
That guides the warrior throng;
Or beauty's thrilling fingers stray'd
These manly locks among,

That hallow'd touch was ne'er forgot!—
And now, though Time has set
His frosty seal upon my lot,
These temples feel it yet.

And if I ere in heaven appear,
A mother's holy prayer,
A mother's hand, and gentle tear,
That pointed to a Saviour dear,
Have led the wanderer there.

For the Recorder & Telegraph.

ON THE DEATH OF REV. PLINY FISK,

MISSIONARY TO PALESTINE.

How beautiful it is for man to die
Upon the walls of Zion! to be call'd,
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,
To put his armour off, and rest—in Heaven.—

The sun was setting on Jerusalem.
The deep blue sky had not a cloud, and light
Was pouring on the dome of Omar's mosque,
Like molten silver. Every thing was fair;
And beauty hung upon the tainted fanes,
Like a grieved spirit, lingering ere she gave
Her wing to air, for Heaven. The crowds of men
Were in the busy streets, and nothing look'd
Like woe or suffering, save one small train
Bearing the dead to burial. It pass'd by,
And left no trace upon the busy throng.
The sun was just as beautiful; the shout
Of joyous revelry, and the low hum
Of stirring thousands rose as constantly;
Life look'd as winning; and the earth and sky,
And every thing, seem'd strangely bent to make
A contrast to that comment upon life.
How wonderful it is that human pride
Can pass that touching moral as it does;
Pass it so frequently, in all the force
Of beautiful and simple eloquence,
And learn no lesson! They bore on the dead
With the slow step of sorrow, troubled not
By the rude multitude, save here and there
A look of vague inquiry, or a curse
Half mutter'd by some haughty Turk whose sleeve
Had touch'd the tassel of the Christian's pall.
And Israel too pass'd on—the trampled Jew!
Israel!—who made Jerusalem a throne
For the wide world—pass'd on as carelessly;
Giving no look of interest to tell
The shrouded dead was any thing to her.
Oh that they would be gather'd as a brood
Is gather'd by a parent's quiet wings!—

They laid him down with strangers; for his home
Was with the setting sun, and they who stood
And look'd so stedfastly upon his grave,
Were not his kindred; but they found him there,
And lov'd him for his ministry of Christ.
He had died young. But there are silver'd heads,
Whose race of duty is less nobly run.
His heart was with Jerusalem; and strong
As was a mother's love, and the deep chords
Religion always makes so beautiful,
He flung them from him in his eager race,
And sought the broken people of his God,
To preach to them of JESUS.

There was one,
Who was his friend and helper. One who went
And knelt beside him at the sepulchre
Where Jesus slept, to pray for Israel.
They had one spirit, and their hearts were knit
With more than human love. God call'd him home.
And he of whom I speak stood up alone,
And in his broken-heartedness wrought on,
Until his Master call'd him.

Oh is it not a noble thing to die
As dies the Christian with his armour on!—
What is the hero's clarion, tho' its blast
Ring with the mastery of a world, to this?—
What are the searching victories of mind—
The lore of vanish'd ages—What are all
The trumpetings of proud humanity,
To the short history of him who made
His sepulchre beside the King of kings!

ROY.

STANZAS.

The bloom of the eastern rose is gone
In the blushing pride of its early morn:
The form that was light as the bounding roe,
Is still and cold as the Alpine snow;
And the glance of her eye like the diamond bright,
Is quenched in the gloom of an endless night
There are sounds of woe from vale and steep,
And the dead is night—weep, stranger, weep.

Weep, brother, weep—but yet draw near,
And gaze with me on the silent bier,
O! mark, as slow I raise the veil,
The altered hue of her features pale.—
Come! touch the hand that you used to hold;
Thou shudderest, brother!—was it cold?
And her sunken eyes they are closed in sleep:
Why wakes she not!—weep, brother, weep.

Weep, sister, weep, for the Simoon's blast
Hath swept o'er the loved one's face as it passed;
And the rosy tint of her cheek has fled,
For the ashen hue that marks the dead.
The hand of love again may twine,
'Mid her raven locks the myrtle vine,
And the summer breeze her brow may sweep—
But she'll wake no more—weep, sister, weep.

WOMAN,

"In our soft hours,
Is a lightsome sunbeam on our sky of joy!—
In deep distress and agony of mind
The star and herald of our earthly hope."

A HOME ARGUMENT.

By one decisive argument
Giles gained his lovely Kate's consent
To fix the wedding day,
'Why in such haste, dear Giles, to wed?
I shall not change my mind,' she said;
'But then,' says he 'I may.'

THE TWO ADVENTS.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

He came not with his heavenly crown, his sceptre clad with power,
His coming was in feebleness, the infant of an hour;
An humble manger cradled first the Virgin's holy birth,
And lowing herds companioned there the Lord of heaven and earth.

He came not in his robe of wrath, with arm out-stretched to slay,
But on the darkling paths of earth to pour celestial day,
To guide in peace the wandering feet, the broken heart to bind,
And bear, upon the painful cross, the sins of human kind.

And thou hast borne them, Saviour meek!—and therefore unto thee,
In humbleness and gratitude, our hearts shall offered be,
And greenly as the festal bough that on thy altar lies,
Our souls, our bodies, all be thine, a living sacrifice!

Yet once again thy sign shall be upon the heavens displayed,
And earth and its inhabitants be terribly afraid,
For not in weakness clad thou com'st our woes, our sins to bear,
But girt with all thy Father's might, his vengeance to declare.

The terrors of that awful day, oh! who shall understand!
Or who abide when thou in wrath shall thy holy hand.
The earth shall quake, the sea shall sun in heaven grow pale,
But thou hast sworn, and will not thy faithful shall not fail!

Then grant us, Saviour! so to [live] in trembling here,
That when upon the clouds of glory shall appear,
Uplifting high our joyful heads we may rise,
And enter, with thine angel train in the skies!

POETRY.

THE DUELIST'S GOD.

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

Moloch had fallen and Satan wept
To see his shrines alone;
His rites in dark oblivion slept
And worshipless his throne;
Around him throng'd the peers of hell,
Intent on curs'd debate,
Yet nought could Satan's ire dispel,
Or soothe the monarch's hate;

Till Belial, a tall fiend arose,
And urged his fell design;
"And triumph Chief!" he said, "thy foes
Shall own a mightier shrine;
What though the vale of Hinnom boasts
No more its thousands dead;
And Tophet sees no more its hosts
Through fire and slaughter led—

On Moloch's ruin, lo! appears
A new-descended god,
Whose robe is gemm'd with orphans' tears,
Whose sceptre reeks with blood;
Altars shall rise in every clime
To this divinity;
And still as he hastens on, old Time
Shall untold votaries see."

He spake—with shouts the conclave rang,
Hell trembled with acclaim,
"A god, a god descends!" they sang,
"Let *Honour* be his name!"
Columbia willing owns his sway,
And for her proud and brave,
He digs, impatient for his prey,
The Duellist's cold grave.

THE SAVIOUR'S GRACE.

'Tis not in riches pleasure lies,
But in the Saviour's grace,
From Him alone true joys arise,
And hopes that never cease.

His favor cheers the mourner's heart,
Oppress'd with doubts and fears;
'Tis this, that heals the rankling smart
Of sin:—and dries his tears.

'Tis this that leads his spirit on
To the celestial day;
'Tis this, that bids the world begone,
And teaches him to pray.

'Tis this, that thro' the walk of life
His passions can controul;
'Tis this, that in the world of strife,
Cheers and supports his soul.

'Tis this that teaches him to leave
This world for one above:
Where saints no more o'er sins shall grieve,
Where every heart is love.

...ACTION OF POETS.

BY T. MOORE.

(SCRAPS FROM THE DIARY OF A TRAVELLER," IN THE METROPOLITAN.)

O POETS, poets, dream at home,
If you would *still* have visions haunt you;
Trust me, if once abroad you roam,
That mar-all, Truth, will disenchant you.
Still think of Venice, as in dreams
You've seen her, by her ocean-streams;—
Fancy the calm and cool delights
Of gondolas on summer nights;
Of sailing o'er the bright Lagoon,
...d listening, as you glide along,
To lays from Tasso, by that moon
...hose beams, alas! he felt too strong,
...of whose mad'ning philters all
Who feel the Muse's genuine call
Are doomed, at times, to drink as deep
As did Endymion in his sleep!
Still by your fire-sides sit, and think
...of palaces, along the brink
...of ocean-floods—whose shadows there
...look like the ruins, grand and fair,
...of some lost Atalantis, seen
...eneath the wave, when Heaven's serene
...people those palaces with forms
...Lovely as Titian ever drew—
...right creatures, whom the sunbeam warms
...With that ethereal gas, all through,
...which finds a vent at lips and eyes,
...nd lights up in a lover's sighs.
...veacy these young Venetian maids
...ereening, at night, to serenades
...m amorous lutes, where music, such
...s southern skies alone afford,
...pes to every burning touch,
...ad thrills in each impassion'd chord.
...his imagine, and still more—
...whither may not Fancy soar,
...ruth do not, alas! too soon,
...icture her brilliant air-balloon—
...go not to the spot, I pray;
...p not, *do* not, some fine day,
...per, like Sterne, your travelling breeches;—
...'s lost, if once upon your way,
...e passport of Lord ——
...ith to Fancy—like his speeches.
...would save *some* dreams of youth
...the torpedo touch of Truth,
...to Venice—do not blight
...early fancies with the sight
...true, real, dismal state—
...ansions, foul and desolate—
...lose canals, exhaling wide
...h fetid airs as—with those domes
...nt grandeur by their side,
...ere step of life ne'er goes or comes,
...hose black barges plying round
...melancholy, plying sound—
...m like a city, where the Pest
...s holding her last visitation,
...nd all, ere long, will be at rest,
The dead, sure rest of desolation.
So look'd, at night-fall, oft to me,
That ruin'd City of the Sea;
And, as the gloomy fancy grew
...ll darker with night's darkening hue,
...ll round me seem'd by Death o'ercast—
...Each footstep in those halls the last;
...And the dim boats, as slow they pass'd,
...nd burial-barks, with each its load
...Of livid corpses, feebly row'd
...By fading hands, to find a bed
...In waters less choked up with dead.

A SAILOR'S LOVE SONG.

(The following was handed us by a *true blue* sailor, and as such we hope it will reach his "lady love."—It smells of tar and sentiment.)

Lady, accept the humble lay,
The sea-bard pours to thee;
When on the wide sea, far away,
Breathed, was its melody.

There is a star which once rose bright
E're manhood's hour was known,
Oh, let that star be love's pure light,
To make thee all mine own.

The harbour, tide, the wind is fair,
But thou, art fairer still,
Come, anchor love with me and wear
The pennant of kind Will.

Oh never let love's cable slip,
And should the crew be more
We'll take the long boat from the ship
To sing and dance ashore.

NEPTUNE'S BARD.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

(In the following we have taken the liberty given us by the author)

What is woman's love? her care, (row,
Through blacken'd woe and midnight sor-
Does it e'er vanish into air,
Or gild the blossoms of to-morrow?

Flies it in fear, at death's chill touch,
Absorbed, forgotten, cheerless, dead?
Or does it love still on too much,
Smiling at life drops it has bled?

Or Friendship? woman's brightest gem,
Dimmed, is it? by misfortune's spell?
Ask ye the martyr's diadem?
Its jewel, is her swift farewell.

Bow then the head, bend then the knee
To parity and loveliness,
Pure in her kind simplicity,
Type of that virgin whom we bless.

A GIRL'S FAREWELL TO THE RIVER DEE.

(FROM ACKERMANN'S JUVENILS FORGET-ME-NOT FOR 1833.)

I LEAVE thee, my own River Dee—I leave thy banks of green,
The richness of thy harvest hills, thy summer woods serene,
Thy birds, like living lutes, that sing through heaven's bright azure free—
I leave thee—oh! my beautiful, my native River Dee!

They tell me that in foreign lands far nobler rivers sweep—
So vast, the weary skies do rest upon their shoreless deep;
That coloured birds, like tulip-beds, in living lustre glow,
And far away, for miles, they say, ten thousand forests grow!

Yet tell me, if the flowers I love, I ever more may find,
Or meet a valley half so dear as this I leave behind?
What—what to me are forests wild, or birds of painted wing?
Let me still hear in English groves the English blackbird sing.

I asked my mother why she sought to cross the dreary wave—
To quit the farm where we were born—to lose my father's grave—
And why the cot my grandsire built this very day was sold?
She answered—while she wept the more—that she was poor and old!

But yet she hoped for better times, beyond the waters wide,
And, come what would, while we were good, our God would still provide:
And more I heard, and strove to hide upon my mother's knee
The tears I could not all repress, yet hoped she might not see.

The forests—how I fear them still! for there the lion prowls
The whole night through; the panther, too, with hungry fury howls;
And when the white moon veils her brow, the tiger quits his lair—
Yet wherefore should I dread to go?—my brother will be there!

Then, lovely river! though I never may view thy waters more,
Still may the bright heavens shine for thee in glory as of yore—
Still may thy flowers in gladness spring—still bloom, though not for *me!*
And bless—oh! bless [illegible] my own dear "wizard

THE [illegible] SIDE.

Calm and smo[illegible]s th
That lies emb[illegible]m, returns
Serene as the sky, o'
Pass the hours of the dear girl that I love.

May no sorrow or care, e'er hover around her,
To sully her sylph and fairy-like form;
But in purity left where fair Beauty found her,
Enshrouded from danger, envelop'd from harm.

Her days, may they pass in harmonious repose,
Exempt from the cares which to mortals are given—
Encircled her name, from all human woes,
With those of sweet [illegible] hallowed in h[illegible]

POETRY.

THE LONGEST DAY.

Evening now unbinds her fetters,
Fashioned by the glowing light;
All that breathe are thankful debtors
To the harbinger of night.
Yet by some grave thoughts attended
Eve renews her calm career;
For the day that now is ended,
Is the longest of the year.
Summer ebbs;—each day that follows
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie.
He who governs the creation,
In his providence assigned
Such a gradual declination
To the life of human kind.
Yet we mark it not;—fruits redden,
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,
And the heart is loth to deaden
Hopes that she so long hath known.
Be thou wiser, youthful maiden!
And, when thy decline shall come,
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,
Hide the knowledge of thy doom.
Now, even now, ere wrapped in slumber,
Fix thine eyes upon the sea
That absorbs time, space, and number,
Look towards Eternity!
Follow thou the flowing River
On whose breast are thither borne
All deceived, and each deceiver,
Through the gates of night and morn.

Wordsworth.

NOT ALL ALONE.

Not all alone; for thou canst hold
Communion sweet with saint and sage,
And gather gems of price untold,
From many a pure, untravelled page;
Youth's dreams, the golden lights of age,
The poet's love, are still thine own:
Then, while such themes thy thoughts engage
Oh how canst thou be all alone!

Not all alone; the whispering trees,
The rippling brook, the starry sky,—
Have each peculiar harmonies,
To soothe, subdue, and sanctify:—
The low sweet breath of evening's sigh,
For thee, hath oft a friendly tone,
To lift thy grateful thoughts on high,
To say—thou art not all alone!

Not all alone; a watchful eye,
That notes the wandering sparrow's fall;
A saving hand is ever nigh,
A gracious Power attends thy call;
When sadness holds thy heart in thrall,
Is oft his tenderest mercy shown;
Seek then the balm vouchsafed to all,
And thou canst never be alone. *A. A. Watts.*

THE PROSPECT OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES IN AMERICA.

[illegible] this production of Bishop Berkley, the last verse has been fre[illegible]ly quoted.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime,
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame;
In happy climes, where from the genial sun,
And virgin earth, such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems undone,
And fancied beauties by the true;
In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose, for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools;
There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great, inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts;
Not such as Europe breeds in her decay,
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flames did animate her clay,
By future ages shall be sung.
Westward the star of empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

THE EVENING HOUR.

[illegible] *from the Family V[illegible]*

Isaac went out in the field to meditate at the eve[illegible]de."—Genesis xxiv.

[illegible] hour, so [illegible]mly cool, so freshly fair,
[illegible] thought [illegible]at pine beneath the spell of car[illegible]
[illegible]e in the [illegible]y world constrained to roam,
[illegible], [illegible]d blithe[illegible] the bosom's tranquil home,
[illegible]e [illegible]n clouds [illegible]at veil'd the day beam in its prid[illegible]
[illegible]e with its [illegible]rting tints are faintly dyed;
[illegible], though [illegible]that mingled in tumultuous scene
[illegible]lain a tir[illegible] of what their hues have been.

[illegible]earliest [illegible]ys, when man was taught from heav[illegible]
[illegible]is this [illegible]t hour to meditation given;
[illegible]d Patriarch Isaac sought the silent plain,
[illegible] breat[illegible] alone devotion's hallowed strain,
[illegible]ound him dewy earth its fragrance shed,
[illegible]estial beauties glowed above his head:
[illegible]mile from his pious heart he warmly pour'd
[illegible]rateful offering to his covenant Lord!

[illegible]d who would dwell amid the giddy throng
[illegible]at hold their heartless revels loud and long
[illegible]hat in fantastic sports enjoyment find,
[illegible]nd chain to earth the upward soaring mind
[illegible]o! let us cherish still the sacred tie,
[illegible]hat binds the soul on earth to God on high
[illegible]nd in the sweet repose of evening's hour,
[illegible]fold blest communion with Almighty powe[illegible]

[illegible]—A NOT UPRIGHT JUDGE.

[illegible]
[illegible]f on[illegible]
[illegible]e lad who lack'd employ,
[illegible]ches full of wanton tricks,
[illegible]or playing with another boy,
[illegible]nd
[illegible]t throwing stones and bricks,
[illegible]n
[illegible]dge[illegible]., by age a little bent,
Rode by and felt some dread;
For one large brick at scarcely went
An inch above his head.

"You hear me, lad, I hope no grudge,
My blood you might have spill'd;
Were I (said he) an upright judge,
I surely had been kill'd."

CHRISTMAS ODE.

The following beautiful Ode is to [illegible]g at the Oratorio on Christmas even[illegible] music by SHAW.

Array'd in clouds of golden light,
More bright than heav'ns resplend[illegible]ow,
Jehovah's angel came by night,
To bless the sleeping world below;
How soft the music of his tongue,
How sweet the hallow'd strains he sun[illegible]

"Good will henceforth to men be giv'n"
The light of glory beams on earth;
Let angels tune the harps of heav'n,
And saints below rejoice with mirth.
O'er Bethlehem's plains the shepherds sing,
Judah's childr[illegible] hail their King.

APLESS ONES.

MESSR[S] the U[nited] ... RS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

deep ... the Blind Pupils, from the institution
HEB... of ... af and dumb, and the *deaf, dumb* and *blind*,
of ex... ttford, May 22, 1833.

... gled group, from distant homes,
... youth and health and hope are here,
But yet some latent evil seems
To mark their lot with frown severe;
And *One* there is*,—upon whose soul
Affliction's thrice wreathed chain is laid,
Mute stranger, 'mid a world of sound,
And lock'd in midnight's deepest shade.

And 'mid that group, her curious hands
O'er brow and tress intently stray;
Has sympathy her heart-strings wrung,
That sadly thus she turns away?
Her mystic thoughts we may not tell,
For inaccessible and lone,
No eye explores their hermit-cell,
Save that which lights the Eternal Throne.

But they of silent lip rejoic'd
In bright creation's boundless store,
In sun and moon and peopled shade,
And flowers that gem earth's verdant floor.
In fond affection's speaking smile,
In graceful motion's waving line,
And all those charms that beauty sheds
On human form and face divine.

While they to whom the orb of day
Was quench'd in "ever-during dark,"
Ador'd that intellectual ray,
Which writes the Sun a glow-worm spark;
And in that blest communion joy'd
Which thought to thought doth deftly bind,
And bid the tireless tongue exchange
The never wasted wealth of mind.

And closer to their souls they bound
The bliss of music's raptur'd thrill,
That linked melody of sound
Which gives to man the seraph's skill,
So they, on whose young brows had turn'd
The warmth of Pity's tearful gaze,
Each in his broken censer burn'd
The incense of exulting praise.

Yes,—they whom kind compassion deem'd
Scanty with nature's gift's endued,
Pour'd *freshets* from their bosom's fount,
The gushing tide of gratitude;
And with that tide, a moral flow'd,
A deep reproof to those who share,
Of light, and sound, and speech, the bliss,
Yet coldly thank the Giver's care.

From the Religious Intelligence

THE MOURNING WIDOW.

Why does my heart now burst with anguish;
Ah! whither is my partner fled!
Now, while my spirits droop and languish,
I'll search the chambers of the dead.

Quitting my solitary dwelling,
I tread the path now hung with gloom,
Mine eyes, with tears of grief fast streaming,
While hast'ning to the dismal tomb.

Ah! with the slumb'ring dead he's number'd!
Behold, he sleeps in lifeless clay!
His soul, no more with dust encumber'd,
Triumphs in realms of endless day.

But, I am left on earth a stranger,
My heart already rent with grief,
Whither! Oh! whither shall I wander,
To find a balm for my relief!

Is there no balm? no kind physician,
Ready to heal my broken heart?
Are all my fancied joys delusion?
Can life to me no peace impart?

Alas! my hopes are gone for ever?
'Tis death has stole my friend away;
Shall I no more behold him? Never,
O never till the judgment day.

Farewell to earth—abode of sorrow,
There's nought below th' etherial sky,
That e'er can sooth a mourning widow,
Whose pleasures cease, whose comforts die.

Fly then, my soul, to Christ thy Saviour,
And lean upon his gracious arms;
Soon shalt thou feast with endless pleasure,
Upon his sweet celestial charms.

Angelick spirits round me hover,
O quickly bear me on your wings,
To set with you in bliss forever,
Far—far beyond these restless things.

JE MEURS.

Once again the murmurs sweep
O'er the silvery string to thee—
Fondly will thy spirit keep
Vigil o'er my lowly sleep
Loving all that breathes of me.

Oft for thee, at midnight lone,
Memory hovering round the past,
Will awake a thrilling tone
From the phantoms, faded, gone—
Thou, the cherished, best and last.

Darkness o'er my harp is flung,
Emblem of the shades to be,
Oft for thee its wires have rung—
Love them for the love that clung
Ever still unchanged to thee.

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

Launch thy bark, Mariner!
Christian! God speed thee—
Let loose the rudder-bands—
Good angels lead thee—
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come—
Steer thy course steadily,
Christian! steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee—
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, there!
Hold the helm fast!—
So—let the vessel wear—
There swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?—
Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all's right!
Be wakeful—be vigilant—
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
Clear out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise—
Heave out thy gold;
There—let the ingots go—
Now the ship rights—
Hurra! the harbour's near—
Lo! the red lights.

Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer.
Straight for the highland—
Crowd all thy canvass on,
Cut through the foam—
Christian! cast anchor now—
Heaven is thy home!"

POETRY.

In our last number but one, we gave a sketch of the ... vices at the ordination of Mr. FITZ as Colleague P... tor with the Rev. Joseph Dana, D. D. of the South Chu... and Society in Ipswich. A correspondent has since co... municated for insertion a copy of the Hymn which was s... after the Consecrating Prayer—having been written for ... occasion by the venerable Senior Pastor, now 90 years ... age.

I.

Thy ancient promise, Holy Lord,
How faithful it abides!
"I'll give them pastors," was the word,—
Pastors thy hand provides.

II.

And hast thou given to this thy flock
One whom thy heart approves?
Perfect thy work, O God our Rock,
Bless him, where'er he moves!

III.

Still to his trembling soul reveal
All that his Lord commands,
And from Christ's fulness make him feel
Strength to his heart and hands.

IV.

When love to Jesus shall have led
To feed *his* dear bought sheep;
O, let not *one*, ungain'd, unfed,
Leave him to mourn and weep.

V.

Lord Jesus, come, and crown with love,
What *harmony* has done:
Bring *thy* salvation, Heavenly Dove,
And melt all hearts of stone.

VI.

Then shall thy saints sing loud for joy,—
Thy servant go in peace,—
And Heaven its joyful thanks employ
For such divine increase.

For the Recorder & Telegraph.

Lines by a clergyman of this State, [not Dr. Dana,] *... his* NINETIETH YEAR, *addressed to his eldest son ... remote part of the country.*

May the young branch [C. A. G. M.] to parents giv...
Be spared and raised an heir of heaven.
May other branches, each, be led
In wisdom's peaceful paths to tread.
May you, the parents' grace possessing,
With all your offspring, be a blessing.

My offspring all of every grade,
Seek the divine and needful aid;
Strive to attain the happy prize;
In all your steps be just and wise.
May every blessing serve to raise
A sacred song of joy and praise:
May heavenly smiles your life attend,
And heavenly bliss, when time shall end.

In these few lines I'll not neglect
To bear in mind, with due respect,
The *matron* dear, who claims a place
With those who do thy mansion grace.
May she in peace and virtue shine,
And dwell with God in love divine:
Receive from offspring due regard,
And with them share Heaven's kind reward.

June 27th.

The Three Black Crows!

The *Three Black Crows* is an instructive moral illustration of the rapidity of the growth and progress of untruth. The gradations, variations and windings of Falsehood, are innumerable. The path of Truth is straight, and though not so beaten as the ways of Falsehood, is more safe, and beyond comparison more honorable to walk in. The following story affords a valuable lesson, by its exemplification of the advantages of perseverance, & the good which arises from a thorough investigation of the facts connected with the various reports which are ever springing up and ever dying among mankind.

THREE BLACK CROWS.

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand
One took the other briskly by the hand;
Hark ye, said he, 'tis an odd story this
About the crows! I don't know what it is,
Reply'd his friend—No! I'm surpris'd at that:
Where I come from, it is the common chat:
But you shall hear; an odd affair indeed!
And that it happened, they are all agreed:
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman that lives not far from 'Change
This week, in short, as all the *alley* knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up *three black crows.*

Impossible—Nay, but it's really true;
I have it from good hands, and so may you—
From whose, I pray? so having nam'd the man;
Strait to inquire his curious comrade ran.
Sir, did you tell—relating the affair—
Yes, sir, I did, and if it's worth your care,
Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me,
But by the bye, 'twas *two* black crows, not *three.*

Resolv'd to trace so wondrous an event,
Whip to the third, the virtuoso went,
Sir,—and so forth—why yes; the thing is fact,
Though in regard to number not exact;
It was not *two* black crows, 'twas only *one,*
The truth of that you may depend upon—
The gentleman himself told me the case;—
Where may I find him?—Why, in such a place.

Away goes he, and having found him out,
Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt—
Then to his last informant he referred,
And begg'd to know, if *true* what he had heard;
Did you, Sir, throw up a black crow?—Not I!
Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
Black crows have been thrown up, *three, two* and *one;*
And here I find all come at last to *none!*

Did you say *nothing* of a crow *at all?*
Crow—Crow—perhaps I might; now I recall
The matter over—And pray, Sir, what was't?
Why, I was *horrid* sick, and at the last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,
Something that was *as black,* Sir, as a crow!

---

*... the Nature of the ... empl... titment conveyed by it.**

1 Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,
Before the days of evil come,
Or the years draw nigh in which thou shalt say,
There is to me no pleasure in them;

2 Before the light of the sun is darkened,
Or of the moon, and the stars,
Or the clouds return after the rain:

3 Before the day when the keepers of the citadel tremble,
The men of strength bow down,
The grinders cease from their labor because they are few
The prospect from the windows is darkened,

4 The doors are shut toward the street,
When the sound of the grinding is low,
And one starts up at the noise of a sparrow,
And all the daughters of song are hushed:

5 Also, that which is high is feared,
And terrors are in the way,
Yea, the almond is loathed,
The locust becomes disgusting,
And stimulants to appetite are ineffectual;
For man is going to his eternal home,
And the mourners are passing in procession through the streets;

6 Before the silver chain is severed,
And the golden cup dashed in pieces;
The bucket at the fountain is crushed,
And the wheel at the cistern is broken;

7 For the dust is returning to earth as it was,
And the spirit to God who gave it.

The way to get married in old Falmouth.—Little erthe beaus and belles who now-a-days get married, and orke great preparations with wedding cake, exchange visiting cards, &c. think of the summary mode that ancestors took to join themselves together in wedlock. lden times, when the deer and moose trotted about ill streets, and the Indian lie in ambush to tomahawk y man that ventured over the guarded bounds of the te man, there was no wooing and cooing, and ogling, sh sking *pas* and *mas*, 'if they might have such a one'; th every one married whom he liked, or whom he could it; and their courting was done, not on an elegant sofa, nt perhaps in a log hut, and it may be, over a dish of ridge, out of which both eat with wooden spoons. ng Saml. Green and Jane Gustin were in love with each er, or in the better parlance of 1763, when this mar- ge happened—they liked each other; or 'were smash- with each other'; or as the 'fellers' had it, 'Sam een was *unisy* 'bout Jenny Gustin.' Now Sam een was a spark of the first blood. He was none of ur underlings, but a man that could 'lick' any other low in all Falmouth, and chop as much wood, or hoe many potatoes as any body. Green, too, was a hand- ne chap, when he was rigged out in his Sunday dress, nd went to hear Parson Smith read his long sermon d make his long prayers, in which he (the Parson) did consider himself very 'lucky' unless he could hold on hour or more, by which time he would settle down e the pew seat every old woman, who would cling to e 'hot brick' as if she were freezing to death. Sam een, as I said, was a 'cute spark.' And now as some ddlesome men and women who grumble about finding eir sons and daughters in clothes, are always complain- , I will just tell them how Green was dressed, and s put to flight all calumnies upon what old folks cant- ly term 'the degeneracies of modern times.' For e be it known, though old folks did not live in elegant ses, and well furnished rooms, as young folks do now they dressed as well or better, and so there were old dies in 1763, just as there are young dandies in 1831. reen wore on Sunday a cocked hat and wig, a coat large cuffs, big skirts lined and stiffened with Buck- . His coat had three or four large plaits in the ts, wadded almost like a coverlet, to keep them oth, cuffs very large up to the elbows, open below, d inclined down with lead in them! the capes were and low, so as readily to expose the close plaited ck stock of fine linen cambric, and the large silver ock buckle on the back of the neck—shirts with hand ffles, sleeves finely plaited, breeches closely fitted with silver, stone of paste gem buckles, shoes or pumps, with silver buckles of various sizes and patterns, thread, worsted, or silk stockings, and sometimes a gold or sil- ver sleeve adorned the wrist of his shirts. He always wore a wig when in full dress. Thus did Green parade up the aisles of the old church where Parson Smith preached, just as some modern dandies do now-a-days And here by the way I meant to tell you that Green twirled his cocked hat most gracefully, and tilted along somehow or other, so prettily on the heels of his feet, and looked so beautifully as he tilted up the church aisle, eyeing the 'gals' askance, that they were all in love with him.

And Jenny Gustin out-dressed even the most flashy belle of 1831. She usually wore a cap, stiff stays, hoops from six inches to ten feet on each side, and a little fel- low with a hook in the form of a boat hook, followed her by the church door, and just tipped up her hoop so as to give her free passage. She wore high heeled shoes verging to a point, white cotton or thread stockings, but in cold or muddy weather, she put on gall shoes or pat- tens. These were your belle and beau of 1763. Now fathers and mothers say nothing to your sons about check shirts and paper collars, nor to your daughters about low necked gowns and monstrous sleeves.

Every body may not know what an old-fashioned New England snow Storme is; but the old folks who used to shovel a foot path to church, up Middle street and Temple street, through vast drifts of snow piled up eight or ten feet high, and then travel through a snow canal, one by one to church, could tell us some strange stories on that point. Well, it was just after one of these snow storms, that Sam Green and Jane Gustin took it into their heads, that they must be mar- ried. There was no such thing as sleigh riding then over snow drifts; and it would have been rather hard for the old nag to have flounced through the snow with Green on before, and Jane behind him, holding on to the crupper, after the fashion. that our fathers, grand- fathers, mothers and grandmothers usually went abroad. But our healthy couple were not to be put off by a snow storm. So Green and Gustin who then lived over what is now called Back Cove Bridge, dressed up in their sunday clothes for the marriage ceremony, put on their snow shoes, and drove full tilt over the ice (for there was then no bridge and the whole cove was frozen over) to Parson Smith's. There the venerable Parson joined them together, and after the ceremony was over, both drove back again on their snow shoes to the old House, where they lived in peace and contentment many years.

I give the above to your readers to let them know how things were done in old times;—and by the way I just want to pop the question—how pretty beaux and belles would look now a days tiiting down Congress street and up Middle street in snow-shoes to the Parson's house to married? Why the whole town would be in a 'sad s!'—*Com.*

[From the Philadelphia Evening Post.]

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

Soon as the dial points at two,
In flock the brain-distracting crew,
A motley group, some short, some tall,
Some thick, some thin, both great and small;
Some read the Bible, through and through,
And some can write and cypher too;
Each takes his seat without delay,
And cons and studies of the day.
Pray, Sir, how many fives in seven
Can I put down? Eleventy 'leven.
The Introduction class will read,
Page twenty-one, and now proceed.
"A Ram was sitting in the shad'"—
Pshaw! that really is too bad—
You stupid fellow, cant you see
The last word ends with final E,
"A Ram was sitting in the shade"—
Sir, Tom his dirty hand has laid
Upon my map, and made a stain
Almost as large as lake Champlain.
The minor class will take the floor,
And say their spelling lesson o'er;
T-E-A, what does that spell?
None of us boys can tell;
Some one of you surely might,
What did you sup upon last night?
Oh I can well remember that,
It was so good—'twas mush and fat;
D-R-I-N-K—name that, try—
What do you want when you are dry?
Oh nothing, Sir, I never yet
Have been too dry—sometimes too wet;
Your throat, I mean—Oh! then I wet it
With butter-milk, if I can get it.
Old Goody here came rushing in,
And cried, Some one has maul'd my Jim,
And left him in a dreadful trim;
He says that some great fighting bully
Has flogg'd him most unmercifully:
I'm sure that no boy of his size
Could, by fair play, have bunged his eyes,
And so completely broke his nose:
The blood has spoiled his Sunday clothes—
My boy no more to school shall come,
Henceforth I'll keep him safe at home.
I shall be pleased, Ma'am, if you do,
Glad to be rid of him and you;
Now, blustering, in comes father Pat,
Hauling along his blubbering brat—
I've brought you, Sir, a scholar here,
(Provided you don't charge too dear,)
And tho' he's never been at school,
The boy is sartingly no tool,
But quite a cute and cunning elf,
For, I have larn'd him sir, myself;
Hold up your head now, Paddy, do,
And say how much is two-times-two?
Twice two are three, sir—just see there,
Within one of it, I declare;

The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, alluding to the death of *Robert C. Sands*, says—"The last of his poetical compositions was printed in the Commercial of Nov. 30, entitled 'THE DEAD of 1832.' It was a hallowed requiem over departed genius, and receives a melancholy beauty by his sudden and unexpected fate. He has now finished with them

——'His mental Pyramid.'"

THE DEAD OF 1832.

Oh Time and Death! with certain pace,
Though still unequal, hurrying on,
O'erturning, in your awful race,
The cot, the palace, and the throne!

Not always in the storm of war,
Nor by the pestilence that sweeps
From the plague-smitten realms afar
Beyond the old and solemn deeps.

To crowds the good and mighty go,
And to those vast, dim chambers hie,
Where, mingled with the vile and low,
Dead Cæsars and dead Shakspeares lie!

Dread Minister of God! sometimes
Ye smite at once, to do His will,
In all Earth's ocean-severed climes,
Those—whose renown you cannot kill!

When all the brightest stars that burn
At once are banished from their spheres;
Men sadly ask, when shall return
Such lustre to the coming years?

For where is he (*a*)—who lived so long,—
Who raised the modern Titan's ghost,
And shewed *his* fate, in powerful song,
Whose soul for learning's sake was lost!

Where he—who backwards to the birth
Of Time itself, adventurous trod,
And in the mingled mass of earth,
Found out the handiwork of God? (*b*)

Where he—who in the mortal Head (*c*)
Ordained to gaze on Heaven, could trace
The soul's vast features, that shall tread
The stars, when earth is nothingness?

Where he—who struck old Albyn's lyre, (*d*)
Till round the world its echoes roll,
And swept, with all a Prophet's fire,
The diapason of the soul?

Where he—who read the mystic lore (*e*)
Buried, where buried Pharoahs sleep,
And dared presumptuous to explore
Secrets four thousand years could keep?

Where he—who with a poet's eye (*f*)
Of truth, on lowly nature gazed,
And made even sordid Poverty
Classic, when in his numbers glazed?

Where—that old sage, so hale and staid, (*g*)
The "greatest good" who sought to find:
Who in his garden mused, and made
All forms of rule, for all mankind?

And thou—whom millions far removed (*h*)
Revered—the hierarch meek and wise,—
Thy ashes sleep, adored, beloved,
Near where thy Wesley's coffin lies.

He too, the Heir of Glory—where
Hath great Napoleon's scion fled?
Ah! glory goes not to an heir!
Take him, ye noble, vulgar dead!

But hark! a nation sighs! for he, (*i*)
Last of the Brave who perilled all
To make an infant empire free,
Obeys the inevitable call!

They go—and with them is a crowd,
For human right who *thought* and *did*:
We rear to them no temples proud,
Each hath his mental Pyramid.

All earth is now their sepulchre,
The *Mind*, their monument sublime—
Young in eternal fame they are—
Such are your triumphs, Death! and Time.

(*a*) *Goethe and his Faust.*—(*b*) Cuvier.—(*c*) Spurzheim.—(*d*) Scott.—(*e*) Champollion.—(*f*) Crabbe.—(*g*) [illegible]s Carey.—(*h*) John Wesley.—(*i*) Lafayette.

THE BALLOON.

BY MISS LUCY AIKIN.

The airy ship at anchor rides;
Proudly she heaves her painted sides,
Impatient of delay;
And now her silken form expands,
She springs aloft, she burst her bands,
She floats upon her way.

How swift! for now I see her sail
High mounted on the viewless gale,
And speeding up the sky.
And now a speck in ether lost—
A moment seen, a moment lost—
She cheats my dazzled eye.

Bright wonder, thee no flapping wing,
No labouring oar, no bounding spring,
Urge on thy fleet career;
By native buoyancy impelled,
Thy easy flight was smoothly held
Along the silent sphere.

No curling mist at close of light,
No meteor on the breast of night,
No cloud at breezy dawn;
No leaf adown the summer tide
More effortless is seen to glide,
Or shadow o'er the lawn.

Yet thee, e'en thee, the destined hour
Shall summon from thy airy tower,
Rapid in prone descent;
Methinks I see thee downward borne,
With flaccid sides that droop forlorn,
The breath etherial spent.

Thus daring fancy's plume sublime—
Thus love's bright wings are clipp'd by time
Thus hope, her soul elate,
Exhales amid this grosser air—
Thus lightest hearts are bowed by care,
And genius yields to fate.

DRINKING SONG,

BY MOORE.

Up with the sparkling brimmer,
Up to the crystal rim;
Let not a moonbeam glimmer
'Twixt the flood and brim.

When hath the world set eyes on
Aught to match this light,
Which o'er the cup's horison
Dawns in bumpers bright,

Truth in a deep well lieth,
So the wise aver,
But truth the fact denieth—
Water suits not her.

Her abode's in brimmers,
Like this mighty cup,
And we good swimmers
[illegible] her up.

From the London Court Journal.

THE BULLET *in question.*

OR, PARISIAN INCREDULITY.

A pistol is let off,
For Louis-Philippe meant:
The Paris people scoff,
And say "there's *nothing in't!*"
Their notion, e'en if sound,
Some little wonder courts:
They are not often found
Discrediting *reports!*

...at an ... Christian Herald.

...lieve, ...

...CTIONS

...OF A YOUNG NIECE.

...mansions of the dead,
...dwells, again I tread;
...ll of death, with solemn toll,
...ure of a kindred soul—
...n silence to repay,
...route due, to the cold, lifeless clay.

Here, as I pass, I pensive trace the road,
Where widow's sighs, and orphan's tears have flow'd
In this lone spot, the young, the aged sleep,
In this lone spot, does youth and beauty weep—
Where many a stone of buried love can tell,
The breeze in murmur breaks, and sighs a long fa
well.

But lo! the fresh turned sod attracts mine eye,
Close by the spot where MIRIAM's* ashes lie—
Come, child of sorrow, mourn with those that mourn
Thy griefs shall mingle round the mouldering urn;
Once more the tender parents' hearts have bled,
Their last, their *only* child is numbered with the de

Ah, cruel Death! couldst thou no victim find,
Save where alone thou must afflict mankind?
Could not the parents' tears, and breaking heart,
Their grief-worn features, *sympathy* impart?
Say, could not *innocence* the victim save,
Or *pity* break the dart, and close the gloomy grave?

No—her last breath has died upon the ear,
No more MARIA's playful voice we hear;
Cold in the dust her little heart must lie,
But that which warmed it once, can never die;
'T will live in yonder world, through endless years,
Beyond a parent's care, safe from a parent's fears.

Shall we then mourn her early exit? No—
Yet still affection keenly feels the blow.
Though the young bud had scarce disclosed its bloom
Ere death relentless snatch'd it to the tomb,
Still must we count her lot supremely blest;—
Exchang'd this world of wo, for an eternal rest.

'T is done—in humble hope, and heavenward trust,
Our little charge is buried in the dust.
To happier climes methinks her spirit flies,
And joins a sister spirit in the skies:
Farewell—and though we meet on earth no more,
Oh may we meet at last, on yonder peaceful shore!

HANNAH.

* Another young niece who died about a year previou

[From the Episcopal Watchman.]

"UNTO HIM WHO HATH LOVED US."

REV. i. 5.

How hath he loved us?—Ask the star
That on his wondrous mission sped,
Hung trembling o'er that manger scene
Where He, the Eternal, bow'd his head;
He who of earth doth seal the doom,
Found in her lowliest inn,—*no room.*

Judea's mountains,—lift your voice,
With legends of the Saviour fraught,
Speak favor'd Olivet,—so oft
At midnight's prayerful vigil sought,—
And Cedron's brook, whose rippling wave
Frequent his wearied feet did lave.

How hath he loved us?—Ask the band
That fled his woes with faithless haste,—
Ask the weak friend's denial-tone,
Scarce by his bitterest tears effac'd,—
Ask of the traitor's kiss,—and see
What Jesus hath endured for thee.

Ask of Gethsemane, whose dews
Shrank from that moisture strangely red,
Which in that unwatch'd hour of pain,
His agonizing temples shed,
The scourge, the thorn, whose anguish sore
Like the unanswering lamb he bore.

How hath he loved us?—Ask the Cross,
The Roman spear, the shrouded sky,—
Ask of the sheeted dead, who burst
Their cerements at his fearful cry:—
Oh, ask no more!—but bow thy pride,
And yield thy heart to Him who died.

Addressed to a gentleman in Philade... who lately lost an infant son—by a fe... relative in Liverpool:

Oh! sigh not, weep not, over the bier
Where thy babe is laid; not a mother's fond tear
Beams so lovely and bright as the radiant gem
Of innocence shines in his diadem!
Think, here had he linger'd in darkness and sorrow,
How its beautiful light which no diamond can borrow,
Had faded, all sullied an d dimm'd in the ray,
Which the tears of repentance alone wash away.
But no tears of repentance, shall dim his fair cheek
Where the smiles and the roses of heaven now break,
And his beautiful form like a sunbeam of day,
Is sparkling all bright in eternity's ray;
And that voice which but murmur'd imperfectly here
A few broken notes on affection's fond ear,
May be warbling the strains of a heavenly choir,
While loud anthems peal from each ra... seraph's lyre;
And his love beaming eyes closed forever... low,
With rapturous emotions seraphic may ...
When the shadows of death from thy ... have roll'd,
And glories celestial all radiant unfold...
Oh! how sweet to be welcom'd to heav... bliss,
By a voice and a smile, so beloved as ...
How tenfold the pangs which must rend ... fond heart,
When the last awful summons compels ... part
From all dear on earth, if no links in... chain
Of affection be lost, we in heaven may re...
Disappointments and sorrows, privation, death
Are germs of the flowers in eternity's wreath.
Then mourn not the bud which is torn from thy view,
In beauty unfading its bloom shall renew;
And oh! think, had it still to thy bosom been given,
Thy heart's fondest wish had but train'd it for Heaven.

E. D.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

From the Improvisatrice, and other Poems.
By L. E. L.

There's a white stone placed upon yonder tomb,
Beneath is a soldier lying:
The death-wound came amid sword and plume,
When banner and ball were flying.

Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,
By wet wild flowers surrounded;
The church shadow falls o'er his place of rest,
Where the steps of his childhood bounded.

There were tears that fell from many eyes,
There was woman's gentler weeping,
And the wailing of age and infant cries,
O'er the grave where he lies sleeping.

He had left his home in his spirit's pride,
With his father's sword and blessing;
He stood with the valiant, side by side,
His country's wrongs redressing.

He came again, in the light of his fame,
When the red campaign was over;
One heart that in secret had kept his name,
Was claimed by the soldier lover.

But the cloud of strife came upon the sky;
He left his sweet home for battle;
And his young child's lisp for the loud war cry,
And the cannin's long death-rattle.

He came again,—but an altered man:
The path of the grave was before him,
And the smile that he wore was cold and wan
For the shadow of death hung o'er him,

He spoke of victory,—spoke of cheer!—
These are words that are vainly spoken
To the childless mother, or orphan's ear,
Or the widow whose heart is broken.

A helmet and sword are engraved on th... stone,
Half hidden by yonder willow;
There he sleeps, whose death in battle wa... won,
But who died on his own home-pillow!

For the Recorder &

THE CRUCIFIXION.

The morn broke slowly in the east—
But nature hail'd not, as it rose,
The glorious sun; the birds had ceas'd
Their wonted songs. Then some arose
To worship at that hallow'd hour—
That hour for prayer—and when they came,
As they had often done, to pour
Their incense to the Lord, the flame
Of their devotion kindled not—
Nor rose the smoke of incense pure
From the holy alta...—but the blot
Of Heaven grew dark upon that hour..

Ah! 'twas a dark and fearful morn,
When triumph'd loud the foes of God—
When Jesus bow'd him to the scorn
Of those who sought to shed his blood.
And were they men? Oh can it be,
That ever dwelt within a breast
Such feelings of malignity,
As were so impiously express'd?
Yes, they were men! ungodly men,
With hearts more hard than flinty rock,
And rage and malice boil'd within
Which could no more his virtue brook.

Oh, could they but have known how keen
His anguish for the sins he bore,
The load of sins the wretched men—
For *them*—would they have scoff'd him more?
But ah! their breasts no mercy knew,
Till they had nail'd him to the tree,
And pierc'd his body through and through,
And mock'd his dying agony.
He look'd to Heaven, and groan'd and died!
The sun astonish'd hid his face—
Earth trembled—and all nature sigh'd,
Oh where shall be man's hiding-place? W. M.

DEATH OF AN INFIDEL PHILOSOPHER.

His spirit hath gone!
It hath ventur'd alone
On a dark and boundless sea:
Its gloomy swell
Moan'd like a knell,
As it bore him thro' dim eternity;

Reason's torchlight
Was quench'd in night,
When he left his house of clay;
Oh, he scorn'd and despis'd
The blood of Christ,
Which alone could guide his dreary way!

Boom onward, boom—
Through the fearful gloom
Of a cheerless and desolate night!
Till thy shuddering eye
Far off shall descry
A startling pomp of terrible light!—

Come, spirit, come!
Receive thy doom—
A terrible trump hath peal'd thy name!
Where shalt thou fly
From that fearful eye
Which has lit the universe into flame!

There is music in hell;
They are chanting thy knell,
They are weaving a burning wreath for thee;
Wrapp'd in robes of fire
Is that fearful choir—
Go!—join their ghastly revelry!
On a throne of flame
With hot diadem
Curse, forever, thy false phi...

* By a son of the late Rev. SAMUEL ... Glasgow, Scotland.

(*From Poem*...

While on the ...
Messiah's cr...
While pagan v...
With idol bl...
While Palestin...
The Gospel's ...
While Islam's cr...
From Calvary ...
Say shall not Afr...
With news of ...
Say shall not Eth...
Enjoy the prom...
Ye heralds of a Sa...
To Afric's regi...
O haste, and let ...
For millions do...
Blessed Jesus, wh...
Wilt thou the c...
And Ethiopia, too,...
Her ransom'd ha...

...d, Conn. M...
..., Vt. Col. ...
..., Va. Maj...
...cement of ...
...e army, be...
...d in the se...
...ning of the ...
...amuel Do...
On board b...
Pierce, of ...
...t. John Al...
...H. Davi...
Md. Rev. ...
...s and St. ...
...Norfolk, Va...
...he town ...
...h. Geo. C...
...of Portsm...
...ir. Theo...
...le, of Bost...
...amberlin...
...e, Ky. Mr...
...tland.—...
...r. John R...

'THE JOURNEY OF THE DEAD.'

'The following affecting lines,' says the editor of the Episcopal Watchman, 'were occasioned by the death of Mrs Huntington, wife of Saml. H. Huntington, Esq. of Hartford, and daughter of Mr George Brinley, of Boston. She was grand-daughter of the late Col. Putnam of Brooklyn, and her remains were removed to that place for interment in the family burial ground.—It is to this melancholy office that "The Journey of the Dead" especially refers.—Mrs Huntington was a woman of high worth and intelligence, and though cut off at the age of 25, she had been for several years an exemplary christian.'

They journey 'neath a summer sky,—
A lov'd and loving train,—
But nature spreads her genial charms
To lure their souls in vain,—
Husband and wife and child are there,
Warm-hearted, true and kind,—
Yet every kindred lip is seal'd,
And every head declin'd.

Weary and sad their course is bent
To seek an ancient dome,
Where hospitality hath made
Her long remember'd home,—
And *one* with mournful care they bring,
Whose step was once so gay
Amid those halls—why comes she now
In sorrow's dark array?

There fell a sainted grandsire's prayer
Upon her infant rest,
And with the love of latest years,
That cherish'd haunt was blest.
Here was the talisman that bade
Her heart's blood sparkle high—
Why steals no flush across her cheek?
No lightning to her eye?

They bear her to the house of God—
But though that hallowed spot
Sends up the suppliant cry to heaven,
Her lip respondeth not:—
She heedeth not—She heedeth not,
She who from early days
Had joy'd within that holy Church
To swell Jehovah's praise.

[illegible]ward to a narrowed cell
[illegible]y tread the grass-grown track,
[illegible] whence the unreturning guest
[illegible]h send no tidings back;—
[illegible]e sleeps the warrior high and brave,
[illegible] freedom's battles tried,
[illegible] him whose banner was the cross
[illegible] Jesus crucified.

[illegible]n by these hoary men she laid
[illegible]er young unfrosted head,
[illegible]rise no more until the voice
[illegible] of Jesus wakes the dead;—
[illegible]in her own dear domestic bower,
[illegible]rom deep confiding love,—
[illegible]m earth's unfaded smile, she fled
To purer bliss above.

L. S. H.

says the Banner of the Church, is true poetry. more than poetical, in its literal *truth*. The of these lines was our loved and valued friend, ished darling of some of our best loved on earth, ne' who went before her to the heavenly rest. e was worthy to be so honored, loved and cher- To a judgment, a discretion, a chastened sobri- beyond her years, she added in an extraordi- gree the choicest graces of the female charac- he was sincerity itself. She was all kindness, ness and charity. Her various gifts were all re- and exalted and consecrated by a true, living, and piety. Tried through an intimacy of years, we t her, as a true and faithful friend. The centre the charm of one of the most delightful, happy, itable homes on earth, we mourn for its bowers ried, and its light put out. We, from the heart, mingle our sympathies with the bereaved and the deso- gate; but *theirs* is a sorrow too sacred for words, and we may not—*they* are christians, and we need speak of it. May the anointing of the [illegible] their abundant consolation; and their [illegible] ness, in the conviction of her [illegible] ns becometh those who [illegible] no hope, to the garner

* Col. Daniel Putn[illegible] ted friend—the son of [illegible] llusions to the 'warr[illegible] whose banner was th[illegible] tor of the church

STANZAS.

[By Miss Frances Ann Kemble.]

I.

When you mournfully rivet your tear-laden eyes,
That have seen the last sunset of Hope pass away,
On some bright orb, that seems, through the still sapphire sky,
In beauty and splendor, to roll on its way:

II.

Oh remember, this earth, if beheld from afar,
Would seem wrapt in a halo as clear and as bright
As the pure silver radiance enshrining yon star,
Where your spirit is eagerly soaring tonight.

III.

And at this very moment, perhaps, some poor heart,
That is aching and breaking in that distant sphere,
Gazes down on this dark world, and longs to depart
From its own dismal home, to a brighter one here.

THE MISSLETOE BOUGH.

The missletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holy branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the Baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday;
The baron beheld with a father's pride,
His beautiful child, young Lovel's bride;
While she with her bright eyes, seemed to be,
The star of the goodly company.
Oh! the missletoe bough! Oh! the missletoe bough!

"I'm weary of dancing, now," she cried;
"Here tarry a moment—I'll hide—I'll hide!
And Lovel, be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking place"—
Away she ran—and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
And young Lovel cried, "Oh! where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."
Oh! the missletoe bough, &c.

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day—
And they sought her in vain, when a week passed away!
In the highest—the lowest—the loneliest spot
Young Lovel sought wildly—but found her not,
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovel appeared, the children cried
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."
Oh! the missletoe bough, &c.

At length an oak chest that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid—
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair!
Oh! sad was her fate! in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest—
It closed with a spring!—and her bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb.
Oh! the missletoe bough, &c.

[From the Montreal Gazette.]

BOAT GLEE.

Hark! comrades, hark! the evening gun,
(Pull away steadily—all pull cheerily)
Booms from the land at set of sun;
(Pull away readily—all pull merrily,)
Bend to your oars, for the night breeze will soon
Ripple the wave to the silvery moon;
Happy we be,
Fearless and free,
Pulling away o'er the moonlit sea.

Pull away, boys, with main and might
(All pull readily—pull, mates, cheerily,)
Looks that we love are here to night,
(Pull, brothers, steadily—all pull merrily,)
Our boat, like a sea-bird, skims swiftly along,
To the dip of our oars and the chime of our song;
Hearty we be,
Merry and free,
Pulling away o'er the dark blue sea.

Ladies at best hold landsmen cheap,
(Pull, lads, readily—all pull merrily,)
Beauty smiles on sons of the deep;
(Pull boys steadily—pull away cheerily,)
And beautiful eyes, let them say what they will,
Beam ever brightest on blue jackets still;
Happy are we,
Jovial and free,
Pulling away o'er the heavy sea.

Merrily when we reach the shore,
(Pull away readily—all pull merrily,)
Cups we'll drain to the lads of the oar,
(Pull, boys, steadily—pull away cheerily,)
And frolic and fun shall be ours, till we
For happy we be,
And fearless and free,
Pulling our boat o'er the moonlit sea.

On perusing the fugitive pieces of Dr Percival, we have frequently been forcibly struck with the peculiar beauty and elegance of the following lines. The depravity of man, and the endearing constancy of female love, are here most vividly—most inimitably depicted:

He comes not—I have watch'd the moon go down,
But yet he comes not—once it was not so.
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep;
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
O! how I love a mother's watch to keep
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which cheers

NATURE'S FAREWELL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"The beautiful is vanished and returns not.
Coleridge's Wallenstein

A youth rode forth from his childhood's home,
Through the crowded paths of the world to roam,
And the green leaves whispered, as he pass'd,
"Wherefore thou dreamer! away so fast?

"Knew'st thou with what thou art parting here,
Long would'st thou linger in doubt and fear;
Thy heart's free laughter, thy sunny hours,
Thou hast left in our shades, with the Spring's wild flowers.

"Under the arch by our mingling made,
Thou and thy brother have gaily play'd;
Ye may meet again where ye roved of yore,
But as ye *have* met there—oh! never more!"

On rode the youth—and the boughs among,
Thus the wild birds o'er his pathway sung;—
"Wherefore so fast unto life away?
Thou art leaving forever thy joy in our lay!

[illegible] to the ballad of the [illegible] Hill,
Thirst which no fountain on earth can [illegible]
Farewell!—when thou comest [illegible]
Thou wilt miss from our [illegible]
Mournfully true is the [illegible]
Yet on fiery dreams [illegible]

And a somethi[illegible]
As he caught [illegible]
But he [illegible]
How [illegible]

Daniel Ingersoll, confined in the jail of Boston, from [illegible] said wards, and that it is necessary for [illegible] on land of Solomon [illegible] Daniel Ingersoll, confined in the jail of Boston, from [illegible] said wards, and that it is necessary for [illegible] on land of Solomon [illegible]

[illegible] the Speech[illegible] the most [illegible]

[illegible] shamefully exaggerated, [illegible] with such [illegible] we would only observe, [illegible] attended to [illegible]

[illegible] Then, [illegible] Thy scrap[illegible] Amid their joys Elysian,
Oh then remember me!

And when calm night presiding,
Sits on her sable car;
Along heaven's blue vault riding,
Hail'd by each glittering star;
While thy blue eye is turning,
With pensive joy, to see
Those orbs so glorious burning,
Oh then remember me!

When kindred throngs around thee,
Flash festive wit and joy;
When orphean spells have bound thee,
And thy charm'd soul empty,
When each [illegible] moving grace and tone
Floats o'er thy sweet and free,
And music pa[illegible]s her own,
Oh then remember me!

Where'er thy [illegible]s are roving, [illegible]
In pensive [illegible] or mirth,
With smile [illegible] sigh still prog[illegible] of se[illegible]
Thou[illegible]ne who far a[illegible]
O thin[illegible] thinks of thee,
[illegible]s the bliss of life's [illegible]
[illegible]at blest Memory!

…REBELLION. The late melancholy …Emmett in New York brought to mind all …impressions connected with our hearing of the …h Rebellion, and the many noble souls which it subdued, the fond visions of future peace which it had probably broken, and the grey hairs it had "brought down in sorrow to the grave." The story of Mr. Emmett's brother has been so often told that a recurrence to it is almost useless, but there are many to whom tales of this kind impart a sort of 'melancholy pleasure' which it does no harm, occasionally, to gratify. During this rebellion the brother of Mr. Emmett, who was betrothed to the daughter of Curran, the Irish Barrister, was brought to the bar, on a charge of high treason, tried, condemned, and executed. It is upon him and the story of his love, blighted as it was in the bud, that Irving has made his story of the "Broken Heart;" and upon Miss Curran that her countryman, Moore, composed the following lines.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love—for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him—
Nor soon shall the tear of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own lov'd island of sorrow!

After the death of Emmett, the hand of Miss Curran was often solicited by those high in fame, and rich in wealth, but the memory of her former lover remained as a shadow around her heart and prevented her again "embarking her soul in the traffic of affection." The following lines are the substance of what she is supposed to have returned as an answer to one who sought her

For the Recorder & Telegraph

THE EVENING HOUR.

There is a magic spirit in that calm,
Which comes with evening, when the air is balm;
When happy, little birds, on bush and tree,
Are singing out the day so pleasantly;
When bees are gone to rest, and the sweet flowers
Have closed their purple cups; when gentle showers
Of dew are falling, and the night-hawk's cries
Are heard, as high the lonely wanderer flies.
This is the hour, when nature's silent call
Invites to solemn thought—then over all
She throws a witching charm. Oh, I have felt
In such a spell as if the heart would melt,
When the last robin's note has past my ear,
In some lone lane, which youth had rendered dear!
An angel's voice could scarce have told me more
Than did that bird's. Off the rapt soul would soar
From silent earth thro' the more silent sky,
Till, lost to life, it breath'd eternity.

How wondrous strange the music of the heart,
When careless nature plays her skillful part!
Musing at twilight hour, my heedless eye
Has stood in tears, and yet I knew not why.
My heart has heav'd, and the mysterious spell
Has fill'd me full of grief, but I could tell
No reason of my sorrow—yet I've thought
I wept that birds and humble flowers taught
Such wisdom, so divine, so full of God,
While we, vile men! the path of folly trod.
And then to linger till the dark, blue plains
Of heaven were lighted with a thousand flames,
Has written sacred truth upon my mind,
Which time can never blot.—*He must be blind*
Who, in night's solemn walk, cannot discern
A God, for whom those golden altars burn!
Oh, if mankind would leave the noise of light,
And listen to the silent voice of night,
They would mistake no more; truths so divine
Come with the twilight hour, and thro' the evening shin

MELAS.

For the Recorder & Telegraph

THE INQUIRY MEETING.

Silence was there—and with itself each soul
Solemn communion held. The man of God
Look'd on awhile and wept, and inly pray'd
His Master's help to guide th' inquiring soul.
Methought I saw a shining company
Of minist'ring spirits, plac'd to guard the door
Of ev'ry heart from evil thoughts distracting,—
Satan's artillery, with which he storms
The yielding citadel. The Holy Ghost
Was there, and whisper'd to the sin-sick soul—
"This is the way. O sinner, check thy course.
'Twill lead thee to the grave of joy and hope.
Retrace thy steps,—too far thou'rt gone already,
From God and heaven. Why wilt thou strive with God?
Repent, repent,—now is th' accepted time,—
The day in which salvation may be thine."
The man of God, with heavenly accents, now
Addresses each alone, and points the way
To heav'n. One and another drawn at last
By grace and mercy irresistible,
Yield up their hearts of adamant; and lost
In wonder, weep sweet tears of penitence.
O what a holy joy beams from those orbs
Which even now were sightless! O what light
Beams in upon the soul, that even now
In darkness mourn'd, and sought, "but found no way!"
Heav'n has come down to earth, and all around
Bespeaks a present God. O blessed Spirit!
Thy stay prolong, till all have felt the joys
Of thy salvation

S. Z.

THE following beautiful lines, are from a recent publication of the Rev. W. LISLE BOWLES, called "*The Spirit of Discovery.*" They describe a beautiful morning after a storm.

NO, I never 'till life and its shadows shall end,
Can forget the sweet sound of the *Bells of Ostend!*
The day set in darkness, the wind it blew loud,
And rung as it pass'd, thro' each murm'ring shroud;
My forehead was wet with the spume of the spray,
My heart sigh'd in secret for those far away;
When slowly the morning advanc'd from the East
The toil and the noise of the tempest was ceas'd;
The peal, from a land I ne'er saw, seem'd to say,
"Let the Stranger forget ev'ry sorrow to-day;"
And I never, 'till life and its shadows shall end,
Can forget the sweet sounds of the *Bells of Ostend.*
Yet the short-liv'd emotion was mingled with pain
I thought of those eyes I should ne'er see again;
I thought of the kiss, the last kiss which I gave,
And a tear of regret fell unseen on the wave.
I thought of the schemes fond affection had plann'd
Of the trees, of the tow'rs, of my own native land—

* * * * * * *

But still the sweet sounds, as they swell'd on the air,
Seem'd tidings of pleasure, tho' mournful to bear;
And I never, 'till life and its shadows shall end,
Can forget the sweet sound of the *Bells of Ostend!*

* *Shrouds are the ropes of the mast.*

SEA-SIDE THOUGHTS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Beautiful, sublime and glorious,
Mild, majestic, foaming, free;
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity.

Epithet-exhausting Ocean!
'Twere as easy to controul
In the storm thy billowy motion,
As thy wonders to unroll.

Sun, and moon, and stars, shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow;
Yet attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendours steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace;
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth—her vallies and her mountains,
Mortal man's behest obey;
Thy unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search, and scorn his sway.

Such art thou, stupendous Ocean!
But if overwhelm'd by thee,
Can we think, without emotion,
What must thy Creator be?

From the New York Atheneum.

HAPPINESS.

I sought thee in the haunts of men,
Through fashion's giddy maze;
I sought thee in the silent glen,
Through pathless, trackless ways.
'Neath splendid domes, in humble cot,
I wooed thy smile, but found it not.

I sought thee in the festive hall,
Where friends convivial meet;
But there a secret voice exclaim'd,
Beware! here dwells deceit.
The shade thou seek'st, can ne'er be found
Where luxury spreads her bane around.

At dissipation's shrine I knelt,
And sought thy influence there;
I drain'd the wine-cup—soon I felt
I'd grappled with despair:
I dash'd to earth the poisonous bowl,
And spurn'd its madd'ning, base controul.

I sought thee in a foreign land,
O'er ocean's briny tide,
And found, mid pleasure's glitt'ring band,
Thy favour was denied.
'Tis not where mirth and glee resound,
That happiness is always found.

I sought thee in the hermit's cell,
The solitary's seat,
And thought on earth if thou didst dwell,
'Twould be in this retreat:
But even here thou wert unknown,
Thou dwellest not where man's alone.

Through every varied scene I pass'd
Of pleasure, pain and strife,
In search of thee, and found at last

THE WAY TO MEND A HUSBAND.

A SONG.

CONTENTION may pour forth her gall,
And Clamour endeavor to bend him,
I tell you 'twill not do at all,
They never, no, never will mend him.

When trouble shall harrass his mind,
Vexations in business attend him,
Prove then most consoling and kind
In all that good nature can lend him.

Should Jealousy rob you of rest,
With hints and suspicions to rend him,
You likely may think it is best,
But it never, no, never will mend him.

When Calumny bitter prevails,
Be ever the first to befriend him;
Believe not her scandalous tales;
That never, no, never will mend him.

Gild his cot with an affable smile,
A comfort that e'er should attend
The plants that spring up from a
Will cure and most certainly

THE ATHEIST.

And art thou gone? and is thy doom
Annihilation evermore?
Could not RELIGION pierce the gloom
Which veil'd thy senses o,er?
And can it be that their is naught
In hope of heav'n, or fear of hell?
And is thy fate, oh! mad'ning thought,
In darkness evermore to dwell?

For ever gone! what sad despair.
Dwells in the Atheist's cheerless doom;
No gleam of hope shines from afar,
To light his passage to the tomb.
And can it be that man must die,
And moulder back to earth again;
And has the great, all-seeing eye?
Created man to live in vain?

First mark the Infidel, whose breath
Of life hangs on a single thread;
With fell despair he meets his death,
With fearful, agonizing dread.
See what unmeaning, horrid glare
Beams from his sunken, down-cast eye;
His gnashing teeth, and frenzied stare,
Too plainly speak—he fears to die.

His tortur'd breast, his frantic shriek,
Which greets thine ear with horrid din,
Speaks stronger than ten thousand tongues,
That hell's consuming fire's within:
Then, Atheist, turn to yonder sight,
Where death's despoil'd of all its fears,
Behold that eye, though dim, 'tis bright
With inspiration's sacred tear.

And think'st thou with his parting breath,
So calmly without fear or strife,
The Christian thus could smile on death,
Was there no hope of future life?
To that illumin'd beaming eye,
Futurity is now unfurl'd;
Those pale, yet smiling lips, reply
'There is another—better world.'

Through all creation thou wilt see
'A Saviour's promise written there'—
Then, heir of immortality,

TO A FRIEND,

Who envied the Authors perpetual flow of his spirits.

Oh! do not suppose that my hours
Are always unclouded and gay;
Or that thorns never mix with the flowers
That fortune has strew'd in my way:
When seen by the *cold* and *unfeeling*,
We smile through the sorrows we feel,
But smiles are deceitful—concealing
The wounds which they never can heal.

The world is a changeable ocean,
And sunbeams and shadows abound;
Where the surface seems least in commotion
The rocks of misfortune are found:
And man is the pilot, who steering,
Of every billow the sport,
Sees the gale of prosperity veering,
Which promis'd to waft him to port.

Our *hopes* are the gales, that serenely
Waft onward our sails as we float;
Our *fears* are the whirlwinds that keenly,
Overwhelm our poor perishing boat,
Reason's the beacon that guides us,
Lights through life's perilous way,
Folly's the ray that deceives us,
And leads us too often astray.

All moments of mirth may be many,
And hope half our sorrow beguiles,
But, believe me, there cannot be any
Whose features are always in smiles.
The *heart* may be sad and repining,
Though cheerfulness brightens the scene,
As a goblet with gems may be shining,
Though bitter the potion within.

A glittering volume may cover
A story of sorrow and woe,
And night's gayest meteors may hover,
Where dangers lie lurking below;
Then in the sunshine of gladness,
When the *cheek* and the *eye* may be drest;
While clouds of dejection [illegible]

[From the Daily Albany Argus.]

THE DYING BOY.

It must be sweet, in childhood, to give back
The spirit to its Maker; ere the heart
Has grown familiar with the paths of sin,
And sown—to garner up its bitter fruits.—
I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and called him out
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.
'Twas night, he summoned his accustomed friends,
And, o< this wise, bestowed his last bequest.

"Mother—I'm dying now!
There 's a deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed;
And on my brow

I feel the cold sweat stand:
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly up. Oh, tell me, is this death?
Mother, your hand—

Here—lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus, beneath my head,
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead
Shall I be missed?

Never beside your knee,
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught me.

Oh, at the time of prayer,
When you look round, and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there."

"Father—I'm going home!
To the good home you spake of, that blest land
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do not come.

I must be happy then,
From pain and death you say I shall be free,
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again!"

"Brother—the little spot
I used to call *my* garden, where long hours [ers,
We've stayed to watch the budding things and flow-
Forget it not!

Plant there some box or pine,
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine!"

"Sister—my young rose-tree—
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee.

And when its roses bloom—
I shall be gone away, my short life done;
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?"

"Now, mother, sing the tune
You sang last night; I'm weary, and must sleep.
Who was it called my name? Nay, do not weep,
You'll all come soon!"

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings—
And that meek sufferer, cold, and ivory-pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savoury odours of the early spring—
He breathed it not: the laugh of passers by,
Jarred, like a discord in some mournful tune,
But worried not his slumbers. He was dead.

VIATOR.

THE WATERFALL.

Lo! like a glorious pile of diamonds bright,
Built on the steadfast cliffs, the waterfall
Pours forth its gems of pearl and silver light:
They sink, they rise, and sparkling, cover all
With infinite refulgence; while its song,
Sublime as thunder, rolls the woods along—

Rolls through the woods—they send its accents back,
Whose last vibration in the desert dies;
Its radiance glances o'er the watery track,
Till the soft wave, as wrapt in slumber, lies
Beneath the forest shade; then sweetly flows
A milky stream, all silent, as it goes.

Its foam is scattered on the margent bound,
Skirting the darksome grove. But list! the hum
Of industry, the rattling hammer's sound,
Files whizzing, creaking sluices, echoed come
On the fast-travelling breeze! O no! no voice
Is heard around, but thy majestic noise!

When the mad storm-wind tears the oak asunder,
In thee its shivered fragments find their tomb!
When rocks are riven by the bolt of thunder,
As sands they sink into thy mighty womb:
The ice that would imprison thy proud tide,
Like bits of broken glass, is scattered wide.

The fierce wolf prowls around thee—there he stands
Listening—not fearful, for he nothing fears;
His red eyes burn like fury-kindled brands,
Like bristles o'er him his coarse fur he rears;
Howling, thy dreadful roar he oft repeats,
And more ferocious, hastes to bloodier feats.

The wild stag hears thy falling waters' sound
And tremblingly flies forward—o'er her back
She bends her stately horns—the noiseless ground
Her hurried feet impress not—and her track
Is lost amidst the tumult of the breeze,
And the leaves falling from the rustling trees.

The wild horse then approaches in his turn;
He changes not his proudly rapid stride;
His mane stands up erect—his nostrils burn—
He sports—he pricks his ears—and starts aside;
Then rushing madly forward to thy steep,
He dashes down into thy torrents deep.

WISHES.

From the Plymouth Memor[illegible]

FARMER DOBBIN'S COMPLAINT.

Three daughters I have, and as prettily made,
As handsome as any you'll see,
And lovers they count, but still I'm afraid
They always will hang upon me.

In writing of letters and talking of love
They are foolishly spending their time—
One gives them a ribbon, and one a new glove,
And thus they are passing their prime.

These bucks of the town, with their elegant coats,
I'm sick of their horses and chairs,
They plunder my hay and they pilfer my oats—
Am I keeping a tavern, my dears?

This courting, and courting, and never concluding,
Is nonsense—(I'm sorry to say)
Your kissing and wooing is rather intruding,
Unless you will—*take them away.*

DISAPPOINTMENT.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Ye shepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed to my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair and my passion begun;
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete should be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire:
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems forever adorned with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes!
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flow'r, the shrub, and the tree,
Which I reared for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme,
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own:
Fate never bestowed such delight,
As I with my Phyllis have known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun.
How she smil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!

WISHES.

Say, what should be thy *first* wish, if a Fairy said to thee
"Now ask a boon—I'll grant it, whatever it may be;"
The first wish of my heart, I think, may easily be told;
Confide in me, deny it not, thy wish would be for gold.

Oh, no! thou art mistaken; *that* should not be the boon,
My thirst for this world's lucre is ever sated soon;
The only gold *I* prize, is such as Industry hath bought,
And gold like that, from Fairy hands, would fruitlessly be sought.

Then say, what would thy *first* wish be? Ambition's laurelled name?
The pride of Popularity? the Pinnacle of Fame?
The pampered board of luxury, where crowds of menials wait?
Thy *second* wish will still be Gold, to furnish forth thy state.

Ah, no! the days are long gone by, when *such* had been my choice;
I ask not FAME—far more I prize the self-approving voice:
My *first* wish should not be for *Fame*, my *second* not for Gold,
But, listen to me patiently, my wishes shall be told.

Oh! give me a happy home, to share with her I love,
Oh! let me from her path of life each anxious care remove!
And like the sweet days of the past, "may we have days in store,"
Oh! give me this, and only this, I'll never ask for more.

Parting of two Indian Chiefs.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

The sun arose, the two friends met
Upon the hill where oft they'd set, [wet,
While herbs and flow'rs with dew were
At this last solemn parting:
The youthful Chief with looks distress'd
Disclos'd the fears which mov'd his breast,
And thus his aged friend address'd:
With his sad bosom beating:

"Say, dearest friend, say, must we part
And live without a kindred heart?
With none on earth to heal the smart
Of pain, and grief, and sorrow?
Oh, say, must I unpitied roam,
Without a friend, without a home,
Without a ray of hope to come,
And shine upon the morrow."

"Cease, cease' my son, and murmur not
O'er the dark sorrows of thy lot.
Thine image ne'er shall be forgot
By him, who loves thee dearly:
For oft at twilight on the lawn,
Oft at sunset and oft at dawn,
Oft at even and oft at morn,
He'll think both late and early

On that dear youth, who bravely fought
For others rights, who willing wrought
In winters cold and summers hot,
To gain a wreath of glory:
Oh may your wreath be ever green,
Your laurels fresh, and so remain,
Your name on hist'ry's page be seen
In gallant martial story."

"Say, do we *part* to *meet* again?"
Exclaimed the youth with lively pain,
While silent tears, like drops of rain,
Fell on his beating bosom."
"My days are few," repliedhis friend,
"Those few of course must shortly end;
My eyes are dim, my locks are thinn'd.
And for the grave they blossom:"

"But father, say, in spite of age,
May we not meet upon the stage,
And act a farce without the rage,
That show'd itself in battle?"
"No! we shall meet in realms of blise,
O'er these dark mansions of distress,
Where loudest thunders shall seem less
Than did the grape shots rattle."

EVENING SONG OF THE TYROLESE PEASENTS.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

COME to the Sun-set Tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

The twilight-star to Heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us is given
By the cool soft evening hours.

Sweet is the hour of rest!
Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie.

When the burden and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er;
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at the door.

Come to the Sun-set Tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

Yes, tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs;
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows.

But rest more sweet and still
Than ever night fall gave,
Our longing hearts shall fill,
In the world beyond the grave.

There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noon-tide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary wandering feet.

And we will lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the sabbath of our God.

Come to the Sun-set Tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

* "*The loved hour of repose is striking. Let us come to the Sun-set Tree.*" *See Capt. Sherer's interesting Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.*

MESSRS. EDITORS,—The following stanzas were occasioned by the death of Rev. Mr. HALL, Missionary at Bombay; whose loss is deeply felt; and whose faithful and devoted services, will long be remembered by the friends of Missions. If they are deemed worthy of the occasion, you will please give them a place in your paper.

Lo! the voice of Christians weeping,
Comes from India's realms afar;—
HALL, the *Christian hero*, sleeping
Rests in peace—discharg'd from war.

'Twas the *Spirit's* sword he wielded,
And the warrior us'd it well;
And his courage never yielded,
Nobly—gloriously he fell.

Fell—and though no marble splendid
From oblivion saves his name;
Yet *the cause which he defended*,
Crowns him with immortal fame.

Yes!—when Cæsar's name has perish'd;
Alexander's is forgot;—
His shall live—and still be cherish'd,
Live—till *time itself* is not.

And when he, whose pow'r controlling,
Rolls these systems thro' the skies;
Bids them all to stay their rolling—
Time to cease—the dead to rise:

Then shall heathen, taught the story
Of a Saviour's dying love,
Welcome HALL to endless glory;
Shine like stars with him above. HAROLD.

For the Recorder & Telegraph.

HYMN FOR THE JEWS.

Come Lord of light and blessing! sleep doth dwell
Deeply on Zion's watchers, and the light
Hath gone from the rough path of Israel.
When shall the morning break on this long night.

The heaven-ward pilgrim fainteth—Judah's lyre
Wakes not the praise of God—Its chords sleep on
With none to waken its seraphic fire—
The light of Canaan's minstrelsy hath gone.

The holy harper's melodies steal not
Upon the winds to Heaven, in aery tones
Hymning Jehovah's might—they sleep forgot
With the prophetic voice—the prophet's bones.

Oh Judah! Judah! hath the land no fire
That the sweet smoke of incense goes not up?
Is there no Levite now? no hoary sire
To wave the censer—fill the sacred cup?

Come, Lord, with thy loud voice, and break the spell
That binds thy people captive—oh reclaim
The footsteps of apostate Israel,
And with thy mercy glorify thy name. ROY.

STANZAS,

I saw the fair one pass away,
In her earliest beauty's bright array,
In the glow of hope and the flush of pride,
And the innocent joy of a virgin bride;
When her heart, yet pure as the first fallen snow,
Gave loose to its feeling's fullest flow,
And her cheek as rich as the crimson flower,
That opens in India's sunny bower,
Was hung with curls, that danced and flew,
As the wind of the morning lightly blew,
And swelled the sail of th e bark, that bore
The bride from that loved and lovely shore—
O! thus in her maiden beauty gay
I saw the fair one pass away.

I saw that faded fair return
With heart as chill as a marble urn,
And cheek of as pale and wan a hue,
As a blossom wet by the poison dew,
That falls from the leaves of the funeral yew;
Her eye had lost its glancing fire,
Her cheek the glow of young desire,
And she gazed on the home of her tender years
With a look too cold for smiles or tears,
But a look that told how her peace had flown,
And how she was left in her grief alone—
Thus pale and still to the shore she grew
As the wind of the morning lightly blew,
O! how unlike to the joyous day,
When she passed in her beauty's pride away.
P.

The following lines have been often and extensively published by the daily and periodical press of our country. They are from the pen of R. H. Wilde, Esq. of Georgia, who, for a number of sessions was a member of the national legislature, and occupied the situation of attorney general of Georgia, for a long time.

STANZAS.

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die;
Yet on the rose's humble bed,
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see;
But none shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless, and soon to pass away!
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree shall mourn its shade,
The wind bewails the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the prints, which feet
Have left on Tempe's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yes, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore, loud mourns the sea,
But none, alas! shall mourn for me.

WHERE IS HE.

But man dieth and wasteth away, yea, man giveth up the ghost and where is he?"—Job. xiv. 10.

And where *is* he—my friend in youth,
Whose heart seemed firmly bound in mine;
Whose bosom was the throne of Truth,
Whose soul was Honors's sacred shrine?
Companions aye where'er we roved,
In childhood's hour of frolic glee,
I now in vain seek him, I loved,
And friendship murmurs, Where is he.

We meet in Learning's tranquil bowers,
Together conned her classic page;
And fondly deemed that hearts like ours
Would glow the same from youth to age:
What plans we formed! what vows we swore
Of firm regard and constancy!
Few years are past, and as before
My bosom throbs, but where is he?

Our school-boy days flew swiftly by,
And manhood broke youth's flowery spell;
We bade farewell with tearful eye,
Then paused—once more to bid farewell!
'Tas his to plead the orphan's wrong;
My course was on the heaving sea:
Returned at last, from wandering long,
I seek my friend—Oh! where is he?

Admiring crowds no longer wait,
With rapture on his powerful tongue;
The eye is quenched whose orb of late
The lightning glance of genius flung;
And when I cry, Oh! where art thou,
Beloved in youth so fervently?
A starting tear, a saddened brow,
Repeat in silence, where is he?

His home's deserted—on its hearth
The cheerful flames no more ascend;
Sorrow has hushed the voice of mirth—
In vain I call, my friend! my friend!
Hope's cherished visions all are fled,
And he I sought hath ceased to be;
An echo wakes, as from the dead,
And loudly murmurs, Where is he?

THE NIGHTINGALE.

...e cloud, no relic of the sunken day
...distinguishes the West; no long, thin slip
...f sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
...me, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
...u see the glimmer of of the stream beneath,
...t hear no murmuring: it flows silently
...er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
...balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
...t let us think upon the vernal showers
...at gladden the green earth, and we shall find
...pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
...d hark! the Nightingale begins its song,
"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!
melancholy bird? Oh! idle thought!
...nature there is nothing melancholy.
...ut some night-wandering man whose heart was pi...
...With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
...Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
...And so, poor wretch! filled all things with himsel...
...And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
...Of his own sorrow,) he and such as he
...First named these notes a melancholy strain.
...nd many a poet echoes the conceit;
...oet who hath been building up the rhyme
...When he had better far have stretched his limbs
...beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
...by Sun or Moonlight to the influxes
...shapes, and sounds and shifting elements
...rendering his whole spirit, of his song
...nd of his frame forgetful! so his fame
...ould share in Nature's immortality,
...venerable thing! and so his song
...ould make all Nature lovelier, and itself
...loved like Nature! But 'twill not be so;
...youths and maidens most poetical,
...who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
...al-ball-rooms, and hot theatres, they still
...of meek sympathy, must have their sighs
...and Philomela's pity-pleading strains.
...My friend, and thou, our Sister! we have learn
...a different love: we may not thus profane
...ature's sweet voices, always full of love
...nd joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
...hat crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
...With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
...As he were fearful that an April night
...Would be too short for him to utter forth
...His love chant, and disburthen his full soul
...Of all its music!

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many Nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's song,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmers musical, and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such a harmony,
That should you close your eyes you might almos...
Forget it was not day! On moonlight bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright an...
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle Maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than Nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their
That gentle Maid! and oft a moment's space
What time the Moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the Moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful Birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps! and she hath watched
Many a Nightingale perched giddily
On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze
And to that motion tune his wanton song
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O Warbler! till to-morrow eve,
And you my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
We have been listening long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again!
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How would he place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows wel...
The evening star; and once when he awoke
In most distressful mood, (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's drea...
Hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
And he beheld the Moon, and hushed at once,
Suspends his sobs and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes that swam with undropp'd tear...
Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam! Well!
It is a father's tale; But if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Full of with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy! Once more, farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! Once more my friends, farewe...

When in the forest's deep ...
Far distant from my rural happy home,
Far, where the sun sinks down his weary way,
And leaves us to the pale moon's softer ray;
There in my exile, mem'ry shall retrace
Those halcyon scenes, which nought can e'er efface;
Scenes of my childhood, hours of mirth and glee,
No sorrows crossed my heart, so light and free,
But what a tender mother's kiss could soothe,
And in my breast, could every passion smooth.

I'll think of those green meads where once I stray'd,
And roam again in fancy through the glade,
That bloomed with eglantine in summer hours,
Where oft I pluck'd wild fruit and culled wild flowers,
To wreath my brow illum'd with joy's bright gleam;
Again I'll wander by the rolling stream,
That bent its winding way through groves and vales,
And stole from sight, among the hills and dales.

I'll sigh again for that pure mountain breeze,
That waved the grass, and murmur'd through the trees
In fancy I'll revisit those wild bowers,
Where once, I lov'd to spend my musing hours,
And sit, and watch the last faint glimmering ray,
As sinks the sun beyond the hills away.
Oh, then, 't was sweet, 't was rapture to the soul,
To yield to glowing fancy's wild control,
And through the dark deep purple clouds to gaze,
Enraptured with the evening warbler's lays.

My heart shall wander from its lone retreat,
By retrospective powers—where loved friends meet,
Where science guides the mind, and lights the way;
And though no passing thought may ever stray
To my unknown, far distant, lone retreat,
Though I may cease to live in hearts that beat
With friendship now, yet I shall treasure there,
Those scenes of by-gone days, and friends now dear.

Oh, sad revolting thought! it may not be,
That I can e'er forget those scenes of glee,
Those flowery lawns, and that meand'ring rill,
Those groves and bowers, where evening dews distil
Those sweet enchantments of my early home,
Those scientific shades, where once I lov'd to roam,
Those few, but cherished friends,—can I forget?
No, never; while this pensive heart shall beat,
And when my lingering spirit soars away,
Unwept, unmourned, with strangers I decay,
My dying breath shall be a fervent prayer,
That Heaven will deign to grant a meeting there.

SERAF AUGUSTA.

Wilbraham, Mass., 1833.

For the New England Christian Herald.

FRIENDSHIP.

If pleasure smiles sincere below the skies,
That pleasure must from sacred friendship rise;
Of all which animates the human frame,
The noblest feeling and the purest flame.

Offspring of heaven; there, friendship all refined
Immortal glows in each seraphic mind;
Mix'd with the streams of bliss forever flows,
Nor change, decay, nor imperfection knows.—

A glorious native of the realms of love,
And only in perfection known above;
Yet is this blessing by indulgent heaven,
Though in a less degree, to mortals given.—

Its pleasing power by Providence designed,
To soften human care and mend the mind;
To calm our passions by its gentle sway,
And make them reason's sacred laws obey.

LYNN.

Lynn, Feb. 2, 1833.

For the New England Christian Herald.

LINES

on the death of CAROLINE P. MARSH, *aged 8 years.*

Ah! she is gone! the spirit 's fled;
And Caroline 's among the dead;
Alas! she 's fled and left us all,—
From many, tears of sorrow fall.

Hers was a spirit, gentle, kind;
Quick, sensitive her tender mind;
And ever ready to impart
Her smiles, to cheer each loving heart.

In Sabbath school she oft was seen,
With speaking eye and mind serene;
Ah! little did we think, so soon
To see her carried to the tomb.

We gaz'd upon her marble brow;
What God has done we know not now;—
So sweet, so pleasant, 't was to see
An angel from its clog set free.

'T is not for thee, sweet child, we weep,
For worlds we 'd not disturb thy sleep;
Ah, no! thy earthly trouble 's o'er,

For the Christian Advocate and Journal and Zion's Herald.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

The home of the Christian is hid from our sight,
Or only revealed in visions of light;
Yet the path which leads to it is plain to our view,
And the wayfarer proves that the promise is true.

The whelp of the lion ne'er crossed the road
By which the true Christian ascends to his God;
The eye of the vulture, though piercing his sight,
Has never discover'd the pathway so bright.

Its course is ascending from earth to the skies,
And straight in its progress before us it lies;
We run if we're able, when hinder'd we creep,
And continue to struggle o'er every steep.

When faith lends its pinions we rise on the wing,
Like eagles we soar and like seraphs would sing;
While prospects of heaven encourage our flight,
As we're hasting from earth to its mansions so bright.

The gates of the city how bright they appear;
How holy and happy the souls that are there;
With God their Redeemer for ever "shut in,"
Eternally rescued from Satan and sin.

When darkness and tempests excite our alarm,
'Tis Jesus the Saviour assuages the storm;
The light of his presence will brighten the gloom,
As we pass the dark valley of death to our home.

Then "let us press on to the mark of the prize,"
At the end of our course it is found in the skies;
There sorrow and sighing and sickness and pain,
Will ne'er be permitted to harm us again.

...aron, *Conn.*, *April 6th*, 1829. H. W. P.

For the Christian Advocate and Journal and Zion's Herald.

RELIGION.

When life's tempestuous surges roar,
And ills on ills combined,
Arise to engulf our dearest hopes,
Religion calms the mind.

When fortune's adverse current rolls,
And no retreat we find,—
Even then amidst its lashing waves,
Religion calms the mind.

When ruthless Death's relentless grasp
Has to the tomb consign'd
Our *nearest, dearest, firmest* friends,
Religion calms the mind.

And when in contemplation's hour,
We lay the world behind,
And eye, remote the monster's form,
Religion calms the mind.

When fell disease invades, and mocks
Nature and skill combined,
While dread eternity 's in view,
Religion calms the mind.

Hail! heaven-descended, peaceful guest,
To no one clime confined;
Most distant tribes may too exclaim,—
"*Religion* calms the mind."

O! light my soul in death's dark hour,
With heavenly visions kind;
In rantures may I then exclaim,—
"*Religion* calms the mind."

A. M.

T. C. R.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

From the initials appended to the following affecting lines, which came to us from Philadelphia the present week, we infer that they are from the pen of a lady of distinguished literary attainments, now on her way from New-England to the Western States, with the intention of spending the remainder of her life in promoting the moral and intellectual cultivation of the youth in that section of the country.—*N. Y. Obs.*

Farewell, dear New-England! thy blue hills are flushing,
In sunset's last ray, as they glide from our view;
Home of our hopes! what fond tears are gushing,
As we pour forth our blessings, and heartfelt adieu.

How sweet are the scenes fond memory is bringing,
Thy vales and thy woods, and thy meadows' rich store;
Thy rough hills and mountains, and old Ocean flinging
His cool breezy arms round thy rock girdled shore.

Thy villages white, thy Sabbath bell chiming,
Thy children's school, close by the temple of God;
Land of our fathers! still round thee is shining
The light that they guarded with tears and with blood.

And there in thy bosom *the pilgrims* are sleeping,
Mid the thanks, and the honours, of sons they have blest;
Land of the free, how the nations are keeping
Their watch on thy day-star, to guide them to rest.

And there is our childhood's home, there where life's dawning,
Mid youth's merry sportings, paternal love blest, [ling,
Where a mother's fond smile was the light of each morning,
And [illegible] we laid her to rest.

And there are the warm hearts from whom we must sever,
Whose love long hath blest us, whose prayers still pursue;
And here in our wanderings, oh, where shall we ever
Find other so generous, so tried, and so true?

Farewell, blest New England! thy blue hills are flushing
In sunset's last rays, as they fade from our view;
Land of our fathers! what fond tears are gushing,
As we pour forth our blessings and heartfelt adieu!

Philadelphia, Oct. 16, 1832. C. E. B.

The above was written by Miss CATHERINE E. BEECHER. Having been for several years the Principal of the Hartford Female Seminary, over which the Rev. T. H. GALLAUDE now presides, the following Reply to Miss Beecher's Farewell was written at his request in behalf of her late pupils, which we copy from the Connecticut Observer.

The Young Ladies of the "Hartford Female Seminary" in reply to Miss Beecher's "Farewell."

Oh no!—not farewell!—though our blue hills are keeping
No longer their watch o'er thy far-distant scene,—
Though the grave where thy mother's cold ashes are sleeping
No more with the tear of thy sorrow be green,

Yet, still, in this dome, thy warm image is dwelling,
From these favoured *inmates* it never must part,—
Here, thy voice like the clear harp of Eol is swelling,
And gratitude wakes the response of the heart.

While we bend o'er the page which thy precept impresses,
While with zeal unsubdued, for true wisdom we seek,
It will seem that thy kind hand still stirs in our tresses,
And the breath of thy question sighs soft o'er our cheek.

We may wander away,—but the gems thou hast given
In our caskets are treasur'd,—the wealth of the mind,—
With the knowledge of Earth,—and the lessons of Heaven,
Thy smile, and thy prayer, and thy presence are twin'd.—

From the home of thy birth, thy remembrance may sever,
From the haunts of thy childhood thy footstep may fade,
But thy shrine in this temple is sacred forever,
And the love of young hearts on its altar is laid.—

Till the germs thou didst plant in our bosoms, are perish'd,—
Till thy pencil's deep trace from our spirit doth flee,
So long shall thy dear name be fervently cherished,—
And the breeze to the West bear our blessings to thee.—

Tuesday, October 23, 1832.

BLINDNESS.

EDWARD RUSHTON.

Ah! think, if June's delicious rays
The eye of sorrow can illume,
Or wild December's beamless days
Can fling o'er all a transient gloom:
Ah! think, if skies obscure or bright,
Can thus depress or cheer the mind,
Ah! think, 'midst clouds of utter night
What mournful moments wait the blind.

And who shall tell his cause for woe,
To love the wife he ne'er shall see;
To be a sire, and not to know
The silent babe that climbs his knee;
To have his feelings daily torn,
With pain, the passing meal to find;
To live distress'd, and die forlorn,
Are ills that oft await the blind.

When to the breezy uplands led,
At noon, or blushing eve, or morn,
He hears the red-breast o'er his head,
While round him breathes the scented thorn:

But oh! instead of Nature's face,
Hills, dales, and woods, and streams combin'd;
Instead of tints, and forms, and grace,
Night's blackest mantle shrouds the blind.

If rosy youth, bereft of sight,
'Midst countless thousands, pines unblest,
As the gay flower, withdrawn from light,
Bows to the earth where all must rest;
Ah! think when life's declining hours
To chilling penury are consign'd,
And pain has palsied all his powers,
Ah! think what woes await the blind!

KINDRED HEARTS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Oh! ask not, hope thou not too much
Of sympathy below:
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountain flow;
Few—and by still conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet:
Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye
Sees not as thine, which turns
In such deep reverence to the sky,
Where the rich sunset burns:
It may be that the breath of spring,
Born amidst violets lone,
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring,
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—
A sorrowful delight!
The melody of distant climes,
The sound of waves by night;
The wind that, with so many a tone,
Some chord within can thrill,—
These may have language all thine own,
To *him* a mystery still.

Yet scorn not thou for this, the true
And steadfast love of years;
The kindly that from childhood grew,
The faithful to thy tears!
If there be one that o'er the dead
Hath in thy grief borne part,
And watched through sickness by thy bed,—
Call *his* a kindred heart.

But for those bonds all perfect made,
Wherein bright spirits blend,
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,
With the same breeze that bend,
For that full bliss of thought allied,
Never to mortals given—
Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside,
Or lift them unto heaven.

THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Thou art sounding on, thou mighty sea,
For ever and the same!
The ancient rocks yet ring to thee,
Whose thunders nought can tame.

Oh! many a glorious voice is gone
From the rich bowers of earth,
And hushed is many a lovely one
Of mournfulness or mirth.

The Dorian flute, that sighed of yore
Along thy wave, is still;
The harp of Judah peals no more
On Zion's awful hill.

And Memnon's lyre hath lost the chord
That breathed the mystic tone,
And the songs, at Rome's high triumphs poured,
Are with her eagles flown.

And mute the Moorish horn, that rang
O'er stream and mountain free,
And the hymn the leagued Crusaders sang
Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou Deep!
Through many an olden clime,
Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep,
Until the close of Time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice
To every wind and sky,
And all our Earth's green shores rejoice
In that one harmony!

It fills the noontide's calm profound,
The sunset's heaven of gold;
And the still midnight hears the sound
Ev'n as when first it rolled.

Let there be silence, deep and strange,
Where crowning cities rose!
Thou speak'st of one that doth not change—
So may our hearts repose.

Weep not for the dead,
Who tranquilly repose—
Their spark of life is fled;
But with it all their woes!

The broken heart is heal'd;
The reign of sorrow o'er;
Their future bliss is seal'd,
And they can grieve no more!

Mourn rather for the doom
Of those who struggle on,
In dreariness and gloom,
Until their course is done!

Who linger here, and grieve,
As Death dissolves each tie,
That makes them wish to live—
That cannot, dare not die!

W. J. W.

For the Statesman.

THE CHANGEFUL WIND.

[*By a Cockney Gent.*—O VENTES.]

Oh! many-sounding Wind;—an infant's breath
Is not more sweet than thine, at times can be—
Soft! as the whispers by the bed of death
It murmurs by,—a blessed harmony!
Far-travelling Wind; how oft that sigh of thine
Swells to a sob—a moan, a dismal whine
Or organ-blast,—a fierce and stirring strain
A stormy battle-shout,—a raging hurricane!

Now is the gray and gentle fall of day!
And fast the sun is fading 'neath the foam
Of the vast sea.—The children check their play
And post to supper,—each one to his home.
The city's hum subsides, and tread of feet
Grows fainter now along the darkened street.
I hear nought, save the echoes of *his* tramp
Who comes with hurried step to light the neigb'ring lamp

The toil-worn man hath gone to rest, and he
Whose feeble frame hath had no peace all day
May slumber now,—oh sweet and holily!
Night visits him whose health has pass'd away.
Well may the sick one close his eye and sleep
Untroubled now,—for e'en these breezes creep
As if way-tir'd,—they neither snore nor sigh
But roost in peace far up their chambers in the sky.

Ha! not so fast my muse, I hear a din
As of storms mustering in the dusky air.
The stolen snooze is past,—how near akin
To the wolf's howl when madden'd in his lair,
Was that great puff of wind! woe to the hat
Within its sweep!—there's no mistake in that!
Roar on, roar on, thou wild and chainless breeze,
Sing out thy bitter dirge,—I mind thee not a sneeze.

Make fast your frail and gaily-painted blinds
Fair neighbors all! for here the tempest comes
Like a wild horse, oh! spirit of the winds!
I'd rather hear ten thousand kettle-drums.
Kind matrons! call your offspring in,—you must
And from their happy faces purge the dust,
Or else these winds will rend their dainty limbs,
And madly o'er their forms, chaunt loud their fun'ral hymns.

The storm hath wept itself to sleep again
And mute and gentle is the summer night,
The moonshine trembles on the drops of rain
That gem the house-eaves, with a pearly light.
How still the court! there's not a breath to stir
On our moss-rose the silken gossamer.
So still!—I catch the crickets lonely cry,
And hear some dame afar, sing her sweet lullaby.

VIVI

On seeing an interesting and beautiful young lady confirmed at Church.

The matin bells have peal'd the hour,
To summon holy hearts to prayer;
And beauty owns Religion's power,
And pays her adoration there.

The temple of the Lord is still;
A halo round his priest is shed;
And glory beams from Zion's hill,
To crown with light his hallowed head

Hush'd now the organ's deep toned note,
The vocal sounds of music cease,
And only inward breathings float
Towards the azure throne of peace.

Before the altar humbly kneels
The fairest of the works of heaven;
And Mercy to her heart reveals
The promise of Salvation given.

Confirm'd at Truth's eternal shrine,
A member of the house of God,
Her robe is spotless and divine—
Her feet are with Salvation shod.

Oh! if in heaven above the rest,
One joy a brighter ray afford,
'Tis when on Woman's virtuous breast,
The cross she beareth of her Lord.

And blest art thou whose soul from earth,
And earthly thoughts, itself hath freed;
Received in Christ thy second birth,
And won of Faith the glorious meed.

AN OLD EPIGRAM—*New Versified.*

WILLY WAG went to see CHARLEY QUIRK
More fam'd for his books than his knowledge
In order to borrow a work
Which he'd sought for in vain over college.

But CHARLEY replied, "My dear friend,
"You know I have sworn and agreed
"My books from my room not to lend;
"But you may sit by my fire and read."

Now it happen'd by chance on the morrow,
That QUIRK with a cold quiv'ring air,
Came his neighbor WILL's *bellows* to borrow,
For his own they were out of repair.

WILLY replied, "My dear friend,
I've sworn and agreed, you must k
my bellows I never will lend
may sit by my fire

☞ The following lines are from the pen of the accomplished Miss L. E. Landon, a young Poetess, of noble family in London.—Her publications have for some time past attracted much attention in the literary world.

THE DECISION OF THE FLOWER.

"'Tis a history,
Handed from ages down, a nurse's tale."
Southey's Thalaba.

There is a flower, a purple flower,
Sown by the wind, nursed by the shower,
O'er which Love has breath'd a power & spell,
The truth of whispering hope to tell.
Lightly the maiden's cheek has prest
The pillow of her dreaming rest,
Yet a crimson blush is over it spread
As her lover's lip had lighted its red.
Yes, sleep before her eyes has brought
The image of her waking thought—
That one thought hidden from all the world,
Like the last sweet hue in the rose bud curl'd.
The dew is yet on the grass and leaves,
The silver veil which the morning weaves
To throw o'er the roses those brides which the sun
Must woo and win ere the day be done.
She braided back her beautiful hair
O'er a brow like Italian marble fair;
She is gone to the fields where the corn uprears
Like an eastern army its golden spears.
The lark flew up as she passed along,
And poured from a cloud his sunny song;
And many bright insects were on wing,
Or lay on the blossoms glistening;
And with scarlet poppies around like a bower,
Found the maiden her mystic flower.
Now, gentle flower, I pray thee tell,
If my lover loves me, and loves me well;
So may the fall of the morning dew
Keep the sun from fading thy tender blue;
Now I number the leaves for my lot,
He loves not, he loves me, he loves me not,
I'll pluck thee not for that last sweet guess!
He loves me,—yes, thou last leaf yes,
He loves me,' 'Yes,' a dear voice sighed:
And her lover stands by Margaret's side.

MINERVA AND CUPID.

[illegible] straying,
[illegible] soft hour,
[illegible] playing
[illegible] bower.
[illegible] one summer eve
[illegible] could he see,
[illegible] 's opinion
[illegible] Minerva, good or ill,
[illegible] his dominion,
[illegible] be woman still.

[illegible] yet the boy hath given
[illegible] dames his smiles or sighs,
Handsome Pallas look'd, that even
Love quite forgot the maid was wise.
Besides, a youth of his discerning
Knew well that, by a shady rill,
At sunset hour—whate'er her learning—
A woman will be woman still.

Her flute he praised in terms ecstatic,
Wishing it dumb—nor cared how soon—
For wisdom's notes, howe'er chromatic,
To Love seem always out o' tune.
But long as he found face to flatter,
The nymph found breath to shake and thrill,
As, weak or wise,—it doth not matter—
Woman, at heart, is woman still.

Love changed his plan, with warmth exclaim
"How brilliant was her lips' soft dye!"
And much that flute, the sly rogue! blaming
For twisting lips so sweet awry.
The nymph look'd down—beheld her features
Reflected in the passing rill,
And started, shock'd—for, ah, ye creatures!
Ev'n when divine, you're women still.

Quick from the lips it made so odious
That graceless flute the goddess took,
And, while yet fill'd with breath melodious,
Flung it into the glassy brook;
Where, as its vocal life was fleeting
Adown the current, faint and shrill,
At distance long 'twas heard repeating,
"Woman, alas, vain woman still!"

AN ARABIAN SONG.

I love thee, Ibla!—Thou art bright
As the white snow on the hills afar;
Thy face is sweet as the moon by night,
And thine eye like the clear and rolling sta

But the snow is poor and withers soon—
While thou art firm and rich in hope;
And never (like thine) from the face of the moo
Flamed the dark eye of the antelope.

Fine is thy shape as the Eraka's bough,
And thy bosom a heaven—or, happier meant
(If man may guess who crawls below)
By Heaven for Earth's enchantment.

But the bough of the Eraka in winter dies,
And the heaven hath clouds that dim its blue
Thy shape is fine when the summer flies,
And thy bosom is warm and cloudless too.

Thy hair is black as the starless sky,
And clasps thy neck as it lov'd its home;
Yet it moves at the sound of thy faintest sigh,
Like the snake that lies on the white sea foar

Farewell! farewell!—yet of thee, sweet maid,
I'll sing in the wild woods far away;
And I'll bear thy name on my shining blade,
Flowers of my own Arabia!

And when I return, *with a chieftain's name*,
And many a plunder'd gem for thee,
I'll ask thee, then, to share my fame
For all love's sweet eternity.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

ODE TO PURE WATER.

Let thy enemies chase thee.
And in anger call thee 'COLD';
I'm resolved henceforth to use thee,
For thy worth can ne'er be told.

I am one that will extol thee,
And thy wondrous virtues scan;
By the best of names I'll call thee,
O, thou friend of earth born man!

Pimple-killer—visage clearer,
Health-promoter—laborer's mate;
Mischief-ender—virtue cheerer,
Credit-mender—drunkard's hate.

College-builder—rich-man-maker,
Sure-trust-keeper—pleasure's source;
Pocket-filler—sin-forsaker,
Conscience-easer—joy's resource.

Nerve-restorer—system-bracer,
Thirst-decreaser—no man's thief;
Cough-appeaser—treachery-chaser,
Mud-remover—sure relief.

Business-helper—spleen-expeller,
Wo-destroyer—friendship's chain;
Anger-cooler—Bridewell-emptier,
Debt-absolver—toper's bane.

Memory-strength'ner—honor raiser,
Judgment-straight'ner—bright fac'd doctor
Feud-destroyer—rags dispraiser,
Strife-suppresser—fortune's proctor.

Heat's-allayer—frost-extracter,
Blood-refiner—no one's snare;
Mob-disperser—man's peace-factor,
Bone-securer—good man's fare.

Speech-perfecter—cost-retrencher,
Vitals-saver from the fire;
Riot-stiller—fire-brand quencher,
Harmony kindler; mercy's sire.

Sinew-strength'ner—worth-retriever,
[illegible]-increaser—friend to health;
[illegible]-or—fraud-perceiver,
[illegible]'s wealth.
[illegible]eller,
[illegible]e's guest;
[illegible]eller,
[illegible]en's bequest.
[illegible]-destroyer,
[illegible]precious drop;
[illegible]annoyer,
[illegible]

Pain-relicver—eyes enlight'ner,
Heart preserver—wisdom's nurse;
Secret-keeper—body-bright'ner,
Thrift-increaser, without curse.

Wit-improver—joy-conserver,
Foul-mouth cleaner—scandal's scourge
Senses-quick'ner—youth preserver,
Crime-preventer—heaven's verge.

Vice-consumer—truth-revealer,
Spite-forestaller—ott's affright;
Noise-depresser—stomach-healer,
Truth-extender—saint's delight.

Love-enkindler—spot-discharger,
Giant-cheerer, on his way;
Clear-skin maker—heart enlarger,
Ill-preventer—hell's delay.

Tempest calmer—window-cleaner,
Death's-annoyer—heaven's brink;
Life-dispenser—comfort-gleaner,
'Adam's ale,' and angels' drink.

The following lines were written by the late Miss [illegible]ay, a daughter of President Day, of Yale College.

TWILIGHT FANCIES.

I would not wish that o'er my grave
A rose or myrtle bough should lean,
Nor e'en the willow there should wave,
Nor aught but wild-flowers should be seen.

I would not wish that those I love
Should wander there at close of day,
And think of her o'er whom they rove
As dwelling only with decay.

Or gazing on the little mound,
Imagine all they cannot see,
And, starting at the slightest sound,
With chilling horror think of me.

No, but in each familiar spot,
Which both to me and them was dear,
There I would not be all forgot,
Yet ne'er remembered with a tear.

In the sweet home I loved so well,
Round them unseen I oft would fly,
Teaching the summer breeze to swell
With notes of spirit melody.

And something in that half-heard strain
Should breathe an unforgotten voice,
And bringing thoughts all free from pain,
Should still forbid them to rejoice.

Or when around the cheerful hearth
Parents and children meet at eve,
While beats each heart with love and mirth,
Oh! should I wish those hearts to grieve?

Yet I would hover in the air
And bind each heart with spells unknown,
Till they should feel my spirit there,
Mingling in every look and tone.

Each glance of childhood's sparkling eye,
Each thrilling sound of childish glee,
And every pensive look or sigh
All should some token bear of me.

Yet with my memory should not co[illegible]
One thought of dear affecti[illegible]
Or any shade in that lov[illegible]
To which I never [illegible]

From the Lady's Book.

THE HUSBAND'S FIRST ERROR,

BY MRS. H. M. DODGE.

THE star is setting now, the little star
You bade me watch, my love! and then to list,
With its last fading beam, the hasty tread
Of thy impatient foot, as swift it flew
Across the dewy lawn, to meet me here,
In our own rosy bower; our sweet retreat
From care and meddling thought. Lo, it is gone!
Its last soft light is shaded, and my soul
Grows sad and desolate without thee now!
Our little one is sleeping on my breast:
Its soft warm cheek is pressed against my lip,
In sweet unconscious innocence! I hear
The soft and hallowed music of its breath,
And drink its balmy fragrance! Oh, I feel,
What naught on earth can feel, save that deep fount
Of strange and holy tenderness, which lies
Forever dom'd within a mother's breast,
Pouring its streams of blessedness and joy
Through all her being.

'Tis a precious thing,
A choice rich boon of heaven, to be a mother,
And taste the nameless uncompanioned bliss,
Which springs from such relationship! But hark!
Methinks I hear the whizzing of a bird,
Scared from its nightly slumbers; now again,
The hawthorn hedge is sighing in the touch
Of some swift passer—aye, it must be him.
* * * * * * * *
Not yet, not yet—my love! The moon is high,
And flings her solemn glory o'er the world;
The hush'd, reposing world! The midnight breeze
Is creeping o'er the bosom of the lake,
Weigh'd down with summer fragrance; but its voic
Is full of strange forebodings! Low and sad,
The distant cataract is humming on,
In its eternal solitary song.
The touch of holy meekness flings her spell
Across the brow of nature; and I feel
A deep and precious sympathy of soul;
A nameless fellowship with that same spell
Ineffable; and like the treasur'd depths
Of all the soul's affections. Still I grieve,
'Mid all this bright and pleasant vision; grieve,
Because thou comest not! and I feel a void;
A dark and gloomy solitude of spirit;
[illegible]-lonelines, which blessed dreams
Of bright and joyous things can never cheer,
While thou art absent, dearest! Never, never
Till this sad mournful eve didst thou thus wait
Beyond the appointed hour; thy buoyant foot
Was like the young bird's wing, as near she comes
To her first worshipp'd brood. Thy lip was warm
With love's delighted breathings, and thy heart
Was ever true, and guileless as the light
Of young Aurora's smile. Oh, wake, my son!
My precious innocent, awake and cheer
The dark foreboding gloom, which gathers fast
Around thy mother's soul!—but list, I hear
A footstep now! a heavy, measured tread,
Unlike the light and joyous step of him
Whose life is blended with my own; and yet,
It must—*it must* be him. Now rest thee here
On this sweet violet bed, my lovely boy!
While thy fond mother flies, with open arms,
To meet her own beloved. * * * *
Changed—how changed!
The folded arm, the cold, averted eye,
The bitter taunt, the mockery of my long
And patient hours of wakefulness; the laugh
Of shame and conscious guilt; the reeling form;—
Oh God, and is it so! Is this the meed
Of all my soul's devotion?—this the dark
And mournful end of young affection's dream!
Aye! what shall quench the burning agony
Which scathes my bending spirit! what shall bring
The holy charm again, which, yesterday,
Flung such enchantment round my joyous feet
As made them tread on roses?——Yesterday!
Oh, how the light of innocence and love,
Which then was on my path, is dark as death,
And chills me with its dreariness! The heavens—
The bright and glorious heavens! look desolate,
In melancholy grandeur. Oh, my boy,
How shall I meet thy playful happy smile,
While shadows gather o'er thee! Hush, my heart—
I feel that thou art breaking!

HEAVEN.

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the Glory of God did lighten it and the Lamb is the light thereof."—REV. XXI, 23.

There is a land where earthly woe,
And earthly sorrow all shall cease;
No sin shall grieve, no tear shall flow,
In that sweet land of love and peace.

There is a sunless, starless sky,
And yet no darkness there is found,
Night cannot spread her canopy
Where God's own glory shines around.

There is a home where friends shall meet,
And never, never part again.
And those who loved on earth, repeat
The vows they pledged in sorrow then.

Eternally that land shall bloom,
Grief from that cloudless clime be driven,
Immortal joys pervade that land,
That land, that clime, that home is Heaven!

[illegible] the desert of life." [illegible] "Green Spot that b[illegible]

POETRY.

For the Recorder & Telegrap

THE EVENING HOUR.

There is a magic spirit in that calm,
Which comes with evening, when the air is balm;
When happy, little birds, on bush and tree,
Are singing out the day so pleasantly;
When bees are gone to rest, and the sweet flowers
Have closed their purple cups; when gentle showers
Of dew are falling, and the night-hawk's cries
Are heard, as high the lonely wanderer flies.
This is the hour, when nature's silent call
Invites to solemn thought—then over all
She throws a witching charm. Oh, I have felt
In such a spell as if the heart would melt,
When the last robin's note has past my ear,
In some lone lane, which youth had rendered dear!
An angel's voice could scarce have told me more
Than did that bird's. Off the rapt soul would soar
From silent earth thro' the more silent sky,
Till, lost to life, it breath'd eternity.

How wondrous strange the music of the heart,
When careless nature plays her skillful part!
Musing at twilight hour, my heedless eye
Has stood in tears, and yet I knew not why.
My heart has heav'd, and the mysterious spell
Has fill'd me full of grief, but I could tell
No reason of my sorrow—yet I've thought
I wept that birds and humble flowers taught
Such wisdom, so divine, so full of God,
While we, vile men! the path of folly trod.
And then to linger till the dark, blue plains
Of heaven were lighted with a thousand flames,
Has written sacred truth upon my mind,
Which time can never blot.—*He must be blind*
Who, in night's solemn walk, cannot discern
A God, for whom those golden altars burn!
Oh, if mankind would leave the noise of light,
And listen to the silent voice of night,
They would mistake no more; truths so divi-
Come with the twilight hour. and th-

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Why do I weep?—to leave the vine,
Whose clusters o'er me bend?
The myrtle—yet, O! call it mine!
The flowers I loved to tend?
A thousand thoughts of all things dear,
Like shadows o'er me sweep,
I leave my sunny childhood here,
Oh! therefore let me weep!

I leave thee sister!—we have played
Through many a joyous hour,
Where the silvery green of the olive shade
Hung dim o'er the fount and the bower!
Yes! thou and I, by stream, by shore,
In song, in prayer, in sleep,
Have been as we may be no more—
Kind sister; let me weep!

I leave thee, father!—Eve's bright moon
Must now light other feet,
With the gather'd grapes and the lyre in tune,
Thy homeward steps to greet!
Thou in whose voice, to bless thy child,
Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smil'd,—
I leave thee! let me weep!

Mother! I leave thee!—on thy breast
Pouring out joy and woe,
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changeless—yet I go!
Lips that have lull'd me with your strain,
Eyes that have watch'd my sleep!
Will earth give love like *yours* again?
—Sweet mother! let me weep!

From the Rockingham Gazett

To the memory of a Young Lady, seen the first time on a Spring morning.

I love the memory of the hour,
When first in youth I found thee;
For infant beauty gently threw
A morning freshness round thee.
A single star was rising there,
With mild and lovely motion;
And scarce the zephys's gentlest breath,
Went o'er the sleeping ocean.

I love the memory of that hour—
It wakes a pensive feeling;
As when within the winding shell,
The playful winds are stealing,
It tells my heart of those bright years,
Ere hope went down in sorrow,
When all the joys of yesterday
Were painted on to-morrow.

Where art thou now? thy once-loved flowers
Their yellow leaves are twining:
And bright and beautiful again
That single star is shining.
But where art thou? the bended grass
A dewy stone discloses;
And love's light footsteps print the ground
Where all my peace reposes.

Farewell! my tears are not for thee,
'Twere weakness to deplore thee;
And vainly mourn thine absence here,
While angels half adore thee.
Thy days were few and quickly told:
Thy short and mouraful story
Hath ended like the morning star,
That melts in deeper glory. W.

A WIFE WANTED.

Ye fair ones, attend! I've an offer to make ye;
In Hymen's soft bands I am anxious to live:
For better, for worse, a companion I'll take me,
Provided she fills the description I give.

I neither expect nor can hope for perfection,
For that never yet was a Bachelor's lot;
But, choosing a wife, I would make a selection
Which many in my situation would not.

I'd have—let me see—I'd not have a beauty,
For beautiful women are apt to be vain;
Yet with a small share, I would think it a duty
To take her, and be thankful and never complain.

Her form must be good, without art to constrain it,
And rather above than below middle size;
A something, (it puzzles my brain to explain it,)
Like eloquent language must flow from her eyes.

She must be well bred or I could not respect her,
Good natur'd and modest, but not very coy,
Her mind well informed—'tis the purified nectar
That sweetens the cup of hymeneal joy.

Her home she must love and domestic employment,
Have practical knowledge of household affairs;
And make it a part of her highest enjoyment
To soften my troubles and lighten my cares.

Her age I would have it at least to be twenty,
But not to exceed twenty-five at the most;
And the girls of that age being every where plenty,
I hope to get one of that numerous host.

No fortune I ask, for I've no predilection
For glitter and show, or the pomp of high life,
I wish to be bound by the cords of affection:
And now I have drawn you a sketch of a wife.

If any possess the above requisitions,
And wish to be bound by the conjugal band;
They will please to step forward, they know the conditions
Inquire of the Printer—I'm always at hand.

STANZAS.

BY JAMES G. BROOKS.

Life hath its sunshine: but the ray
Which flashes on its stormy wave,
Is but the beacon of decay,
A meteor gleaming o'er the grave:
And though its dawning hour is bright
With fancies gayest colouring,
Yet o'er its cloud encumbered night
Dark ruin flaps his raven wing.

Life hath its flowers; and what are they?
The buds of early love and truth,
Which spring and wither in a day,
The gems of warm, confiding youth;
Alas, those buds decay and die,
Ere ripened and matured in bloom:
E'en in an hour behold them lie
Upon the still and lonely tomb.

Life hath its pang, of deepest thrill,
Thy sting, relentless memory!
Which wakes not, pierces not, until
The hour of joy hath ceased to be.
Then when the heart is in its pall,
And cold afflictions gather o'er,
Thy mournful anthem doth recal
Bliss which hath died to bloom no more.

Life hath its blessings; but the storm
Sweeps like the desert wind in wrath,
To sear and blight the loveliest form.
Which sports on earth's deceitful path,
Oh! soon the wild heart-broken wail,
So changed from youth's delightful tone,
Floats mournfully upon the gale,
When all is desolate and lone.

Life hath its hope; a matin dream,
A canker'd flower, a setting sun,
Which casts a transitory gleam
Upon the even's cloud of dun.
Pass but an hour that dream hath fled,
The flowers on earth forsaken lie:
The sun hath set, whose lustre shed
A light upon the shaded sky.

VARIETIES.

BENEFITS OF THE GOUT. Westal being at West's one day, and seeing his sketch of "The Angel smiting the Assyrians," as it hung up in the room in which they were sitting, expressed the greatest admiration both of the design and execution. West replied with much animation, "Yes, it is very fine; it is a burst of genius; for previously to my making it, I had been afflicted with a violent fit of the gout, which carried off all the earthly particles in my composition, and left me, as it were, all soul; for I cannot better describe my convalescent state."

WHAT'S IN A NAME. The Cork Reporter announced among the arrivals at the Hibernian Hotel, Killarney, that of "Frederick Count Lplitgirlusysinegdmdag, Copenhagen." How this gentle name of the Count will puzzle the Irish waiters!

PALEY. This great man, who was so remarkably expert. was particularly clumsy in body. "I was never a good horseman," he used to say of himself, "and when I followed my father on a pony of my own, on my first journey to Cambridge, I fell off seven times; I was lighter then than I am now, and my falls were not likely to be serious. My father, on hearing a bump, would turn his head half aside and say, 'Take care of my money, lad.'"

Charles, the great Earl of Peterborough, who fought for the Archduke against Philip V. and took Barcelona in 1705, was the declared enemy of the Duke of Marlborough, who had the character of *an avaricious man*. A beggar one day asked the Earl of Peterborough for charity, and called him my Lord Marlborough. "I am not my Lord Marlborough," said the Earl, "and to prove that I am not, there is a guinea for you."

In the year 1777, two soldiers took a fancy to go and hear a sermon; the orator was Mr Murray, well known for his doctrine of universal salvation. In the afternoon of the same day, another preacher exhibited; but his doctrine was diametrically the reverse of what they heard in the morning. "Tom," said one of them "do you hear how differently these folks preach? Which of them do you intend to believe?" "I'll be shot," says Tom, "if I'll believe either of 'em yet a while, till I see it come out in general orders."

An Irishman called at the post office the other day with a letter, on which he wished to pay the postage to New York. "And how much is it?" inquired he. "Eighteen cents." "Eighteen cents!" replied Erin, "ah shure, and ye must mean the long road! and can't ye just send it the short way for ninepence?"

The death of Pope Adrian caused such joy at Rome, that the night of his decease they adorned the door of his chief physician's house with garlands, adding this inscription: "To the deliverer of his country."—*London Medico and Surgical Journal.*

THE CHEROKEE INDIAN.

Ay, drive us off!—ye only do
The deeds your sires have done;
The Indian hath no resting place;
'Tis for the white man's son.

Ay, drive us off—bid us begone!
The Indian now is weak;
The white man gave the poison juice;
Why does the Indian speak?

Ay, send us forth! ye need not fear,
The tale need not be told;
Our soil will suint you best, its dust
Is sprinkled o'er with gold.

Ay, drive us out! but dare not tell
Of other lands more fair!
Ye will it—and we go—but are
Our Father's graves out there?

Answer us! will the Indian find
The home he loved in youth?
And more—can ye restore again
His native worth and truth?

No! drive us out—it is the last
Sad evil ye can do;
The Indian falls—but all the sin,
White man, will rest on you!

POETRY.

THE BUCCANEER.

This poem by R. H. Dana, possesses more iginality than has hitherto characterized any oduction of our native writers. There is noth- common place in its bold and striking outlines. e hero of the story is no creature of fancy— and beautiful as a fallen angel—but a "dark, , brawny man" just such an one as might be nd, even now, among the West India sea-rob- s. The poem commences with singular ab- otness.

"The island lies nine leagues away,
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
ge, where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home
r shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently ;
ow beautiful ! no ripples break the reach,
nd silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell ;
The brook comes tinkling down its side ;
From out the trees the sabbath bell
ings cheerful, far and wide,
nging its sounds with bleatings of the flocks,
at feed about the vale amongst the rocks.

Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat
In former days within the vale ;
Flapp'd in the bay the pirate's sheet ;
Curses were on the gale ;
ich goods lay on the sand, and murder'd men ;
rate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear ;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear :
ch motion's gentle ; all is kindly done—
me, listen, how from crime this isle was won.

Twelve years are gone since Mathew Lee
Held in this isle unquestion'd sway,
A dark, low, brawny man was he—
His law—"it is my way."
eath his thickset brows a sharp light broke
n small grey eyes; his laugh a triumph spoke."

ere follows a thrilling description of murder piracy committed by Lee. The spoils ob- ed by these crimes are soon wasted by de- chery—and Lee and his iniquitous crew put a again, under pretence of mercantile pur-

A young, wealthy and beautiful lady, the w of a Spanish patriot, is persuaded to take age on board the pretended merchantman. fearful treachery of Lee, is thus related.

"And now the stars are burning bright ;
Yet still she looks towards the shore
Beyond the waters black in night.
"I ne'er shall see thee more !
re many, waves, yet lonely seems your flow.
I'm alone—scarce know I where I go."

Sleep, sleep, thou sad one, on the sea !
The wash of waters lulls thee now ;
His arm no more will pillow thee,
Thy hand upon his brow.
s not near, to hush thee, or to save.
ground is his—the sea must be thy grave.

The moon comes up—the night goes on.
Why in the shadow of the mast,
Stands that dark, thoughtful man alone ?
Thy pledge, man ; keep it fast !
nk thee of her youth and sorrows, Lee :
ess, alone—and, then, her trust in thee !

When told the hardships thou hadst borne,
er words were to thee like a charm.
With uncheer'd grief her heart is worn—
Thou wilt not do her harm !
ks out on the sea that sleeps in light,
rowls an oath—"it is too still tonight !

e sleeps ; but dreams of massy gold,
nd heaps of pearl. He stretch'd his hands
e hears a voice—"Ill man, withhold."
pale one near him stands ;
eath comes deathly cold upon his cheek ;
ch is cold. He wakes with piercing shriek

e wakes ; but no relentings wake
thin his angry, restless soul.
hat, shall a dream Matt's purpose shake
gold will make all whole.
chant's trade has nigh unmann'd thee
d ?"
ulk thy chance because a woman's sad?'

cannot look on her mild eye—
patient words his spirit quell.
that evil heart there lie

Ye fear
Walking h
From out the silent void u a cry—
"Vengeance is mine ! Los thy doom is nigh !"

Nor dread of ever-during wo,
Nor the sea's awful solitude,
Can make thee, wretch, thy crime forego.
Then, bloody hand—to blood !
The scud is driving wildly over head ;—
The stars burn dim ; the ocean moans its dead.

Moan for the living—moan our sins,—
The wrath of man, more fierce than thine.
Hark ! still thy waves !—The work begins !—
He makes the deadly sign.
The crew glide down like shadows. Eye and hand
Speak fearful meanings through that silent band.

They're gone. The helmsman stands alone;
And one leans idly o'er the bow.
Still as a tomb the ship keeps on :
Nor sound nor stirring now.
Hush, hark ! as from the centre of the deep—
Shrieks—fiendish yells ! they stab them in their sleep.

The scream of rage, the groan, the strife,
The blow, the gasp, the horrid cry,
The panting, stifled prayer for life,
The dying's heaving sigh,
The murderer's curse, the dead man's fixed, still glare,
And fear's and death's cold sweat—they all are there !

On pale, dead men, on burning cheek,
On quick, fierce eyes, brows hot and damp,
On hands that with the warm blood reek,
Shines the dim cabin lamp.
Lee look'd. "They sleep so sound," he, laughing, said.
"They'll scarcely wake for mistress or for maid."

A crash ! They've forced the door—and then
One long, long, shrill, and piercing scream
Comes thrilling through the growl of men.
'Tis her's !—O God, redeem
From worse than death thy suffering, helpless child !
That dreadful cry again—sharp, sharp, and wild !

It ceased.—with speed o' th' lightning's flash
A loose-robed form, with streaming hair,
Shoots by.—A leap—a quick, short splash !
'Tis gone !—There's nothing there !
The waves have swept away the bubbling tide.
Bright crested-waves, how proudly on ye ride !

She's sleeping in her silent cave,
Nor hears the stern, loud roar above,
Or strife of man on land and wave.
Young thing ! thy home of love
Thou soon hast reach'd !—Fair, unpolluted thing!
They harm'd thee not !—Was dying suffering ?

O, no !—To live when joy was dead ;
To go with one, lone pining thought—
To mournful love thy being wed—
Feeling what death had wrought ;
To live the child of wo, yet shed no tear,
Bear kindness, and yet share no joy nor fear ;

To look on man, and deem it strange
That he on things of earth should brood,
When all its throng'd and busy range
To thee was solitude—
O, this was bitterness !—Death came and prest
Thy wearied lids, and brought thy sick heart rest."

To be continued.

The bragging of our friend the Senator about his election, reminds us of the beginning of an old song, we have somewhere seen, in which Pat recounts his marvellous feats in arms.

Dear Catholic Sister ! thou son of great Mars !
I've been to sea fighting where there were no wars;
No swords nor great guns, but abundance of arms,
To kick all the rebels that do us no harms !

I sat out for Dublin next Michaelmas past,
And gallop'd to Cheshire in wonderful haste—
The seas they did blow, and the wind it did rail
And cast me away on the shore, by my shoul !

Pat, however, picks himself up, and after escaping many great deliverances and putting to flight all the foes who had not risen against him, finds himself a solitary partisan on the road to London.

Thus being by myself, not one shoul could I see,
The throng was so thick that stood staring at me—
Till at length into London, good faith, I did come—
For I struck 'em all blind by the noise of my drum

THE SWEDISH GIRL.

[Previous to the departure of Baron de Stael from Sweden he was enamoured of his second cousin, a beautiful girl, who he promised to marry; but after the offers received by him from the Neckar family, he wrote to inform her of the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, and that his union with a lady whom he did not love, would be the means of raising his family from poverty and obscurity. His cousin, without any answer, returned him his marriage promise stained with her tears, and in seven weeks she was a corpse.]

Even to pause on such a thought !
How could it cross his mind !
Vain honors traffic'd for and bought,
With happiness resigned !
And love like mine cast meekly by,
At cold ambition's call !—
My heart, be calm !—why should I sigh ?
Tears, tears, why will ye fall ?
The Swedish girl should scorn to stand
'T ween him and his adopted land.

For him what could I not have borne,
What wo or poverty !
And rich in love, have smiled in scorn,
When heartless wealth rolled by.
I would have urged him up the steep,
Where hangs the noblest crown
Honor may gain, or virtue keep,
An honest man's renown,
Soothed him when yielding to his toils,
And brightened each success with smiles.

Yet why thus linger o'er a dream
That my fond spirit bound,
But lent my soul no cheering beam
To light the darkness round !
Well, be it so ;—I may not speak
What stirs within my heart ;
The fettered spirit soon will break
Through all things and depart ;
Yet 'twould be sweet again to bless
The object of past tenderness !

Ay, take thy bride, and gifted one,
And glory in her fame !
And when, paraded in the sun,
Her genius lights thy name,
Forget, amid its dazzling rays,
How dim thine own appears ;
Nor think upon the heartfelt praise
Was thine in former years,
When mingling love, and hope and pride
With her now coldly thrown aside.

Ay, wed another—wed the great !
Gain wealth, but with it care !
Soon shalt thou feel the galling weight,
And mourn each glittering snare,
That wiled thee from thy plighted vow,
From first and unfeigned love ;
And bade thee to a stranger bow,
A stranger's bounty prove !
Madness ? that one so loved by me,
Should ever so degraded be.

It may not be ! I cannot ask
Earth's happiness for one
Who hath imposed the bitterest task,
That woman's pride has done :
I'll curse not, though I may not bless
The idol of my youth ;
But in my wreck of happiness,
I'll prove unfaltering truth,
And, blotted thus with tears, return
The pledge I would, but cannot spurn.

NO WONDER!

No wonder half the world is mad
And crazy in the pate,
Their brains turned upside down, 'tis sad
To view their *forlorn* state.
The other half bewildered are
At times—no wonder why?
Because their heads are thin of hair,
Their brains are heated high.
Their frenzi'd craniums, bald or gray,
Or clad in hair but thin;
Now drive your dizziness away
And keep your sense within.
But to compose yourselves aright
And flee from future pain,
Obtain a wig that's not too high,
You then are not insane.

THOUGH notwithstanding the almost nakedness of the craniums of some people, I have often been astonished, but thought it no *wonder*, to behold their indifference, while exposing their hairless heads to the inclement weather, especially in the Chur h.

Perhaps it is no *wonder* that *some heads* go bald, and that the seeming mystery to me for scalping, can be accounted for in this way: that either the *skulls* are so thick that cold cannot penetrate them, or that being *empty*, they have become null and void. Now, to see a naked skull is certainly disgusting; besides, it is indecent and contrary to the vision of this *modest community*, and should always be kept covered with hair and in good order. E. C. HUNT,

j16 Wig and Curl Maker, 423 Pearl st. corner Rose st.

LAMENT OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

By Mrs. Emma C. Embury.

The fearful strife of feeling now is o'er,
The bitter pang can rend my heart no more;
A martyr spirit now within me burns,
And love that spurns
All thought of self is waking, till its power
Can conquer e'en the anguish of this hour.

Yes! for thy sake I can resign e'en thee,
My noble husband! though there yet may be
Enough of woman's weakness, in my heart,
To bid tears start,
Yet not one murmur of reproach shall swell,
Amid the accents of my last farewell.

I loved thee in thy lowliness—ere fame
Had shed her halo round Napoleon's name;
In the veil'd lightnings of that falcon eye,
I read the high

*But the writer of the article got his idea here, and more words too, from Curran's "Green Spot" that bl... the desert of life."

THE CHURCH YARD.

(From the Russian of Karamsia.)

First Voice.

How frightful the grave, how deserted and drear!
With the howls of the storm-wind, the creaks of the bier
And the white bones all clattering together.

Second Voice.

How peaceful the grave! its quiet how deep!
Its zephyrs breath calmly, and soft is its sleep,
And flowerets perfume it with ether.

First Voice.

There riots the blood-crested worm on the dead,
And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for a bed,
And snakes in its nettle-weeds hiss.

Second Voice.

How lovely, how lone the repose of the tomb!
No tempests are there:—but the nightingales come,
And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

First Voice.

The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave.—
'Tis the vulture's abode;—'tis the wolf's dreary cave,
Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

Second Voice.

There the coney at evening disports with his love,
Or rests on the sod: while the turtles above
Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

First Voice.

There darkness, and dampness with poisonous breath
And loathsome decay, fill the dwelling of death;
The trees are both barren and bare.

Second Voice.

O soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,
And sweet with the violets wafted perfume,
With the lillies and jessamine fair!

First Voice.

The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears
Would fain hurry by, and with trembling and tears,
He is launch'd on the wreck-covered river.

Second Voice.

The traveller, outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary,
Lays down his rude staff like one that is weary,
And sweetly reposes for ever.

It has always been supposed that the ear was in some manner necessary to the perfection of rhyme and metre, and we never believed it possible that those deprived of hearing could make rhymes, however surprising the developement of their other faculties might be. "*Poeta nascitur non fit*" is an old Latin proverb, and the following specimen, written by a pupil of the New-York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, is a proof that it is correct. We should however hardly have believed it possible that the ryhme and metre were his own did it not come to us from an unquestionable source. [*Boston Gaz.*

Of ignorance the former victims here,
Rise to a nobler and a happier sphere,
The blessings their unhappy lot denied,
Again by education are supplied,
To burst the clouds that wrap the mind in Night,
To gaze on Science in her shrine of light,
When friends beloved in social converse meet,
To interchange with them communion sweet,
With warm affection's eloquence to tell,
What fond emotions in the bosom swell,
These blessings they have found—nor these alone,
They know the most sublime that can be known,
They know a God—to him their steps are led
The path of everlasting joy to tread;
Their knees are taught before his throne to bend,
Their hearts to hail a Father and a Friend,
In fervent prayer upon her bended knee,
Before her God the cherub infant see;
Her raven hair in clustering tresses flowing,
Veiling her cheek in Beauty's mantle glowing,
While she might seem in the enthusiast's eyes,
A cherub bright descended from the skies;
Her lips are mute—but from her heart a prayer
Ascends to Heaven, is heard and answered there,
And wouldst thou know what from her heart proceeds?
For those who led her to a God she pleads,
That all the blessings they to her have given,
May be on earth repaid them and in Heaven.

POETRY.

The following beautiful lines appeared in the Port Folio, and are from the pen of a very young and interesting woman, in reply to the solicitations of her family not to accompany her unfortunate husband into exile.

VERSIFICATION OF THE BOOK OF "RUTH,"

INSCRIBED TO———

WHERE'ER thou goest, I will go,
O'er Egypts sands, or Zembla's snow!
Where'er thy weary eyelids close,
There will thy CHARLOTTE seek repose;

Though on the naked earth we lie,
While tempests rule the darkening sky,
Still, still undaunted will I be,
And find the holiest calm with thee.

That people whom thou call'st thy own,
Shall only to my heart be known,
And our Great Father GOD above,
With equal ardor both will love.

Where'er thy last expiring breath,
Is yielded to relentless death,
On that same spot will CHARLOTTE die,
And in the tomb thy CHARLOTTE lie.

The Lord do this, and more to me,
If more than this part me from thee,
As living but one heart we own,
So dying, we will still be *One*.

From the Atheneum.

DREAMS.

Oh! there is a dream of early youth,
And it never comes again;
'Tis a vision of light, of life, and truth,
That flies across the brain:
And love is the theme of that early dream,
So wild, so warm, so new,
That in all our after years I deem,
That early dream we rue.

Oh! there is a dream of maturer years,
More turbulent by far;
'Tis a vision of blood, and of woman's tears,
For the theme of that dream is war:
And we toil in the field of danger and death,
And shout in the battle array,
Till we find that fame is a bodiless breath,
That vanishes away.

Oh! there is a dream of hoary age,
'Tis a vision of gold in store—
Of sums noted down on the figured page,
To be counted o'er and o'er:
And we fondly trust in our glittering dust,
As a refuge from grief and pain,
Till our limbs are laid on that last dank bed,
Where the wealth of the world is vain.

And is it thus, from man's birth to his grave,
In the path which all are treading?
Is there naught in that long career to save
From remorse and self-upbraiding?
Oh, yes! there's a dream so pure, so bright,
That the being to whom it is given,
Hath bathed in a sea of living light—
And the theme of *that* dream is Heaven.

In the new novel of Randolph, by the author of Logan, and Seventy-Six, there are several pretty poetical effusions, from which the following is extracted.

AMBITION.

I've lov'd to hear the war-horn cry;
And panted at the drum's deep roll;
And held my breath when flowing high,
I've seen our starry banners fly,
As challenging the haughty sky,
They went like battle o'er my soul;

For I was so ambitious then,
I burned to be———the slave of men.

I've stood and seen the morning light—
A standard swaying far and free;
And loved it like the conquering flight
Of angels, floating wide and bright
Above the storm, above the fight,
Where nations warred for liberty.

And thought I heard the battle cry
Of trumpets in the hollow sky:

I've sail'd upon the dull blue deep,
And shouted to the eagles soaring;
And hung me from a rocking steep
When all but spirits were asleep;
And O, my very soul would leap,
To hear the gallant waters roaring.

For every sound and shape of strife,
To me was but the breath of life:

But I am strangely altered now,
I love no more the bugle voice—
The rushing wave—the plunging prow,
The mountain, with his clouded brow,
The thunder, when the blue skies bow,
And all the sons of God rejoice——

I've learned to dream of tears and sighs,
And shadowy hair and timid eyes.

SUNSET IN GREECE.

"Not as in the northern climes obscurely bright,
"But one unclouded blaze of living light:—
"O'er the hushed deep, the yellow beam he throws,
"Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows,—
"O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
"Though there his altars are no more divine."

Byron's curse of Minerva.

There's a form that is seen at the coming of even,
That smiles for a moment, and dies in the west;
Like a vision of glory, to weary souls given,
Lifting up their low thoughts to the Heav'n of the blest.

It is decked with the gems of the last parting ray,
As the sun on its saffron bed sinks to repose;
And around it the zephyrs in symphony play,
While the mild vesper star in its soft splendor glows.

'Tis ethereal and bright, as the pure ones above;
I have deemed that some spirit was revelling there,—
And 'twas gone—like the hopes, and the raptures of love,—
Its hues were all blent with the chill evening air.

I have gazed at the form into fleecy light faded,
And the golden beams danced on the verge of the sky:
'Till the wide spreading ocean in darkness was shaded,
And the deep moaning night-bird came fluttering by.

Mimic *Fancy* would image the vision there still,
While the streams of the sun-light were sleeping below:
Or a lingering ray pencil'd the brow of the hill,
As the seraph-smile lights up the visage of wo..

A low voice on the wings of the evening breeze came,
And its tones on my rapt ear in mellowness flung;
'Twas soft as that breath of devotion's pure flame,
When the birth of creation the morning stars sung.*

And it said,—or I dreamed—'the fleet spirit that smiled,
On Egina's tall cliff, then on Salamis' towers,
Is the *Angel of Greece*—mark her tresses, how wild!
For she sees the *curst Turk* in her jessamine bowers.'

A—— C——— C. C.

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* "Who laid the corner stones thereof, 'when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.'" Job. 38. 6. 7.

THE MIND.

OH! magic of the Mind, whose might,
Can make the desert heavenly fair,
And fill with forms divinely bright
The dreary vacancy of air,
And speed the soul from clime to clime,
Though stormy oceans roar in vain,
And bid the restless wheels of Time
Roll backward to their goal again.

The riches that the Mind bestows,
Outshine the purple's proudest dye,
And pale the brightest gold that glows
Beneath the Indian's burning sky:
The Mind can dull the deepest smart,
And smooth the bed of suffering,
And 'midst the winter of the heart,
Can renovate a second spring.

Then let me joy, whate'er betide,
In that uncounted treasury,
Nor grieve to see the step of pride,
In purple trappings sweeping by;
Nor murmur if my fate shut out
The gaudy world's tumultuous din!
He seeks not of the world without,
Who feels he bears a world within!

SPINNING AND REELING.

A canon of Windsor enjoying a stroll,
One night when the evening was fine,
Met one of his vicars, a good merry soul,
Now rather elated with wine.
"Ah, sir," said the latter, a little dismayed,
"To meet me, you wonder, no doubt:
I have stopp'd over long with my friend, I'm afraid:
Indeed we've been spinning it out."
"From your manner of walking your tale I dout doubt,
(Though 'tis wrong these frolics to roam)
I see, he replied, you've been spinning it out,
And now you are reeling it home."

London paper.

GOOD NIGHT.

The clock strikes ten ; its warning sound
Reproves my long delay ;
Yet who from scenes where bliss is found
Would wish to haste away?
And who would stay to count the hours
Where every path is strewed with flowers,
And beauteous prospects charm the sight !
Forgive my fault ! Good night ! good night !
And oh ! if other words than these,
A warmer wish convey,
My heart the welcome phrase would seize,
Its feelings to portray :
Whatever comfort nature knowns,
Whatever blessing Heav'n bestows,
May these thy peaceful heart invite
To constant joy. Good night! goodnight !
Sweet and refreshing be thy sleep,
And all thy visions blest !
Angels their watchful guard shall keep,
Nor evils dare molest,
And in the silent midnight hour,
When fancy with her magic power,
Paints distant forms in colours bright,
Remember me. Good night ! good night !

I can only say that it is my wish ever to secure the flatter
ing applause you have bestowed upon me to night.
If it please the company, I will offer my sentiment in
Song.

This proposition being hailed with immense cheering, h
sang the following original Song:—

Know ye the band that in joy have assembled,
The birth-day of union and triumph to spend;
A band that in danger have never yet trembled,
Who are free and their righte can defend ?
'Tis the band of an art that was made for the free,
And a beacon for all men—for sweet Liberty !

Know ye the band that resisted oppression
When tyrants were straining their every nerve?
Who struck for the dignity of their profession,
While from justice they never would swerve ?
'Tis the band of an art, &c.

Know ye the band, that, whatever their station,
Are always regarded the friends of mankind,
Who will never submit to their self-degradation
While relieved from the shackles of mind ?
'Tis the band, &c.

Know ye the band that are firmly united
In friendship and truth, independent to be,
Whose faces are smiling, whose hearts are delighted ?
Look around, 'tis that band that we see!
'Tis the band of an art that was made for the free,
'Tis a beacon for all men—for sweet Liberty!

ISABEL.

Eyes not down-dropt, nor over bright, but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,
Clear, without heat, undying, tended by
Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
Of her still spirit; locks not wide dispread,
Madonna-wise, on either side her head,
Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity,
Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood,
Revered Isabel, the crown and head,
The stately flower of female fortitude,
Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead.

The intuitive decision of a bright
And thorough-edged intellect to part
Error from crime—a prudence to withhold—
The laws of wifehood character'd in gold
Upon the blenched tablets of her heart—
A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws—an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, though undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Through all the outworks of suspicious pride—
A courage to endure and to obey—
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, through all her placid life
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.

The mellowed reflex of a winter moon—
A clear stream flowing with a muddy one,
Till in its onward current it absorbs
With swifter movement and in purer light
The vexed eddies of its wayward brother—
A leaning and upbearing parasite,
Clothing the stem, which else had fallen quite,
With clustered flowerbells and ambrosial orbs
Of rich fruit-bunches leaning on each other—
Shadow forth thee :—the world hath not another
(Though all her fairest forms are types of thee,
And thou of God in thy great charity)
Of such a finish'd chasten'd purity.

LINES BY THE LAKE SIDE.

By Rev. George W. Doane.

This placid lake, my gentle girl,
Be emblem of thy life—
As full of peace and purity,
As free from care and strife :
No ripple on its tranquil breast
That dies not with the day ;
No pebble in its darkest depths
But quivers in its ray.

And see, how every glorious form
And pageant of the skies,
Reflected from its glassy face,
A mirrored image lies;
So be thy spirit, ever pure ;
To God, to virtue given ;
And thought and word and action bear
The imagery of heaven !

---

will we build a little Bower of Taste,
plants selected from the pathless waste,
flowers among the foliage sh ll appear,
rish in their greenness all the year.

From the Christian Pioneer.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS,

By James Montgomery, Esq.

Q. Flowers, wherefore do ye bloom ?
A. We strew thy pathway to the tomb.

Q. Stars, wherefore do ye rise ?
A. To light thy spirit to the skies.

Q. Fair Moon, why dost thou wane ?
A. That I may wax again.

Q. O Sun ! what makes thy beams so bright?
A. The Word that said—"Let there be light."

Q. Time, whither dost thou flee ?
A. I travel to eternity.

Q. Eternity, what art thou, say ?
A. I was, am, will be evermore TO-DAY.

Q. Nature, whence sprang thy glorious frame?
A. My Maker called me, and I came.

Q. Winds, whence and whither do ye blow ?
A. Thou must be "born again," to know.

Q. Ocean, what rules thy swell and fall ?
A. The might of Him that ruleth all.

Q. Planets, what guides you in your course ?
A. Unseen, unfelt, unfailing force.

Q. O Life ! what is thy breath ?
A. A vapour, vanishing in death.

Q. O Death ! where ends thy strife ?
A. In everlasting life.

Q. "O Grave ! where is thy victory ?"
A. Ask HIM who rose again for me.

COME TO THE FIELDS.

[Translated from the French, for the Atlas.]

Dear Rose, we part: behold the sun :
These downy pillows quit :
How swift, alas, the hours have run,
Since happily we met.
We'll seek, far from the city's noise,
A safe asylum for our joys.
We'll pass our days in fields and groves,
And they alone shall know our loves.

Come to the fields ! and tread the sward
So tender, green and sweet ;
The music of yon warbling bird
Invites us to retreat.
Come ! and let smiling nature seal
The love we for each other feel.
We'll pass our days, &c.

When summer, to the fertile plain,
The happy reaper leads,
And agile gleaners seek seek the grain
For which misfortune pleads,
How sweet the kiss the reaper gives
The gleaning maid among the sheaves !
We'll pass our days, &c.

From Autumn's rich, abundant store,
The waves of nectar flow—
And wither'd age drinks deep, once more,
Of wine, whose ruddy glow
Restores the fire of youth again—
The fire of love—its bliss and pain.
We'll pass our days in fields and groves,
And they alone shall know our loves.

FAREWEEL TO THIRTY-TWA.

Written during the last hour of the auld year

Brief space of time—fareweel, fareweel !
Fleetly thy hours hae flown awa';—
Journal o' joys, an' griefs, and crimes,
Thou'st been—departing Thirty-twa.

The hopes thou strewd'st alang my path,
Oh ! they hae been delusive a'!
As bright in prospect now they seem,
As when I hail'd thee—Thirty-twa.

There's monie an eye in sorrow steep'd,
Thine infancy in smiles that saw ;—
An' monie a heart has ceased to beat,
That joyous hail'd thee—Thirty-twa.

In poortith's shade pines monie a ane,
Whom thou hast seen frae wealth to fa' ;
An' monie a hameless orphan sighs,
That smiled to hail thee—Thirty-twa.

The guilt, the folly seen by thee,
In clay-built cot, and lordly ha' ;
'Twill be a dark an' tearfu' page,
The history o' Thirty-twa.

The good an' ill that it contains
Are faithfully recorded a' ;
Thy chapter of life's dreary tale
Is written out now—Thirty-twa.

Tho' twal' brave children thou hast seen
Borne down the Lethe, ane an'a' ;
I fear there's cause to rue the way
We've used thine offspring, Thirty-twa

O Thirty-three, thou'rt but a bairn—
Nane kens what thou wilt be ava'
But may we spen' thee better than
We've spent departed Thirty-t

For the New-Hampshire Journal.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

THE sun, whose path is clear to-day,
Will walk in clouds to-mo w,
And lips, that breathe the sweetest lay,
Will raise the wail of sorrow.

The eyes, that are to-day so bright,
Will flow with tears to-morrow,
And breasts, that beat so high and light,
Will feel a load of sorrow.

The flowers, that gaily bloom to-day,
Will fade before to-morrow,
And cheeks, where beams of gladness play,
Will wear the hues of sorrow.

All, that is fairest now on earth,
Will change to gloom and sorrow ;
Oh ! what would life's dark day be worth,
Were there no brighter morrow.

LOUD howls ... ds—the showers descend,
The mountain pirit screams—
The windows flap—the tall woods bend—
And roar the rain-fwoln streams :-
To ford the torrent, fad the wand'rer tries—
But hark ! o'er whelm'd, he shrieks—he dies.

Swift down the hill, rugged and steep,
The affrighted beafts rethe—
The hunter rouses from his sleep,
And wakes the flumb'ring fire—
He bars the wind—'round the hearth the while
His wet dogs smoke—companions of his toil.

Sad on the distant mountain's fide,
The lonely shepherd sighs—
And bids, his wand'ring fteps to guide,
The ling'ring moon arife—
While all around the forest roars,
And down the rock the headlong torrent pours.

The Ghoft rides lightly on the storm—
Loud are its cries, and thrill ;
The house-dog barks—the shadowy form
Flies o'er the misty hill.
Cold, dark and gloomy is the scene,
Arise, my friends, and let the wand'rer in.

FORBIDDEN LOVE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

ove thee!—Oh, the trife, the pain,
The fiery thoughts that through me roll!
I love thee! Look again, again!
O Stars! that thou could'st read my soul.
I would thy bright, bright eye could pierce
The crimson folds that hide my heart,
Then would'st thou find the serpent fierce,
That stings me—and will *not* depart!

Look, love, upon me, with thine eyes!
Yet, no—men's evil tongues are nigh:
Look pitly, then, and with thy sighs
Waste music on me—'till I die.
Yet—love not! sigh no! Turn (thou *must*)
Thy beauty from me, sweet and kind;
'Tis fit that I should burn to dust.
To death, because—I am not blind!

I love thee—and I live! The Moon
Who sees me from her calm above,
The Wind who waves her dim soft tune
About me, know how *much* I love!
Nought else, save Night, and the lonely Hour,
E'er heard my passion wild and strong;
Even *thou*, yet deem'st not of thy power,
Unless—thou read'st aright my song!

... maid of Lodi."

Farewell, but still remember
When thou art far away,
How sad the heart that loves thee
Must pine at thy delay,
And when thine eye shall wander
Athwart the dark blue sea,
O, glance one thought beyond it,
And then remember me.

When western skies are fading,
And winds and waves are still,
And twilight's mist is stealing
To robe the distant hill;
When our lov'd star is glancing
O'er rock, and flood, and tree,
O think how oft we've watch'd it,
And then remember me.

There may you meet the welcome
Of friends you fondly love,
And joy's own sunshine brighten
The path where'er you rove;
But yet, in joy or sorrow,
Oh still remember me,
Who yet, in joy or sorrow,
Shall still remember thee.

POETRY.

THE ADIEU TO LOVE.

ADDRESSED TO ——————

THE heart that so long beat with pleasure for thee
Is fluttering no longer, but tranquil and free;
I can gaze on that form, that I used to adore,
With a careless indifference I ne'er felt before.
Yet never, alas! can another excite
In my bosom such sweet unaffected delight.
Yes, yes, to thy soft, to thy magical spell,
Ah, love! I have now bid forever farewel.
My passion is fled, and quite tranquil and free,
Is the heart that so long sigh'd so fondly for thee.

Yet I cannot forget what soft joys 'twould impart,
(For still the remembrance is dear to my heart),
When at evening to walk, my companion you've been,
While the rays of bright Cynthia illumin'd the scene;
And, ah! if my hand you've unconsciously press'd,
'Twould thrill with a pleasure extatic my breast.
But I now all the charms of the walk can withstand,
And insensate's my heart to the press of my hand.
Thus passion is fled, and quite tranquil and free,
Is the heart that so long sigh'd with fervor for thee.

Yet long will it be ere I love one so true,
So ardent, so dear!, as once I lov'd you;
When a word, or a glance, my fond bosom could warm—
E'en your faults, I confess, had the power then to charm.
But the pleasing illusion shall never again,
Excite in my breast either pleasure or pain;
Thus the love that for many a month was my theme,
Has vanish'd, has faded, has fled like a dream.
Yes, passion has fled, and quite tranquil and free,
Is the heart that so long sigh'd so fondly for thee.

Man from the Cradle to the Grave.

I saw him once, a lightsome lad,
From infant weakness just emerging,
With smiling face, so blithesome glad,
Like rays of sunshine bright diverging,
With heart elate jocose and gay,
His boyhood, like an opening blossom,
Luxuriant fair, did well pourtray
The rising glow within his bosom.

I saw him twice--his manly cheek,
His sparkling eye, bright lucid beaming,
A noble mind mature did speak,
A soul illumed by Heaven forth gleaming,
In martial costume bold arrayed,
Like heroes brave in fabled story,
Of warring hosts the van he led,
And trod the embattled fields of glory.

I saw him thrice, the hand of time,
Its progress in his face denoted,
His silver locks, his vision blind,
His tott'ring steps, by staff supported,
But grave, serene, in grey old age,
A something tranquil, calm and holy,
Had quelled the passions fiercer rage
With pleasing hopes of endless glory.

A fourth time—and his breathless clay,
Enshrouded in a sable coffin,
Was borne by mourning friends away,
The silent grave became his lodging;
And when I thought of years gone by,
As moved he in life's sphere so splendid,
A swelling tear suffused my eye,
That death, stern death, his days had ended.

From a London Paper.

T. Moore has lately published a third number of the *National Melodies*, equal, if not superior, in all respects to either of the two former ones. We subjoin from it the song adapted to the Venetian air. It is of that kind in which he pre-eminently excels:

Row gently here, my gondolier,
So softly wake the tide,
That not an ear on earth may hear
But her's to whom we glide.
Had Heaven but tongues to speak, as well
As starry eyes to see;
Oh think! what tales 'twould have to tell
Of wandering youth like me.

Now rest thee here, my gondolier!
Hush! hush! for up I go,
To climb yon light balcony's height,
Whilst thou keep'st watch below.
Oh! did we take for heaven above
But half the pains that we
Take day and night for woman's love,
What angels should we be.

Written by a gentleman on the voyage from New York to Marseilles, under the impression that he would not live to reach the land, being very low with consumption —addressed to a friend in this city.

To ——.

THE CLOSING SCENE—BURIED AT SEA.

From his room to the deck they brought him drest
In his funeral rites, by his own request—
With his boots and stock, and garments on,
And nought but the breathing spirit gone—
For he wish'd a child might come and lay
An unstartled hand upon his clay.
Then they wrapped his corse in the tarry sheet,
To the dead, as Araby's spices, sweet,
And prepared him to seek the depths below,
Where waves never beat, nor tempests blow—
No steeds with their nodding plumes were here,
No sabled hearse and no coffined bier,
To bear with pomp and parade away
The dead—to sleep with his kindred clay—
But the little group—a silent few,
His companions, mixed with the hardy crew,
Stood thoughtful around, 'till a prayer was said
O'er the corse of the deaf unconscious dead.
Then they bore his remains to the vessel's side
And committed them safe to the dark blue tide,
One sullen plunge and the scene is o'er,
The sea rolled on as it rolled before.—
In that classical sea, whose azure vies
With the green of its shores, and the blue of its skies.
In some pearly cave—in some coral cell—
Oh! the dead shall sleep, as sweetly, as well,
As if shrined in the pomp of Parian tombs,
Where the east and the south breath their rich perfum
Nor forgotten shall be the humblest one,
Though he sleep in the watery waste alone,
When the trump of the Angel sounds with dread,
And the sea, like the earth, gives up its dead.

FROM THE ROCKINGHAM GAZETTE.

I love the memory of the hour,
When first in youth I found thee;
For infant beauty gently threw
A morning freshness round thee.

A single star was rising there,
With mild and lovely motion!
And scarce the zephyr's gentlest breath,
Went o'er the sleeping ocean.

I love the memory of that hour—
It wakes a pensive feeling;
As when within the winding shell,
The playful winds are stealing.

It tells my heart of those bright years,
Ere hope went down in sorrow,
When all the joys of yesterday
Were painted on to morrow.

Where art thou now! thy once lov'd flowers
Their yellow leaves are twining;
And bright and beautiful again
That single star is shining.

But where art thou?—the bended grass
A dewy stone discloses;
And love's light footsteps print the ground,
Where all my peace reposes.

Farewell! my tears are not for thee,
'Twere weakness to deplore thee;
Or vainly mourn thine absence here,
While angels half adore thee.

Thy days were few, and quickly told,
Thy short and mournful story
Hath ended like the morning star,
That melts in deeper glory.

HYMN.

BY H. K. WHITE.

The Lord our God is Lord of all,
His station who can find?
I hear him in the water-fall,
I hear him in the wind

If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.

He lives, he reigns in every land,
From winter's polar snows,
To where, across the burning sands,
The blasting meteor glows.

He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die;
We hang upon his word—
He rears his red right arm on high,
And rain bears the sword.

He bids the blast the fields deform—
Then, when his thunders cease,
Sits like an angel 'mid the storm,
And smiles the winds to peace.

CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD! happiest stage of life,
Free from care and free from strife;
Free from memory's restless reign,
Fraught with scenes of former pain;
Free from fancy's cruel skill,
Fabricating future ill;
Time, when all that meets the view,
All can charm, for all is new;
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never, to return!

Then to toss the circling ball,
Caught rebounding from the wall;
Then the mimic ship to guide
Down the kennel's dirty side;
Then the hoop's revolving pace,
Through the dusty street to chase;
O! what joy it once was mine,
Childhood! matchless boon of thine;
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return!

From the N. Y. Statesman.

At the sessions one day, in a manslaughter case,
An elf from the country appeared in his place;
And when under oath, stated all that he knew—
How deceased got his death by the stone pris'ner threw.

He was then cross-examined by counsellor Quick
Was told to speak louder, and not quite so thick,
"How did you stand, when pris'ner 'gan to swear?"
"*I stood, soy so; and Kain, he stood* RIGHT THERE."

"How large a stone was it? you saw it thrown."
"*Why I should say 'twas*—A SMART BIG STONE."
"Tell us the size—how large? how big was it?"
"*Exactly so—just let me think a bit—*
"*I guess that I was right afore, because*
"*It was* A BIG SMART STONE—*yes, that it was.*"
"Fellow! you did examine it, no doubt;
"What was't as big as?—can't you say? Speak out!"
"*As big as?—wal; why, 'twas (to save the talk)*
"*About as big as—as*—A PIECE OF CHALK."

CONVERSION OF THE HEATHEN.

The following beautiful Hymn is from the pen of the late excellent Bishop HEBER, of Calcutta:

From Greenland's icy mountains
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain;
They call us to deliver
Their land from Error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The Lamp of Life deny?
Salvation! oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name!

Waft, waft ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL

The clock told at night the hour of one,
When the muffled drum was rolling ;
And the castle-bell sent from its tower of
The sound of its heavy tolling.

Many a soldier was marching there
With musquet and banner trailing,
And the music played the funeral air,
That mingles with grief and wailing.

They bore him along in his coffin, proud
As when he rode in his glory ;
And many a sign on his sable shroud
Told his high and martial story.

They marched to the beat of the hollow dr
With slow and measured sadness ;
And there ran thro' the ranks a stifled hum
But it was not the hum of gladness.

They bore him away to the battle ground,
Where his life for his home was given ;
Then they stood in solemn stillness round,
And consigned his soul to heaven.

They fired o'er his grave the farewell shot,
And the Cannon answered louder ; [h
Then they thought of the battle when wild a
And their hearts felt sterner and prouder.

With quicker step and lighter breath,
And with banner spread and flying, [dea
They had marched that day to the field
And their thoughts were on ought but dying

Slowly now to his honoured grave,
Where he fell with a patriot's bravery,
They bore the youth, who died to save
His country and home from slavery.

P.

SELECTED POETRY.

LINES

Addressed by the late Bishop Heber to his wife, whilst he was on his Episcopal Tour in India.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening to the nightingale.

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning grey
When, on our deck reclin'd,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide ;
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The ling'ring moon to cheer ;
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou are distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on ! then on ! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain ;
For sweet the bliss which us awaits,
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea,
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay,
As then shall meet in thee !

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

TUNE—"*Kinloch of Kinloch.*"

Oh, bright is the dawning of love's early morning,
And bright is the noon-tide of friendship's glow,
The cold scenes of life with their lustre adorning,
Like moonbeams disporting on banks of snow.
But love's young light is quickly flying,
And friendship's warmth too soon is fled—
Yet memory weaves them a chaplet undying,
And makes them immortal when hope is dead !

Then why should we sorrow, at thought of the mor
Its joys and its griefs will as soon be flown ;
Or why from the future one saddened thought borrow
While each moment hath sorrow enough of its own
Too soon 'twill come, too long 'twill linger—
Though its changeful tale may ne'er be told,
Yet traced on the heart by memory's finger,
'Twill live till that heart hath in death grown cold

Lines addressed to Mrs. A. M. W. on reading her prize poem, delivered at the opening of the Chatham Garden Theatre, New-York.

Gentle, soft, inspiring muse
Hasten to my calm retreat,
While the evening's falling dews
Moisten round my wand'ring feet.

Let me meet thee near the grove
In this soft reclining hour,
Minstrel haste, and let us rove
Through the fairy-woven bower.

I, my Lyre will instant bring,
And a wreath of poesy twine ;
If thou'lt strike the wayward string
And inweave a leaf of thine.

Touch the chord with Raphire's hand,
Let ambitions soul inspire,
Catch the play of Fancy's wand,
Light the old chivalric fire.

Bid their glowing visions soar,
Ah ! why sinks that rapid strain ?
One hath struck those notes before,
They will not respond again !

Like meteors that glide away,
Summer's cloud or Infant's tear,
Notes that o'er the surface play,
Vibrate sweet, and disappear.

Ah ! I find a peerless hand
Hath swept the cords with magic ease,
Fancy gave her full command,
With superior power to please.

From old grave histrionic love
She hath gleaned the purest gold,
And imaginations store
Did the richest gems unfold.

Then she struck the muse's lyre,
Dramatic art, became her theme,
Inspiration's note, still higher
Bade harmonic emprise gleam !

Yet, altho' the numbers strayed
When I feebly touched the Lyre,
Shall my wreath of poesy fade
I twined, unhonour'd to expire ?

No, tho' simply thus 'tis wove,
Sure 'twill grace the victor's brows,
For its hues are bright with love,
Friendships sweetest tint it knows.

Happily, it has the power
Of exhaling incense too,
Fraise whispers from the *Passion-Flower*,
Poetress, I'm twined for you !

MARIA.

COLLECTANEA.

An Excuse for not accepting the Invitation of a Friend to make an Excursion for him.

An Original Poem, by the late Doctor Jenner, of London

1. The hollow winds begin to blow,
2. The clouds look black, the grass is low ;
3. The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
4. And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
5. Last night the sun went pale to bed,
6. The moon in halos hid her head ;
7. The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
8. For, see a rainbow spans the sky.
9. The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
10. Clos'd is the pink-ey'd pimpernell.
11. Hark ! how the chairs and tables crack,
12. Old Betty's joints are on the rack ;
13. Loud quack the ducks, the peacock's cry
14. The distant hills are looking nigh.
15. How restless are the snorting swine,
16. The busy flies disturb the kine ;
17. Low o'er the grass the swallow wings ;
18. The cricket, too, how sharp he sings ;
19. Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
20. Sits, wiping o'er her whisker'd jaws.
21. Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
22. And nimbly catch th' incautious flies ;
23. The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
24. Illumin'd the dewey dell last night,
25. At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
26. Hopping and crawling o'er the green ;
27. The whirling wind the dust obeys,
28. And in the rapid eddy plays ;
29. The frog has chang'd his yellow vest,
30. And in a russet coat is drest,
31. Though June, the air is cold and still ;
32. The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill,
33. My dog, so alter'd in his taste,
34. Quits mutton bones, on grass to feast ;
35. And [illegible] yon rooks, how oft their flight,
36. They imitate the gliding kite,
37. And seem precipitate to fall—
38. As if they felt the piercing ball.
39. Twill surely rain, I see, with sorrow ;
40. Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

LOVE'S VOYAGES.

The deep, broad sea is before us, love,
Our sails swell with the wind,
The clear blue sky is o'er us, love,
And the cold world far behind.
The cold world far behind us, love,
With its hollow-hearted smile,
It may seek, but it cannot find us, love,
'Mid the shades of our own loved isle.

Then away, with our pennons streaming, love,
Free to the midnight breeze,
While the light of the moon is beaming, love,
On our pathway o'er the seas.
They will seek with the morrow's dawning, love
For the hearts they have tortured long—
But will hear on the breath of the morning, love,
The notes of our parting song.

IMPROMPTU.

"Who may understand
Thy many woes, poor suicide unknown ?—
He who thy being gave shall judge of thee
alone." *Campbell.*

Scarce did the look of manhood rest
Upon his youthful eye,
(That season when the human breast
Is apt to beat most high,)
When a dark gloom o'erspread his cheek,
And grief dwelt on his brow ;
But of his pain he could not speak,
Though it should lay him low.
But oft he sought the tranquil shade,
And wept the change which time had made
And often was he seen to rove,
Alone, in some sequester'd grove.

He rambled by the silver Don,
And gaz'd upon its tranquil wave ;
And then he wept to look upon
The spot, so soon to be his grave.
He wept ; and gazing on the stream
Which mov'd in sadness past the shore,
As one bewilder'd in a dream,
He sprang—and sank—and all was o'er !
Some, near the spot, beheld the wave
Form for his horse an early grave ;
They saw a gloom the tide o'ercast,
And heard a groan—it was his last !

Ah ! who can tell the grief which dwelt
Within his aching troubled breast ?
Or tell the deep distress he felt,
When thus he sought to be at rest ?
Ah ! who can tell the tears he shed ?—
The pangs of sorrow which he knew ?
Or tell why thus his bosom bled,
To bid life's troubling scenes adieu ?
Ah ! there are none on earth can tell
Why thus he bade the world farewell ;
But all, as they beheld his bier,
Yielded the tribute of a tear.

THE COMBAT.

(FROM THE TROUBADOUR.)

THEY fled for there was for the brave
Left only a dishonour'd grave.
The day was lost ; and his red hand
Was now upon a broken brand,
The foes were in his native town,
The gates were forced, the walls were down,
The burning city lit the sky,—
What had he then to do but fly ;
Fly to the mountain-rock, where yet
Revenge might strike, or peace forget !

They fled,—for she was by his side,
Life's last and loveliest link, his bride,—
Friends, fame, hope, freedom, all were gone,
Or linger'd only with that one.
They hasten'd by the lonely way
That through the winding forest lay,
Hearth, home, tower, temple, blazed behind,
And shout and shriek came on the wind !
And twice the warrior turned again
And cursed the arm that now in vain,
Wounded and faint, essay'd to grasp
The sword that trembled in its clasp.

At last they reach'd a secret shade
Which seem'd as for their safety made ;
And there they paused, for the warm tide
Burst in red gushes from his side,
And hung the drops on brow and cheek,
And his gasp'd breath came thick and weak
She took her long dark hair and bound
The cool moss on each gaping wound,
And in her closed up hands she brought
The water which his hot lip sought,—
And anxious gazed upon his eye,
As asking, shall we live or die ?
Almost as if she thought his breath
Had power o'er his own life and death.

But, hark !—'tis not the wind deceives,
There is a step among the leaves ;
Her blood runs cold, her heart beats high,
It is their fiercest enemy ;
He of the charm'd and deadly steel,
Whose stroke was never known to heal,—
He of the sword sworn not to spare,—
She flung her down in her despair !

The dying chief sprang to his knee,
And the staunch'd wounds well'd fearfully ;
But his gash'd arm, what is it now ?
Livid his lip, and black his brow,
While over him the slayer stood,
As if he almost scorn'd the blood
That cost so little to be won.—
He strikes,—the work of death is done !

GERALDINE—A BALLAD.

The moon was bright, and calm the night,
And sweetly smiled the lovely scene;
But deep the sigh, and wild the eye,
And sad the heart of Geraldine.

She sought the hill, where low and still,
In deathly sleep the vanquished lay;
She rent her hair in wild despair,
She could not weep, she dared not pray.

Her's was the tongue had wildly sung,
Of Erin's wrongs, and Erin's woes;
Her's was the hand did belt his brand,
When Connor for his country rose.

With valour vain, the patriot train,
Braving the Saxon thunder flood,
And desperate fray deformed the day,
And night's dark veil was stain'd with blood.

Fierce was the strife for death or life—
Their hands were strong, their hearts were brave—
Till every gleam of freedom's dream,
Was buried in their Leader's grave.

The distant scene, bright and serene,
Was slumbering in the moon light ray;
And near the mould, where pale and cold,
In blood and darkness Connor lay.

A sterner throe of frantic woe,
Thrilled in the mourner's tortured breast—
"Erin" she cried, "for thee he died—
On thee, on thee, his blood shall rest.

Though bathed in gore, he breathes no more—
In light and rest I see thee smile—
With hatred fierce, a daughter's curse,
Pursue and crush thee, thankless Isle!

Hark! from above, I hear my love—
I feel his glance of angry flame;
He hears me dare, in impious prayer,
To breathe his country's fate.

Yet dear that land, and patriot band,
Dear the green hills he loved so well—
Unstained and bright, as heavenly light,
The sacred cause for which he fell.

As well this breast, that loved him best,
Might breathe a curse o'er Connor's grave,
As raise the prayer of wild despair
Against the land he died to save.

Death joins the ties, that death
And Connor's fate shall ye
The orient ray, of early day,
'Rose on the grave of Ger

SABBATH MORN.

How sweet at Sabbath's earliest dawn,
To bend, and lift the soul in prayer;—
To view by Faith that brighter morn,
When we shall rest from ev'ry care.

How sweet, in thought, to rove on high,
With spirits of departed friends;
And list the song, which through the sky,
To God, our Father loud ascends.

Yes!—Happy spirits, ye are fled,
To yon fair world of light and joy;
And while our tears must still be shed,
Ye taste of bliss without alloy.

For now, with Angels round the throne,
With rev'rence, and with love ye bend,
To *Him*, who trod this vale alone,
To be our Saviour, Guide, and Friend.

And do ye ne'er with love behold,
Companions *once* on earth so dear?
Yes!—for *we* seek the Shepherd's fold,
Though doom'd awhile to linger here.

Then come, ye blest ones, from afar,
And teach *our* lips to join in praise;
Come—for no sorrow e'er can mar,
The sweetness of *immortal* lays.

Teach us to lift from Earth's dull round,
Affections, which to God belong;
Teach us—till we with joy be found
Prepared to swell the deathless song.

Then, when conflicting storms are o'er,
And we have join'd the Holy band;
Then—while with rapture we adore,
We'll bless our Father's *chast'ning hand.*

CIRCUITOUS JUSTICE.

A countess, handsome enough to prejudice the most rigid judge in favor of the worst cause, was desired to take the part of a colonel in the army against a farmer. The farmer was in conference with the judge, who found his claim so just, that he assured him of success. At the moment the charming countess made her appearance. The judge ran to meet her. Her address, her hair, her eyes, the tone of her voice, such an accumulation of charms were so persuasive, that in a moment he felt more as a man than a judge, and he promised the lovely advocate that the Col. should gain his cause. Here the judge was engaged on both sides. When he returned to his study, he found the farmer in despair. 'I have seen her,' cried the poor man out of his senses, 'I have seen the lady who solicits against me, she is as handsome as an angel. O Sir! my cause is lost'—'Put yourself in my place,' said the judge, quite confused—'Could I refuse her?' and saying this, he took an hundred guineas from his purse, which was the amount of the farmer's demand, and gave them to him. The lady heard of this; and as she was scrupulously virtuous, she was fearful of lying under too great an obligation to the judge, and immediately sent him the hundred guineas. The colonel who was as gallant as the lady was scrupulous, repaid her the money, and so in the end every one did what was right. The judge feared to be unjust, the countess was cautious of lying under too great an obligation, the colonel paid his debt, and the farmer received his due.

THE MOSS ROSE.

Flowers, the emblems of youth, and beauty, and innocence, and no less the frail mementos of human life, each, in the comparative brevity of its transient history, the same, have ever mingled with the story of affection, and shed their own sweet influence over the dreams of romance, and the rustic tale of village courtship. How often has a simple flower been the medium of intercourse between a diffident lover and his mistress—and told to her musing spirit the secret of his heart. How often when kindred spirits have been doomed to separate, has a blushing flower remained the silent witness of unspoken vows. How many promises have lived on to their consummation, in the memory of flowers.

'Mama,' said Lauretta one morning to Mrs. La Branch, 'I have a pretty Moss Rose for our flower garden; shall I plant in the border by the summer house?' 'Certainly, if you please,' said the good lady, 'but where did you get such a treasure, Lauretta?' The sweet girl put on a deep blush—she had never dreamed of such a question, and was not prepared to answer it; with the dexterous ingenuity so peculiar to her sex, however, she extricated herself at a single thought—'a friend, Ma, a friend gave it to me as a keepsake.' Old Mr. La Branch, who was reading the morning news over his coffee, lifted up his eye at the moment—'has Edward gone then'—said he, with a quizzing smile, and without waiting an answer sipped his coffee and went on with the paper; and Lauretta escaped from the breakfast table as soon as an opportunity offered.

The flower was planted in the sunniest spot, and Lauretta watered it with so much care, and nursed it so attentively, that it took deep root and bore a full crop of roses. They were her companions—she used to sit hours in her favorite bower, and gaze upon them, and recall all the tender recollections they brought to mind; and when the summer months had faded away, and the autumn came in his garb of pensive sadness, to wither the leaves and flowers, she redoubled her diligence to preserve them from the fate of their mates of the garden; and to secure them from the unpropitious season, she conveyed the rose bush to her own neat parlor, and still made it her hourly companion.

Edward Martin and Lauretta, were old acquaintances. He had gone on business to Liverpool—before he sailed he had brought her the Moss Rose—and he intended to say he brought it as a pledge of—friendship—but did not hope to be able to say more. He left Lauretta; sat the flower down by her side, but his courage evaporated; his feelings overpowered him, and he could not utter a word about it.

The time had not yet arrived in which Edward was expected to return, when early one morning the door opened, and Mr. La Branch came in from his morning walk, with Edward whom he had met rambling in the direction of the mansion; and who had reached home the evening before. The family pressed round their friend—and Lauretta's eye sparkled, and they both blushed when they shook hands—there was such a mutual welcome as does the heart good; in which words spoke far less cordially than feelings.

A hasty breakfast over, Lauretta took him to her parlor, and pointing to the blooming rose-bush—'I have kept it,' she said, 'it is still fresh and beautiful.' 'I forgot the flower,' replied Edward; 'I thought only of you.' * * * * * [*Tren. Emp.*

SOLICITATION.

Come down to the lattice,
Come down, love, and list,
When the eve lights her stars
In the purple of mist;—
My heart like a traveller,
Long journeying afar,
Looks up to thy zenith—
Hope's beautiful star!

I have vows for thy bosom
To sigh unto truth;
I have perilous tales
Of the bridal of youth;
O! come to the lattice, love!
Come thee and list,
When the stars are so bright
In the beautiful mist.

SONNET.

Earth holds no fairer, lovelier one than thou,
Maid of the laughing lip, and frolic eye.
Innocence sits upon thy open brow,
Like a pure spirit in its native sky.
If ever beauty stole the heart away,
Enchantress, it would fly to meet thy smile;
Moments would seem by thee a summer day,
And all around thee an Elysian Isle.
Roses are nothing to the maiden blush
Sent o'er thy cheek's soft ivory, and night
Has nought so dazzling in its world of light,
As the dark rays that from thy lashes gush.
Love lurks amid thy silken curls, and lies
Like a keen archer in thy kindling eyes.

From the Connecticut Herald.

The mail boat MARIA was wrecked on her passage from St. Kitts to Antigua, having on board four Missionary families, all of whom perished, save Mrs. JONES who was taken from the wreck, nearly senseless. On recovering her senses, she wept bitterly at the remembrance of the mournful event, constantly exclaiming, "O, Capt. Whitney, why did you save me?"

THE WRECK OF THE MISSIONARIES.

I sing the men who left their home,
Amidst barbarian clans to roam;
Who land and ocean crossed,
Led by a star, discerned on high,
By faith's unseen, all-seeing eye,
To seek and save the lost.

MONTGOMERY.

They left their shore, a small but chosen band,
Tempting the dangers of an unknown sea,
To give unto a dark benighted land
The heavenly light and joy of piety:
Their way was guided by a Saviour's hand,
Their hearts were joyous and their spirits free,
To perils dauntless, and to woes resigned;
Such, such is man, when heaven reclaims the mind.

Sweet silence reigned around the solemn skies,
The broad white sail then wooed the gentle breeze,
The gallant ship soft o'er the green wave flies,
While they devoutly bend their suppliant knees:—
Then mingled sounds of hymns and prayers arise
To Him who rules with awe the mighty seas,
Controls the wind, restrains the boundless deep,
Or sends his storms, which o'er its bosom sweep.

The tempest rose! swift o'er the dashing wave,
The stern ship rode—scorning the troubled sea,
As if she well could every tempest brave;
For like the wind, she still was strong and free.
The pilgrims now forbode a watery grave,
But are resigned—"O Heaven, we trust in thee,
And in thy gracious mercy still confide;
But, oh! eternal God, thy will be done,"—they cried.

The sea grew darker—while the heavens o'ercast,
More fiercely raged—the ship was driven,
High rolling, trembling, at the furious blast,
Till, oh! unhappy fate, her form was riven
To drink the wave.—The crew were cast
Upon the rocks; to every tempest given,
Without a guide, (save Him who rules on high,)
Till on a sea they sunk, but sunk, alas, to die!

So perished, one by one, this pious band;
The aged sire, the child in blooming morn;
For like the wave that rolls upon the strand,
Or like fair flowers, 'mid winter's chilling st
They drooped and died—yet Heaven's mysteri
Saved one—who from the awful wreck was b
Of all bereft! O, well her heart may weep
Over the mournful terrors of the mighty deep.

Yet there are peaceful shades, with calmness ble
Beneath the fury of the dashing waves,
Where the dead mariner may calmly rest,
Sweetly as those laid in their quiet graves.
Though raging storms disturb the ocean's l
They ne'er invade the silent, solemn ca
Where rest the forms for whom we sadl
The young, the bright, the fair, there ca
* * * * *

In the [illegible] of Mr. [illegible]'s youngest [illegible] Mr. [illegible]ington to [illegible]mpson

FOR THE MEMORIAL.

"O, TEMPORA! O, MORES!

"Hard times and no business," the multitude say,
'Tis the story all night, and the cry through the day;
And surely they cannot be joking.
But, hark ye, there's business enough at the INN,
With *soda*, and *whiskey*, and *brandy*, and *gin*,
And *swigging*, and *swearing*, and *smoking!*

"Hard times," cries my neighbor, "no business, no cash."
Why, then, let young Zebedee cut such a dash,
And set all the village a staring?
And why has he business so much at the INN,
With *soda*, and *whiskey*, and *brandy*, and *gin*,
And *smoking*, and *swigging*, and *swearing?*

Hard times for the idle and loitering host,
Who cluster in corners, or herd round a post.
Foul filchers! they ought to be digging.
Their time too goes cheerily on at the INN,
With merry carousal and bacchanal din,
And *smoking*, and *swearing*, and *swigging*.

Hard times, "very hard, sir," responds the mechanic,
With a long, solemn visage, and heart in a panic,
Or, anon, with an ominous scowling!
Then we see him jog off to the tavern for prog,
Yes, night after night to the bar room for grog,
And day after day at the *bowling*.

Hard times for the farmer, whose fields are neglected,
Whose flocks are astray and whose crops unprotected,
Whose home never yields him one charm.
Whose wife, while he loiters at DRAM SHOP or INN,
'Midst riot of *whiskey*, and *brandy*, and *gin*,
Conducts the affairs of his farm.

Hard times for the merchant, "ah, cruel hard times!"
This cry, through all cities, all nations, all climes,
Is the sad, universal lament.
Let him hie to the fields then, and follow the plough;
Nor fear a rough hand, nor a dark sweaty brow,
And labor shall give him content.

Hard times for the lawyer; a blank is his docket!
No pleasant *retainer*, and lank is his pocket!
And useless lie *Coke* and *McNally*.
But, hark ye, methinks at the bar of the INN,
He's special attorney for *whiskey* and *gin*,
And *master of rolls* at the *Alley!*

Hard times for the doctor. What! nobody ill?
No use for a potion? No use for a pill?
No use for the lancet or key?
He be your own patient. Call not at the INN;
But the foul *mixtures* of *brandy* and *gin*,
And honor your title, M. D.

Hard times for the clergy, who labor for souls,
And send forth their missions o'er ocean in shoals,
To proselyte Indian and Turk.
But why should the vintagers far away roam,
When our own little vineyards, so needy at home,
Demand all their care and their work?

"O, how can we live through these dreadful hard times?"
Cries young *Peter Spendall* and fair *Dolly Grimes*
And little, short *Ichabod Tall*.
I'll tell ye. Be frugal and manage with care.
(A fig for your flouncing in sham debonair.)
Let reason direct you. Expenses curtail,
And less at the *ball room* and *bar room* regale.
Be steady and prudent.—That's all.

JOEL SANDERS.

From the Collegian.

THE GRADUATE'S SONG.

It's I that is a bachelor, though married to the Muse,
I talks with all the gentlefolks, and flirts with all the blues,
It's I that looks as knowing now as any body can,
For once I was a Sophomore, but now I am a man.

I quotes the ancient classicals, I knows the newest tunes,
I wears a coat that's elegant and striped pantaloons:
It's I that has the shiny boots, and sports the spotted gills,
It's I that drinks the Burgundy, and never pays my bills.

I keeps a little puppy-dog, I has a little cane,
I beaus the pretty virgins out and beaus them home again;
It's I that pins their handkerchiefs, it's I that ties their shoes,
It's I that goes a shopping for to tell them what to choose.

Who should it be, of all the world, who should it be but I,
That writes the pretty poetry what makes the women cry?
I sees the people stare at me, because I looks so fine,
I loves the fat old grocer men, what asks me out to dine.

I knows a little Latin stuff and half a line of Greek,
My barber is a Frencher man, he taught me how to speak;
It's that makes the morning calls, it's I goes out to tea
O dear! you never saw a man one half so cute as me.

1.
GO fond youth! and quit thy sighing
Give thy slighted passion o'er;
If thy Helen's uncomplying,
Would you still the nymph adore!

2.
There are other beauties single,
To whom youth and worth belong,
Who, no doubt, would gladly mingle
With the Hymeneal throng.

3.
Go, then, give thy passion over,
Boast thy freedom, scorn despair;
Tell the little fickle rover,
You no longer see her fair.

POETRY.

From the New Brunswick Times.

THE FARMER.
A SONG.

Farmer's life's the life for me,
I own I love it dearly;
And every season, full of glee,
I take its labour cheerly,
To plow or sow,
To reap or mow,
Or in the barn to thresh sir,
All's one to me,
I plainly see,
Twill bring me health and cash, sir.

To customers the merchant shows
His best broad-cloths and satins,
In hopes to sell a suit of clothes;
But lo! they beg a pattern,
Which pinned on sleave,
They take their leave,
Perhaps they'll buy, since low 'tis,
And if they do,
The sale he'll rue,
When paid, sir, with a "notice."

The Priest has plagues undesired,
When flattered with a call, sir;
For though he preach like one inspired,
He cannot please them all sir;
Some wanting grace,
Laugh in his face,
While solemly he's prosing,
Some sneeze or cough,
Some shuffel off,
And some are even dozing.

The Lawyer leads a harrass'd life;
Much like a hunted otter;
And 'twixt his own and others' strife,
He's always in hot water:
For foe or friend,
A cause defend.
However rong, must be, sir,
In reason's spite,
Maintain 'tis right,
And dearly earn his fee, sir.

The Doctor styled a gentleman,
But this I hold but humming,
For like a tavern waiting man,
To every call he's 'coming'
Now here, now there,
Must he repair,
Or starve, sir, by denying,
Like death himself,
Unhappy elf,
He lives by others dying.

The Soldier decked in golden lace,
Looks wond'rous fine I own, Sir,
But still I envy not his place,
When battered to the bone, sir,
To knock my head
Against cold lead,
I never had a notion,
If that's the way,
To rank, I say,
Excuse me the promotion.

The sailor lives but in a jail,
With all the risk besides, sir,
Of pillage, founder and of gale,
This cannot be denied, sir,
When I so snug
Enjoy my jug,
Or kiss my wife, and so forth,
When rain and storm
The night deform,
'is duty bids him go forth.

[illegible]r's life, then let me live:
[illegible]ing, while I lead it:
[illegible]for sell, and some to give
[illegible]n poor souls as need it.
I'll drain and fence,
Nor grudge expense
To give my land good dressing,
I'll plow and sow,
Or drill in row,
And hope from heaven a blessing.

Song of the Lake-Fairies.

When silence reigns we roam the night,
We wander when the moon shines bright,
We trip it o'er the waters blue,
And sip the heaven's falling dew.

We sit on the wind as it skims the deep,
We sing to the stars while frail mortals sleep,
We lightly recline on the moon's pale ray,
And sink in our beds at the break of the day.

We follow the moon in her nightly course,
We dance round the spray of Charybdis hoarse,
We play on the mist of loud Gesner's spring,
And over the ices we merrily sing.

And when we've gone our nightly roam,
We skim the deep and wander home;
We trip the ocean's surgy bed,
And on[illegible]ard by the winds are

FROM THE LONG-ISLAND STAR.

HOUR OF SICKNESS.

YE who are sporting life along
In health and happiness;
To you I tune not now my song,
Of care and wretchedness.
Oh! never, never may ye feel
The griefs I now would speak,
Nor sickness with its canker steal
Upon your crimson cheek;
But all that life can ever give,
Youth's pure and hallowed glow,
And all for which the heart could live,
Be yours alone to know.

But to the soul in sorrow tried!
To him who on his bed,
In vain would seek the rest denied
His anguish'd heart and head;
From whom this life must pass away,
A dark a dreary dream;
Who feels the approach of slow decay,
And marks life's lessening stream
Fading and fading, while its tide
Moves languidly and slow;
He will not scoffingly deride
My music's mournful flow.

Action and grace, and pow'r are gone!
Chain'd by a tyrant hand,
I may not seek the plain or lawn,
Nor join the mirthful band.
In the blithe dance, not mine to move,
Nor trace with bounding feet
The scenes where once I lov'd to rove,
And cull each flow'ret sweet;
For mine, upon the hill to hail
The morning's glowing sun:
Nor listen to the ring-dove's tale,
When day his course has done.

Yet though my frame is sinking fast,
My soul throws off the chain
That clogg'd its powers, and grows at last
Superior to its pain;
And energies till now unknown,
Start forth in breathing life,
While the proud spirit stands alone
With inspiration rife;
Life the pale lamp—ere it expires,
Casting aside the gloom,
One moment glows with brighter fires,
Then sinks within the tomb.

I strive to raise me from my bed,
To gaze on nature's face:
One look to take, ere with the dead
To-morrow sees my place.
Where is the strength I once possess'd?
And where my healthful glow?
'Tis fled with hope from off my breast,
And I must bear it now.—
Yes, bear the anguish I endure,—
For I in vain have striven:
There is a hope, there is a cure,
That hope—that cure is Heaven.

MARCH.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind and cloud and changing skies,
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again,
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
And the full springs, from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown, abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

BRYANT.

BYRONIANA.

Upon his departure from England, Byron wrote the following beautiful and tender verses, which may well and in comparison with the celebrated lines on a similar subsequent occasion,—"Fare thee well, and if for ever."

'Tis done! and shivering in the gale
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;
And whistling o'er the bending mast,
Loud sings on high the freshing blast—
And I must from this land be gone,
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,
And could I see what I have seen—
Could I repose upon the breast
Which once my warmest wishes blest,
I should not seek anothe zone,
Because I cannot love but one.

'Tis long since I beheld that eye
Which gave me bliss or misery;
And I have striven, but in vain,
Never to think of it again;
For though I fly from Albion,
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate;
I look around and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face:
And even in crowds I'm still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home:
'Till I forget a false fair face,
I ne'er shall find a resting place:
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth
Still finds some hospitable hearth,
Where friendship's or love's softer glow
May smile in joy or soothe in wo;
But friend or lover I have none,
Because I cannot love but one.

I go! but wheresoe'er I flee
There's not an eye will weep for me,
There's not a kind congenial heart
Where I can claim the meanest part;
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene—
Of what we are, and what we've been—
Would whelm some softer hearts with wo:
But mine, alas! has stood the blow,
Yet still beats on as it begun,
And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear, loved one may be
Is not for vulgar eyes te see;—
And why that love was early crost,
Thou knowest the best—I feel the most.
But few that dwell beneath the sun
Have lov'd so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters, too,
With charms, perchance, as fair to view;
And I would fain have loved as well—
But some unconquerable spell
Forbade my bleeding breast to own
A kindred care for aught but one.

'Twould soothe to take one lingering view
And bless thee in my last adieu;
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
For him who wanders o'er the deep,—
Though wheresoe'er my bark may run,
I love but thee—I love but one.

TO A FRIEND.

Why bid my simple lyre awake,
For thee, its wild untutor'd lay?
What welcome offering can it make?
What can its wild, sad, murmur say.

True I might wish, on thee conferr'd
All that my heart would prize most dear,
But the warm wish that's never heard,
Is often not the less sincere.

And I might strive to win thy praise,
By all the eloquence of art,
But will not friendship's genuine lays
Best please thy warm, ingenuous heart.

And I might sing "forget me not,"
But well I know 'twould be in vain,
For this brief song will be forgot,
Like her whose heart inspires the strain.

For varying scenes, and changing years,
Will bring their changing heart,
Will bring their changes to my mind,
Will pass—nor leave a trace behind.

Yet no! I cannot, will not deem,
My lay will be so soon forgot,
Dream on, my trusty spirit, dream,
Breath my wild lyre—"

For the Southern Chronicle.

BELFAST.

[illegible] to the Belfast the proud seat of science
Where arts and commerce their blessings ex-
pand;
Where liberty's standard is raised in defence
Supported and blest by a patriot band!

History's page will print thee as a Beacon
And guide to the altar of liberty's shrine,
[illegible] patriotic feeling will wake,
[illegible] into extacy, pure as sublime.

[illegible] of Drennan, Terrent, Montgomery,
[illegible] egrity, talent and worth,
Whose [illegible] shed a splendor a halo of glory
Worthy the country that gave them birth.

Their names are an honor, their lives an exam-
ple;
Genius owned them and smiled on their birth;
Their sons may they follow their patriotic ex-
ample,
And Erin wil crown them the noblest of earth

I feel a pride, an ambition, a pleasure
In freedoms blest land, with the sons of the
free,
To tell Erin's wrongs and the sons that oppress
her—
Then point to Belfast, for I glory in thee!

Oh! Athens of Irelaud, thy pure light was given
To lead thee to Freedom, not bind thee
slave
Thy cause is a just one and hallow'd by heaven
Let thy motto be Liberty or Death and
Grave!

C. A.

TRAVELLING FOR PLEASURE.

TOUR TO CANADA.

Swift fly the horses on the road,
For pleasure do we go;
Twelve in a coach, a common load,
A squalling child or two:
Sometimes we're wet,
Sometimes we sweat,
As we for pleasure roam,
But toil and care
We choose to bear,
Rather than stay at home.

The steam boat rushes up the tide,
Rich is the landscape round;
Near to the fertile banks we glide,
No fear of being drowned—
But boilers burst,
And scald we must,
As we for pleasure roam;
Vapour and smoke
Our senses choke,
While borne away from home.

With fragrance sweet, and breezes kind,
The south wind gently blows—
Oppressed with heat, the languid mind
Is lulled into repose.
Now hail-storms rise,
Red lightning flies,
As we for pleasure roam;
And thunders roll
To appal the soul,
While we are far from home.

Worn with fatigue, with aching head,
And visage all forlorn,
We throw our weight upon a bed
Mode of the husks of corn.
Mongst bugs and gnats,
And fleas and rats,
As we for pleasure roam;
Such vermin keep
Our eyes from sleep,
And make us wish for home.

On current smooth, the batteau floats,
By island, point, and bluff,
The song or jest, no care denotes,
The steersman's voice is rough.
See rocks appear,
The rapid's near,
As we for pleasure roam;
With risk of life
We love the strife
Better than quiet home.

To ride an old hack horse is bad;
The slow canal boat's worse—
The jolting calach drives us mad,
And wagoners make us curse.
With bruises, groans,
And broken bones,
[illegible] still for pleasure roam;
[illegible]nd if your ease
[illegible]'t bear all these,
[illegible]'d better stay at home.

HOME INDUSTRY.

Sages convened from delegating States,
Who bear the charge of unborn millions' fates,
From early systems states their habits take,
And morals more than climes a difference make.
Then give to toil a bias, aid his cause,
With all the force and majesty of laws;
While you preside in useful arts direct,
Create new frabrics and the old protect.
Lo! at your word, subdu'd for wondering man,
What mighty elements advance the plan;
While fire and wind obey the master's call,
And water labours in its forcefull fall;
Teach tiny hands with engin'ry to toil,
Cause failing age o'er easy tasks to smile;
First let the loom each liberal thought engage,
Its labours growing with the growing age;
Then true utility with taste allied,
Shall make our homes, an garbs our nation's pride.
See wool the boast of Britain's proudest hour,
is still the basis of her wealth and power;
From her the nations wait their wint'ry robe,
Found half this idle, poor, dependant globe.
Shall we, who foiled her sons in fields of fame,
In peace add glorious triumph to her name?
Shall we, who dar'd assert the rights of man,
Become the vassals of her wiser plan?
Then, rous'd from lethargy, up! men! increase,
In every vale, o every hill, the fleece!
And see the fold with thousands teeming, fills,
With flocks the bleating vales and echoing hills.
Ye harmless people, man your young will tend,
While ye for him your coats superfluous lend.
Him nature form'd with curious pride while bare,
To fence with finery from the piercing air.
This fleece shall draw its azure from the sky,
This drink the purple, that the scarlet dye;
Another where immingling hues are given,
Shall mock the bow with colours dipt in heaven;
Not guarded Colchis gave admiring Greece
So rich a treasure in its golden fleece.
To toil encourag'd, free from tythe and tax,
Ye farmers sow your fields with hemp and flax.
Let these the distaff for the web supply,
Spin on the spool or with the shuttle fly.
But what vile cause retards the public plan?
Why fail the fabrics patriot zeal began!
Must naught but tombs of industry be found,
Prostrated arts expiring on the ground?
Shall we of gewgaws gleaning half the globe,
Disgrace our country with a foreign robe?
Forbid it int'rest, independence, shame,
And blush that kindles bright at honor's flame!
Should peace, like sorcery, with her spells controul,
Our innate springs and energies of soul;
To you Columbian Dames, my accents call,
Oh, save your country from the threatened fall!
Will ye, blest fair, adopt from every zone,
Fantastic fashions noxious in your own!
At wintry balls in gauzy garments drest,
Admit the dire destroyer in your breast?
Oft when nocturnal sports your visage flush,
As gay and heedless to the halls ye rush,
While tiptoe spirits buoy each graceful limb,
Sdown the dance the lovely fair one swim:
Yown neat needle-work improves her bloom,
Cloth'd in the labours of Columbia's loom.

Medfield, January 5.

To dismiss and to welcome, in friendship and fun,
The year that is past, and the year that 's begun,
When wine is so plentiful, sparkling and red
Be sorrow on him that goes sober to bed.

As our Resident's whiskers are turning to grey,
And life, like a vapour, is melting away,
To enjoy it to-night, let us drink, as it drives
Oblivion to creditors, sorrow and wives.

Let lovers of water find *truth* in the well,
Joy lies in the flask like a pearl in the shell:
And I would I had nothing more dismal to do
Than with such compotators to flourish the screw.

So rich a collection of visages queer,
And none of them dismal, will seldom appear—
And I shall myself, ere the chain I resign,
With rubies and carbuncles decorate mine.

The E——r drinks, with the air of a man,
Resolved to replenish as much as he can;
The Publican's eye has a conical twinkle,
And the Counsellor's brow, not a furrow or wrinkle.

Drink each to his Damsel—a lovelier lass
Never sighed o'er a sonnet or smiled in a glass;
A bumper to all—they are worthy the wine,
If others have any resemblance to mine.

A health to the lad who devises new rhyme—
Confusion to hypocrites—plague upon time—
[illegible]y [illegible]-heart that a bumper can thaw,
Success to the CLARGY, and curse upon LAW.

To friends and to foes drink a Happy New Y
And again and again, may we welcome it here—
And long may hypocrisy, strife and sobriety
Be [illegible]ls unknown to our little society.

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

I stood beneath the king of trees,
upon a giant hill,
In Summer's richest vestments clad,
and skirted with a rill.

The orient Sun, with golden beams,
lit up the azure sky;
And from the scattered roofs around
the blue smokes mantled high.

High up to Him who gave it note,
the Lark its matin bore;
And from the copse a thousand throats
paid tribute o'er and o'er.

The bleating flocks and lowing herds
in scattered groups were seen,
Far o'er the vale and distant hills
of nature's richest green.

All nature seemed like Paradise,
so lovely was the view!
Whilst I to every object round
on Fancy's pinions flew.

But, O! to me, how doubly dear;
I saw it when a child:
Here where my youthful gambols played,
in sportive fancy wild.

But where are they with whom I played?
my youthful partners where?
I'll go to every roof around,
for sure they must be there.

And where are they of manly forms?
Lords of their own free soil:
And where are they of snowy locks?
long bowed by age and toil.

Beneath yon roof again I'll seek
the lily and the rose,
The silken locks, and sparkling eyes,
where living Diamond flows.

There age and manhood shall I find,
the matron and her care;
Each feature pictured on my heart,
in living type is there.

To where the blue smokes graceful curled
with eager steps I speed;
But, lo! the change which years had wrought,
the fancied vision fled!

Those hoary heads, to which in youth
I oft had paid the bow,
And many a form in manhood's prime,
had tyrant Time laid low.

The lily and the rose were there,
and many a brilliant eye:
But they the *stranger's* person graced:
I saw them with a sigh.

Those whom the hand of Time had spared,
seem'd chang'd in all but name:
And Nature's charms, so late admir'd,
no longer seem'd the same!

LUX MARIS.

ACROSTIC.

At Freedom's call, to arms he flew;
Now mingled he in bloody fray:
Death to their foes, his Eagles threw:
Red was the strife, but proud the day.
Each Field new Victory did accord,
With Glory for his Country's name;
Just was the cause which bared his sword,
And just his Laurel-wreath of fame.
Call'd now o'er Freemen to preside,
Kindly his Country's voice he hears:
Still he's her Trust, her Boast, her Pride;
On him she rests devoid of fears.
Now, for his Patriot deeds and zeal,
Presides he o'er the Freeman's weal.

DANCING.

An officer, who was quartered in a country
Ann, being once asked to a ball, was observ-
to sit "in sullen sort" in a corner for some
rs. One of the ladies present being desir-
of rousing him with, "Pray, Sir, are you
fond of dancing?"—"I am very fond of
cing, Madam," was the reply, "The
not ask some of the ladies that are d
ened to be your partner, and
They, Madam, to be frank with
one handsom woman in the room.
dy making a slight courtsey left him,
ned her companions, who asking her
ad been her conversation with the Cap-
" It was too good to be repeated in
" said she, "lend me a pencil, and I
y to give you the outline in rhyme."
, Sir, you rashly vow and swear,
'll dance with none that are not fair,
pose we women should dispence
hands to none but men of sense?"
ppose! well Madam, pray what then?"
, Sir, "you'd never dance again."

THE DEVOTED CITY.

Go ye not there—go ye not there—
Though the roses bloom, and the sky is fair;
'Tis a lovely spot on the sunny earth,
But a curse hangs o'er its thoughtless mirth!
The breath of the pestilence fills the air:—
Go ye not there—go ye not there!

See you, yon castle's frowning tower,
That has dared the storm in its fierce power:
The tainted breeze sweeps slowly by,
Where the turreted walls are reared on high;
And a cry is heard—for death is come,
In his fearful might, to the warrior's home.

There are glittering lights in the palace hall,
Where the gay have met for the festival;
The perfumed urns with flowers are crowned;
The sparkling goblet passes round;
And the harps full chord comes swelling on,
In the thrilling numbers of lofty song.

Aye, fill the parting wine cup high—
Ye meet no more for revelry;
Ye have looked your last on the pictured walls—
Ye pass from the proud ancestral halls
To return no more; for the evening air
Has fanned your brow—and Death is there!

The lovely are met in the dancing room,
With their brilliant eyes, and flushing bloom;
Amid festoon'd columns they lightly tread;
And the scented lamps their fragrance shed
O'er their graceful forms, like breath of morn
On the bounding steps of the woodland fawn.

Ye part in smiles—but ye meet no more;
Your step is lost from the checquer'd floor;
The bright and the beautiful pass away,
From the ball room's glow, to the grave's decay;
Spring flow'rs were wreath'd round the fair young brow
That in Death's last sleep lies mouldering now.

When shall ye wake from that sleep again?
Fair ones and dear ones! they call ye in vain:
The cold pale forehead their lips may press—
Alas! ye return not the warm caress;
Life, with the spirit, has passed away—
To the tomb—to the tomb—with the senseless clay.

Go not there—go not there—
Though the lip its winning smile may wear,
Though the cheek with health's rich crimson glows,
'Tis the parting brilliancy sunset throws:
They fade at the breath of the poison'd air—
Go ye not there—go ye not there! [*Nat. I*

"WASHINGTON."

The defender of his country—the founder of liberty—
The friend of man.
History and tradition are explored in vain
For a parallel to his character—
In the annals of modern greatness,
He stands alone,
And the noblest names of antiquity lose their lustre in his presence—
Born the benefactor of mankind,
He united all the qualities necessary
To an illustrious career.—
Nature made him great
He made himself virtuous.—
Called by his country to the defence of her liberties,
He triumphantly vindicated the rights of
And on the pill[illegible] national independence,
Laid the foun[illegible] great republic.—
Twice invest[illegible] supreme magistracy,
By the unanim[illegible] voice of a free people,
He surpassed in the Cabinet
The glories of the field
And voluntarily resigning the sceptre and the sword,
Retired to the shades of private life.—
A spectacle so new and so sublime
Was contemplated with the profoundest admiration;
And the name of Washington,
Adding new lustre to humanity,
Resounded to the remotest regions of the earth.—
Magnanimous in youth,—
Glorious through life,—
Great in death;—
His highest ambition, the happiness of mankind—
His noblest victory, the conquest of himself.
Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his Fame,
And building his monument in the hearts of his countrymen,
He lived, the ornament of the 18th century,
He died—regretted by a mourning world.—

The following humorous lines are from a number of the Boston Telegraph for 1801. The application of the Chief Justice for a few blank writs was a most unpromising subject for poetry, yet it is no unfavorable specimen of wit. The effusion is in that style of sportive ease, which indicates, that the writer, "lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came."

The application of Prentiss Mellen, Esq. to the Clerk, for a dozen of blank Writs.

'Squire Sewall, Sir,—be pleas'd to lend me,
Or give me—or at least to send me,
Twelve blanks of Court of Common Pleas,
Touch'd off on paper as smooth as grease,
With the great name of your great honor
Stuck down, to sanction, at one corner:
I want them soon, to keep law going,
For law sets other blessings flowing—
Because, of love of ready rino
Is th' root of evil, you and I know—
Law scatters wide this evil stuff,
Till the poor souls hav'nt half enough
To keep their bodies from the gaol,
So by next post, sir, do not fail
To frank them without farther telling,
And you'll oblige your friend P. Mellen.

The CLERK'S *Answer.*

'Squire Mellen, Sir, see here I send yo
[illegible] court writs; whi[illegible]
and [illegible]

THE SILENT MULTITUDE.

For we are many in our Solitudes.
LAMENT OF TASSO.

A mighty and a mingled throng
Were gathered in one spot:
The Dwellers of a thousand Homes—
Yet midst them Voice was not.

The Soldier and his Chief were there—
The Mother and her Child:
The Friends, the Sisters of one hearth—
None spoke—none moved—none smiled.

There lovers met, between whose lives
Years had swept darkly by:
After that heart-sick hope deferr'd—
They met—but silently.

You might have heard the rustling leaf,
The breeze's faintest sound,
The shiver of an insect's wing
On that thick-peopled ground.

Your voice to whispers would have died
For the deep quiet's sake:
Your tread to the softest moss have sought
Such stillness not to break.

What held the countless Multitude
Bound in that spell of peace?
How could the ever-sounding life
Amid so many cease?

Was it some pageant of the air—
Some glory high above,
That link'd and hush'd those human souls
In reverential love?

Or did some burdening passion's weight
Hang on their indrawn breath?
Awe—the pale awe that freezes words?
Fear—the strong fear of Death?

A mightier thing—Death, Death himself
Lay on each lonely heart!
Kindred were there—yet hermits all,
Thousands—but each apart.

FELICIA

THE MANIAC LOVER.

I gazed upon her lovely form,
As all alone she strayed;
Regardless of the piercing storm,
She wondered undismayed.

I looked upon her pallied face,
As she glanced heedless by;
But no one feature could I trace,
Save her dark vacant eye.

But tho' that eye with beauty beam'd,
The tear that from it softly stole,
And o'er her cheek in torrents stream'd
Bespoke her suffering soul,

And where, said I, unhappy maid,
Dost thou thus lonely rove?
She started, and then calmly said,
"I go to yonder grove.

"For look—behold yon aged tree;
"Beneath its coooling shade
"Reposes all that's dear to me—
"For there my Williams' laid."

And when these solemn words he spoke
She quickly bent her way,
Once more to see the well known oak,
Where her dear William lay.

I thought my bleeding heart would brea
And looked in sorrow on her fate
I hoped she might with me return,
But ah! I came, alas, too late!

No sooner had she reach'd the sod,
Than prostrate bent in prayer—
With one last offering to her God,
She too lay lifeless there!

And now 'long-side her William laid,
The loved Lucrecia lies,
And in her tomb it has been said
The love flower* never dies.

Nor never will her memory die,
While men have hearts to love
For virtue, truth ynd constancy,
Will plead her cause alone!

Mc.

* A flower which by the peasantry of the Isl
of Man is supposed to bloom only on the grav
of true lovers.

TO ———.

are thee well love; do not repine,
Ah, wilt thou not those tears restrain?
Say, why that rending sigh of thine,
We part, but soon shall meet again!—

Yes, meet again love; doubt it not,
For tho' the ocean rolled between,
Thou would'st ne'er be by me forgot,
My souls delight; my daily theme!

O, should I e'er inconstant prove,
Or cause thy gentle bosom pain,
May HE who gives; withhold his love,
And treat me thence with cold disdain!

But no! I never can forget;
The vow is made, my heart's as true
As when in youth's blessed hour we met,
And still as fondly turns to you.

The compass wafted by the breeze,
Where summer more intently burns,
Is still the same, thro' distant seas,
Still truly to its idol turns.

So too with me wherever driven,
What e'er my lonely lot may be,

My every thought this side of Hear
Will be more calm, more pure for

Then wipe away that tear, my love;
One prayer to Heaven for thee;
On Angels wings will soar above,
To guard and shelter thee!

Then fare thee well! one fond embrace;
Believe me dearest tho' we part
Time never, never can erase
Thy memory from this bleeding heart!

Dr
Bre

THE VALE OF TEARS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

I.

In visions which are not of night, a shady vale
I see,
The path of pilgrim tribes who are, who have
been, or shall be;
At either end are lowering clouds, impervious
to the sight,
And frequent shadows veil, throughout, each
gleam of passing light;
A path it is of joy and griefs, of many hopes
and fears;
Gladdened at times by sunny smiles, but oft-
ener dimmed by tears.

II.

Green leaves are there—they quickly fade;
bright flowers—but soon they die;
Its banks are laved by pleasant streams—but
soon their bed is dry;
And some that roll on to the last with undi-
minished force,
Have lost that limpid purity which graced
their early source,
They seem to borrow in their flow the tinge of
darkening years,
And e'en their mournful murmuring sound be-
fits the vale of tears.

III.

Pleasant that valley's opening scenes appear
to childhood's view;
The flowers are bright, the turf is green, the
sky above is blue;
A blast may blight, a beam may scorch, a
cloud may intervene,
But lightly marked, and soon forgot, they mar
not such a scene;
Fancy still paints the future bright, and
the present cheers,
Nor can we deem the path we tread leads
through a vale of tears.

IV.

But soon, too soon, the flowers that decked
our early pathway-side,
Have drooped and withered on their stalks,
and one by one have died;
The turf by noon's fierce heat is seared, the
sky is overcast,
There's thunder in the torrent's tone, and
tempest in the blast;
Fancy is but a phantom found, and Hope a
dream appears,
And more and more our hearts confess this
life a vale of tears.

V.

Darker and darker seems the path! how sad
to journey on,
When hands and hearts which gladdened our's
appear forever gone;
Some cold in death, and some, alas! we fan-
cied could not chill,
Living to self, and to the world, to us seem
colder still;
With mournful retrospective glance we look
to brighter years,
And tread with solitary steps the thorny vale
of tears.

VI.

Then wasting pain and slow disease trace fur-
rows on the brow,
The grasshopper, alighting down, is felt a bur-
then now.
The silver chord is loosening fast its feeb
slender hold,
The fountain's pitcher soon must b
bowl of purer gold;
Oh! were it not for that blest Hope
ven death endears,
How weary were our pilgrimage thr
dark vale of tears.

TO MISS S. P.

We'll meet again some starry night
Beside that shining river,
Why should thine heart be else than ligh
We part, but not forever.

Where'er it be my fate to roam,
By foreign shore, or varied sea,
Full oft my heart will dwell on home,
And still be one long dream of thee.

Then clear that dark'ning brow of thine,
Nor let thy fond lip quiver;
Why tremble thus thy hands in mine—
We part, but not forever.

O that for thee my breath were balm,
And I would breathe it all on thee;
ne'er before was heart so calm
thine, my love, my life, should be.

EPITAPH.

Oh shade rever'd! this frail memorial
Is all, alas! thy sorrowing child can
On this faint stone to mark thy parent
And claim the spot that holds the sainted

This clay cold shrine, the corpse unshrouded
here,
This holy hillock bath'd with many a tear,
Those kindred flowers that on thy bosom grow,
Fed with the specious dust which lies below;

E'en those rude brambles which embrace thy
head,
And the green sod that forms thy sacred bed,
Are richer, dearer, to this filial heart,
Than all the monuments of proudest art.

Yet, yet a little, and thy child shall come
To join a mother, in this decet tomb.
This only spot of all the world is mine,
And soon my dust, sweet saint! shall mix with
thine!

THE BLUSH.

Roseate tint of purest virtue,
Bloom ethereal, blush divine!
Bidding by thy sweet suffusion,
Loveliness more lovely shine!

More than beauty's fairest feature,
More than form's more perfect grac
Touching the fond heart, and giving
Softest charms to every face!

Test of quick empassioned feelings;
Jewel, in the dower of youth;
Modesty's unquestioned herald;
Pledge of innocence and truth;

Infant passion's varying banner;
Trembling consciousness desplayed!
Rover seize the fleeting meteor;
Catch the rainbow, ere it fade!

THE THORNLESS ROSE.

Oh, who amid the varied flowers,
That temptingly their charm disclose
In Pleasure's paths or Beauty's bowers,
Hath ever found the Thornless Rose

The flower of most unearthly bloom,
That in man's desert pathway blows
Is that of Love—but, ah! by whom
Hath Love been found a Thornless

Ask those who fondly to thy breast
(Too fondly for their heart's repose)
That falsest fairest flower have pressed,
If Love *has* proved a Thornless Rose!

Yet blooms that Rose of Eden here:
'Tis in the friendship found of those
Whom time have tried, and rendered dear—
Yes! Friendship *is* life's Thornless Rose.

TO MISS S. P.

Dearest! much I fear 'twill grieve thee
When I swear (yet oh! believe me,)
By those eyes, whose heavenly glance
Can make the heart of age e'en dance,
Though Cupid's arrows thence are shot,
That for those eyes I love thee not.

Nor for those flowing locks of gold,
Thy ivory forehead which infold;
Though their ambrosial odors breath,
And Love's thin murtle garlands wreath;
Tho' their various beauties move me,
Yet for them I do not love thee.

Though lilies with the rose combine,
To decorate those cheeks of thine;
Though blushes like the rising moon,
With modest tints those cheeks adorn;
Though Envy's self could not abhor them,
Yet I do not love thee for them.

I do not love thee for those soft
And coral lips I've kissed so oft,
The eagle's wings like a guard, inclose
That tongue, whence such soft music flo
As might the senseless savage move,
And death itself awake to love.

No—'tis not for those eyes divine,
That with such 'witching brightness
It is nor for thy locks as bright,
Thy cheeks beloved in Envy's spite,
Thy lips whence Orphean numbers fa
dear, I love thee FOR THEM ALL.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser

PEGGY GREEN—A BALLAD.

Miss Peggy Green a seamstress was,
In person tall and lean,
Though forty-five and dying fast,
She still remained *Green!*

Was she accomplished! could she play
Upon the Pi-a-no—
Speak French—Italian—do you ask?
I answer, "she could *sew!*"

No wonder then that lovers two
For her in sorrow wasted
Long sleepless nights—for grievously
Their hearts Miss Green had *basted!*

Jem Stich the tailor (he was one)
With love whose heart did glow,
All for this maid of forty five,
Who had treated him—*sew sew!*

"And wilt thou be my duck?" quoth Jem
Says she "'twould be no use,
For me to be a tailor's duck,
I'd rather be his *goose!*"

"Ah cruel Peg!" cried Jemmy Stich,
Of all my hopes, the root,
My heart is *cut*, by love's *sharp shears*,
Oh! do not scorn my *suit!*"

But love's warm breath, it could not thaw
His forty five years frost;
Says she, "your hopes are like your legs,
They're made for to be *crossed!*"

And soon poor Stich, he waxed thin,
His coats like shirts did sit;
Quoth he, "if I should go off now,
'Twould not be in a *fit!*"

He sickened fast—his pulse was low,
Distress his cheeks did ravage;
He ate no food, save now and then
He tried a little *cabbage!*

Will Wax, the cobbler, pined for her,
He too, grew [illegible]
By reason of [illegible]
Who w[illegible]

He loved her quite as ardently,
But with as little use—
He wore a *Peg* stuck in his heart,
And *pegs* stuck in his *shoes!*

"My love," cried he, "for Peggy Green,
It knows of no control;
Her name is written in my heart,
And graven on my *sole!*"

He sighed in vain—she flouted him
With scorn he deeply felt,
His flowers killed by cruel frost,
Did soon began to *welt!*

But when she saw their love so true,
Nor choose she knew not which;
For days she nothing did but think,
The fourth day saw her *Stich!*

Now it was not long before
Wax heard the woful news,
And, Jemmy Stich his rival was,
Him standing in his *shoes!*

His heart was broken, when he saw things
Had come to such a pass;
"My days are numbered now!" sigh'd he;
"And near me is my *last!*"

In vain to him the doctors did,
Their pills and physic send;
He failed apace—his eyes grew dim,
And nearer *wax'd* his *end!*

"Alack a day! he cried, is she
To me forever lost!
I cannot—cannot give up Peg,
And then gave up the ghost!

Now Mr. Stich, and Mrs. Stich,
Increased in joy and riches;
And soon forgot poor Willy Wax,
Whilst tending *little stitches.*

MISCELLANY.

A BURIAL AT SEA.

[illegible]

'Weep not for her.'

Weep not for her—she was too pure
For such a world as this:
No breath of guilt had dared to mar
Her spirit's holiness;
But, sinless as the golden flowers
That yield their breath in tropic bowers,
Or the bright germs that span the sky,
Her few, but joyous years went by.

Weep not for her—her life was like
Long months of polar light,
That glide in fadeless beauty on,
Undarkened by the night.
She lived not to behold the dearth
Of friendship at the social hearth,
Or, with a crushed and baffled heart,
To bid hope's darling dreams depart.

Weep not for her—she did not die
As those who ne'er had known
The bliss communing spirits feel
At a Redeemer's throne.
She clung not to the things of time,
Though prospects dawned for her sublime;
For faith revealed a Father's love,
Preparing deathless joys above.

Weep not for her—she passed away
Like music on the sea,
When wave to answering wave imparts
The dying melody—
Like rainbow hues, that leave the earth
To seek the fount that gave them birth,
Or the sweet cherub forms which bear
Their bright wings to the lower air.

Weep not for her—the glorious bands
Of Heaven surround her now;
The wreath of immortality
Sits smiling on her brow.
O, rather give thy tears to those
O'er whom long life its shadow throws,
Whose cares, and griefs, and follies must
Weigh down the spirit to the dust. J. H.

STANZAS,

Come from thy home in the far blue sky,
Spirit of beauty, and love, and song!
Hang on thy airy pinions nigh
When the dreams of wayward fancy throng;
Give them a brighter and gayer hue,
Shape them to forms of finer mould,
Fairer than ever painter drew,
Brighter than all the gods of old.

Lead me to that delicious clime,
Where the Anana swells and glows;
Lay me beneath the flowering lime,
Where the dew in drops of nectar flows;
There let the visions of beauty rise,
And float in fairy trains away,
Bright as their own unclouded skies,
And rich as the parting light of day.

Bring to my heart the melting tone,
Once so sweet to my lingering ear;
Tho' the days of youth have flown,
Still that tone to my heart is dear:
Now it seems to murmer by,
Soft as the wind in a bed of flowers;
Now the falling whispers die;
Gone is the dream of my fairest hours.

Dimly the visions of beauty fade,
Like the cloud that melts in the evening air,
When its colours vanish shade by shade,
Till the blue of the sky alone is there;
Ere they have wholly faded, throw,
Spirit of beauty! one glance to me,
Bright as the last and fullest glow
Of the setting sun on the golden sea. P.

Among the early amusements of his Lordship, were swimming and managing a boat, in both of which he is said to have acquired great dexterity even in his childhood. In his aquatic exercises near Newstead Abbey, he had seldom any other companion than a large Newfoundland dog, to try whose sagacity and fidelity he would sometimes fall out of the boat, as if by accident, when the dog would seize him and drag him ashore. On losing this dog, in the autumn of 1808, his Lordship caused a monument to be erected, commemorative of its attachment, with an inscription, from which we extract the following lines:

"Ye who, perchance, behold this simple urn
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn!
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise—
I never knew but one, and here he lies."

POETRY.

SUNSET MEDITATIONS.

Tell Fortune of her blindness,
Tell Nature of decay,
Tell Friendship of unkindness,
And Justice of delay.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

The sun goes ploughing down the seas
Of glory in the gorgeous west;
The deep, unruffled by a breeze,
Through all its waves is hush'd to rest;
Silence is on the mountain's breast,
And slumber in the stirless grove;
As here, an unaccustom'd guest,
Beneath these aged elms I rove.

Trees of my boyhood! to my mind
Ye conjure far-departed scenes,
And, as fond Memory looks behind,
Though many a dim year intervenes,
The past awakens; brightly greens
Time's faded landscapes on my view,
And Hope, even yet, confiding, leans
On what seemed firm, and proved untrue.

Again I roam the fields of youth,
How sweet of scents, how bright of bloom!
Warm boyhood, with its heart of truth,
Is there; and faces, which the tomb
Enshrouded long ago, illume
The prospect with their living smiles;
Even now, from out Oblivion's womb,
Its varnish'd phantoms Fancy wiles.

How sweet the evening gleams and glows—
The homeward sea-mews flit around—
The ocean breathes a calm repose,
Unrippled, and without a sound.
Peaks of the west! the scene ye bound,
Illumed above, but dark beneath—
The sun glares o'er the blue profound,
A giant smiling even in death!

Oh Nature, when our eyes survey
The priceless charms thou hast in store,
Art's tinsel trappings fade away,
We learn to love thee more and more;
There is a pleasure on the shore,
And beauty in the leafy wood,
Which bid the baffled heart deplore,
That e'er for guilt was barter'd good!

Alas! too late we feel and know,
That pleasure in our souls must dwell;
That pomp is only gilded wo:
And Flattery's voice a tinkling bell;
In vain would Passion's bosom swell
Against the fate we sought and found;
The soul that sleeps in Error's cell,
Awakes in Misery's fetters bound!

THE POET'S RETREAT.

[illegible] not in stately halls, or gilded rooms,
[illegible] crowded city, would I dwell with thee!
[illegible]t in a lowly cottage, not so high
[illegible]t that the jessamine could reach the roof,
[illegible]nd in a lonely valley, paint thee, love!
[illegible] small white dwelling, in a paradise
[illegible]f many-colored flowers at the door
[illegible]hould be a little porch of honeysuckle;
The lattices should have no other blinds
Than branches of red roses. In the room
A lute be placed, whose music should be heard
Together with the woodlark's evening song;
Fresh Flowers in green rush baskets; and some books,
O'er which the Spirit of sweet Poesy
Had shed his soul of beauty and of passion;
And landscapes on the walls—landscapes that gave
The skies of other nations—rock and storm,
And mountain-torrent—and black woods, where dwell
The dark banditti; so that we might prize
Still more the quiet of our own calm home.
Our garden should be beautiful—but ours
The only hands that made it beautiful.
We would be proud of it. Our crocuses
(Those golden promisers of April's wealth)
Should be first in Spring, and ours the rose
That bloomed the last in autumn. In the shade
Of an old ash, whose boughs hung o'er a bed
Of purple violets, we'd place our hive
Of bees, and plant a sweet briar by the stand.
Around, the country should be pleasant fields,
Corn and green meadows, and their hedges rich
With the luxuriant May and wilding rose;
And in the summer time wood strawberries,
Mixed with the azure bird's-eye at their roots.
Away, yet still the village should be seen
Visible, peeping from the tall elm trees,
With its white church and sunset-gilded spire.
And there should be a little brook, o'erhung
With graceful willows, and the water lily
Upon its calm cold surface; and at noon
Its ripple would come musical and low,
Mixed with the wood-dove's plaining to her mate.
I could be happy any where with thee!
But this, dear love!—this would be paradise!

WELLINGTON'S NAME.

Irish Air—Words by Moore.

While History's Muse the memorial was weeping
Of all that the dark hand of destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.
But, Oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light,
That illum'd all the volume, her Wellington's name!

"Hail, star of my Isle," said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies;
"Through ages of sorrow deserted and darkling,
I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
For though Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame;
But, Oh! there is not
One dishonoring blot
On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name!

"And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest, e'en thou hast yet known;
Tho' proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
And bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood,
Let the rain-bow of Hope, be her Wellington's name!"

TO CALANTHE.

And thou hast gone, Calanthe! thou hast gone!
Flow on ye swelling billows—for my soul
Is desolate as Eyam—flow ye on!
Pile up thy surges, sea, and blow thou wind,
And waft me—waft me fleetly, my proud bark,
From all I love on earth—from all I hate.
Oh, my Calanthe, must thy sunny glance
Be stayed with tears---and thy transparent brow
Be pressed with burning fingers---must thy cheek
Lose its deep rose hues---and thy bounding step
Forget its chaste agility---must thy voice
Be lulled to angel whispers---and thy smiles
Be changed to pensive sadness---and thy *soul*,---
Oh, my Calanthe, must that thrilling soul,
Lose its wild impulses, its lofty thoughts---
Its passionate outpourings—its *first love!*

Oceans must roll between us---and long years
Will steal away my boyhood---and a change
Will come upon my features, but my heart---
Oh no, Calanthe, that for aye is thine.

But thou as yet art but a rosy girl,
A creature full of purity and love—
Unskilled in all the changes of the heart,
Unpractised in forgetfulness. I know
Thou hast no dream of changing---that thy love
Is wildly deep and deeply passionate.
The flash of thy blue eye whene'er we met---
The gush upon thy forehead---and the thrill
That startled thro' thy bosom---the chaste kiss
Of thy unsullied lips---the stronger clasp
Of thy unconscious fingers---and the shriek
That thrill'd my soul at parting, told me this.

Yet I *may* be forgotten---do not start---
Thou knowest not the changes of stern time,
And thou art young Calanthe—and the world—
It is a cruel world, my gentle girl--
May win thy memories away from me.
But strive not to forget me—think of me
When Phœbus rises, and when Dian shines--
When Hesperus looks down without the moon,
And when thine eyes are closed, oh dream of me
All this I'll do for thee Calanthe—all,
And now—forget me not—again Farewell!

THE FAITHLESS HUSBAND.

PERCIVAL.

He comes not—I have watch'd the moon go down,
But yet he comes not—once it was not so,
He thinks not how these bitter tears doth flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep;
And he will wake my infant from its sleep.
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
O! how I love a mother's watch to keep,
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which cheers
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fixed and deep.
I had a husband once, who loved me—now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
As bees, from laurel flowers a poison sip;
But yet cannot hate—O! there were hours,
When I could hang forever on his eye,
And time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strewed, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I lov'd him then—he loved me too—My heart
Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile;
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;
And though he often stung me with a dart,
Venom'd and barb'd, and wastes upon the vile
Caresses, which his babe and mine should share;
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness—and should sickness come, and lay
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
I would with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep and say,
How injured and how faithful I had been.

Farewell, dear Old England! thy white cliffs are flushing
In sunset's last ray as they glide from our view;
Home of our hopes! what fond tears are gushing,
As we pour forth our blessings and heartfelt adieu.

How sweet are the scenes fond Memory is bringing,
Thy vales and thy woods, and thy meadows' rich store;
Thy rough hills and mountains, and old ocean flinging
His cool breezy arms round thy rock-girdled shore.

There is our childhood's home, there where life's dawning,
'Mid youth's merry sportings, paternal love blest;
Where a Mother's fond smile was the light of each morning,
And there is the grave, where we laid her to rest.

And there are the warm hearts from whom we must sever,
Whose love long hath blest us, whose prayers still pursue;
Where in our wanderings, oh, where shall we ever
Find others so generous, so tried, and so true?

Farewell, blest Old England! thy white cliffs are flushing
In sunset's last rays, as they fade from our view;
Land of our Fathers! what fond tears are gushing,
As we pour forth our blessings and heartfelt adieu!

TO MARY.

I have lov'd, I have lov'd, be my witness high heaven,
How pure in my heart that feeling still glows;
And if it is wrong I'm sure I'm forgiven,
For pure in its source to my Mary it flows,
And ever will flow as the stream never dries
While the fountain that feeds it, it's water supplies.
Oh! thou art the fountain, the pulse of this heart,
I but know that I love thee, all pure as thou art;
And to live still to bless thee and die by thy side
The first wish of my heart my ambition and pride;
But why breathe a wish or call upon heaven,
To witness the purest the holiest flame
That was e'er felt on earth or cancelled in heaven
As pure as the peris to Edin that came.
Yes Mary I have lov'd thee; now call on the muses
To string the wild lyre, to love and to song
A poets soft theme may some feeling inspire—
Your heart may be won ere the poet's is gone!

G. A.

A hundred years hence?
What a change will be made
In politics, morals,
Religion and trade!
In statesmen who wrangle
Or ride on the fence—
How things will be alter'd
A hundred years hence!

SERENADE.

From Neele's Romance of History.

Wake, lady, wake,—the midnight moon
Sails through the cloudless skies of June;
The stars gaze sweetly on the stream,
Which, in the brightness of their beam,
One sheet of glory lies.
The glow-worm lends its little light,
And all that's beautiful and bright
Is shining, on our world to-night,
Save thy bright eyes!

Wake, lady, wake,—the nightingale
Tells to the moon her love-lorn tale!
Now doth the brook that's hush'd by day
As through the vale she winds her way,
In murmurs sweet rejoice;
The leaves, by the soft night wind stirr'd,
Are whispering many a gentle word,
And all earth's sweetest sounds are heard,
Save thy sweet voice!

Wake, lady, wake,—thy lover waits!—
Thy steed stands saddled at the gates!
Here is a garment rich and rare,
To wrap thee from the cold night air;
The appointed hour is flown,—
Danger and doubt have vanish'd quite,—
Our way before is clear and right,—
And all is ready for the flight,—
Save thou alone!

Wake, lady, wake,—I have a wreath,
Thy broad fair brow shall rise beneath;
I have a ring that must not shine
On any finger, love, but thine!
I've kept my plighted vow.
Beneath thy casement here I stand,
To lead thee by thy own white hand,
Far from this dull and captive strand,
But where art thou?

TWILIGHT HOUR.

At twilight hour, I love to steal,
Unseen, unheard, where none are near,
To nurse the pensive pain I feel,
And shed alone fond memory's tear.

At that loved hour sad thoughts arise,
Of friends, by absence made more dear,
Fond cherish'd hopes, long sever'd ties,
And blighted feelings, cold and sear.

Then thought reverts to other days,
Sweet tones are heard, loved forms appear
And memory tells of other lays,
Breathed to fond friendship's list'ning ear.

To clasp the hand, in thought I fly,
Which never coldly met with mine,
And read the greeting of that eye,
Oh! fancy, 'twas a dream of thine.

Yet, do I love the twilight hour,
For thought, a soothing balm can bring,
And fancy's sweet and soothing power,
Blunts, kindly, memory's poignant sting.

TO SARAH.

It is not for us, my Sarah to know,
What Fortune hereafter with each may do;
Or whom, when we choose a companion for life,
She'll give you for a husband or me for a wife,
These important affairs lie so far at a distance,
That no present care can give any assistance:
But I'm certain of this, that Sarah is pretty,
And what's more to me, both good humor'd and witty;
And though I can boast no such charms of my own,
Yet I've an honest fond heart, and not quite a drone.

Let us build on this stock, and our wisdom employ,
To crown every hour and each moment with joy.
Solemn courtship hath oft a sad mixture of strife,
But love, my dear girl, adds a relish to life:
Let us taste its best sweets while we smile on each other,
With the harmless endearments of sister and brother:
And when reading together, our authors improve.
By modest caresses of innocent love.
Of present enjoyments we e'en make the best,
And leave our kind stars to take care of the rest.
Thus we'll make all the pleasures of friendship run pure,
And leave all the dregs to the grave and demure:
If e'er it should happen that vapours should rise,
To ruffle our brows, or to sadden our eyes;
If once in a month you should fly from my arms.
And I should look stupid on all your bright charms.
We'll have no after-reckonings to add to the debt,
But good humor, with love, shall forgive and forget.
When after a few merry months we must part,
Tho' we feel for a day some fond flutterings of heart,
Yet we will not indulge to excesses of grief,
Since so obvious a thought may give instand relief:
Some much better James may languish for thee,
And a second dear Sarah may smile upon me.

TO SARAH.

One tear, and it will be my last—
One kiss—I'll bear it to my tomb!
One kind embrace—'twill soon be past—
And then DESPAIR shall be my doom!

Have we not loved—more passionate
Than saintly spirits do love?
And must we part—oh wretched fate!
As though we ne'er had felt that love?

One parting *kiss*—we'll make it worth
Whole hours, aye, years of elder gladness
Oh who would think at passion's birth!
That passion should be turned to sadness

Thou wilt not grant my lonely boon—
Thou wilt not?—why then fare thee well
We ne'er shall meet beneath the moon,
Again *our vows of love* to tell—

We ne'er shall call the list'ning heaven,
Again to witness to our truth—
The bond of early faith is riven
Aye broken in its hour of youth!

But fare thee well—it is forever!
And wilt thou sometimes think on me?
Thy form shall never—ah, no never,
Flee from my book of m[illegible]

LOVE.

Man's love is like a cloud in spring,
Floating on the buoyant air,
Propelled along like bird on wing
By every breeze,—no matter where.

Woman's love, like the immovable rock
Surrounded by the swelling main,
Resists the mighty tempests shock,
Beating 'gainst its base in vain.

Man loves, and roves regardless where,
In every land he thinks to find
Some new and fairer object there,
To please his poor capricious mind.

Woman loves, and that love burns so pure,
That nothing on earth can dim its light
Thro' the trials and troubles we so oft in
Her constancy shines more brilliant
bright.

Man's love indeed "is but a name,"
That fades just like the passing
But woman's love is still the same
Unchanged thro' life it ends in

LOVE NOT.

ve not, love not! ye hapless sons of clay—
lope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers:
ngs that are made to fade and fall away—
re they have blossom'd for a few short hours—
Love not!

ve not! love not! the thing you love may *die*—
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth—
e silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
eam on its grave, as once upon its birth—
Love not!

ve not! love not! the thing you love may change,
he rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
e kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,
he heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
Love not!

e not! love not! oh warning vainly said;
n present hours, as in years gone by—
ve flings a halo round the dear one's head,
aultless—immortal—till they change or die.
Love not!

THE WARRIOR.

comes from the wars, from the red field of fight,
comes through the storm and the darkness of night,
rest and for refuge now fain to implore;
e warrior bends low at the cottager's door.

e, pale is his cheek and there's wounds on his brow;
locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow,
d the fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eye,
e a languishing lamp that just flashes to die.

k in silence and sleep in the cottager's bed,
livion shall visit the war-weary head;
chance he may d— but the vision shall tell
his lady-love's bowe— and her latest farewell.

his thoughts on the pinions of fancy shall roam,
d in slumber revisit his love and his home,
here the eyes of affection with tenderness gleam:
! who would awake from so blissful a dream.

SUNSET.

y sets in glory, and the glowing air
Seems dreaming in delight; peace reigns around,
ve where some beetle starteth here and there
From the shut flowers that kiss the dewy ground;
burning ocean, stretching vast and far
The parting banners of the king of light,
eams round the temples of each living star
That cometh forth in beauty with the night:
he west seems now like some illumined hall,
Where beam a thousand torches in their pride,
if to light the joyous carnival
Held by the bright sun and his dark-robed bride,
hose cloudy arms are round his bosom press'd
s with her thousand eyes she woos him to his rest!

SWEARING.

espise the youth with accents on his tongue
erides his God,—e'en while his days are young;—
ho seems Religion, that with generous hand,
ers to guide him to a happier land,
who would careless lisp his Maker's name,
ll by dishonest means, get earthly gain;
et he would others to the sin allure—
asing God's most sacred signature!

THE DYING IMPROVISATORE."

"My heart shall be pour'd over thee—and break."
Prophecy of Dante

The spirit of my land!
visits me once more!—though I must die
ar from the myrtles which thy breeze hath fann'd
My own bright Italy!

is, it is thy breath,
ted, 's my soul e'en yet, as wavering flame
who by the wind;—in life and death
I, as mbling, yet the *same*!
V. I. t Love's quenchless power
30 ft my voice to fill thy summer sky,
of gh the groves its dying music shower,
0 to Italy!

ex- ghtingale is there,
in- beam's glow, the citron-flower's perfume
th-wind's whisper in the scented air—
pi- not pi erce the tomb!

n- ; oh! never more,
on Rome's purple Heaven mine eye shall
well
ch the bright waves melt along thy shore—
Italy, farewell!

le
of s!—thy hills among,
I but left a memory of my name,
ove and Grief one deep, true fervent song,
nto immortal Fame!

But like a lute's brief tone,
ke arose-odour on the breezes cast,
ike a swift flush of day spring, seen and gone,
So hath my spirit pass'd!

Pouring itself away,
As a wild bird amidst the foliage turns
That which within him triumphs heats or burns,
into a fleeting lay;

That swells, and floats, and dies,
aving no echo to the summer woods,
the rich breathings and impassioned sighs,
Which thrill'd their solitudes.

Yet, yet remember me!
ends! that upon its murmurs oft have hung,
hen from thy bosom, joyously and free,
The fiery fountain sprung.

the dark rich blue
ht heavens, and on the star-lit sea,
woods kindle into spring's first hue,
ends, remember me!

e marble halls:
full grow the dreams of beauty wear,
ughts embodied light the walls,
th you there.

ind for you,
all glorious things to dwell;
sounds name renew—
bright La farewell!

Mrs. Hemans.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

"I have seen an end of all perfection."

I have seen a man in the glory of his days and the pride of his strength. He was built like the tall cedar that lifts its head above the forest trees; like the strong oak that strikes its root deeply into the earth. He feared no danger—he felt no sickness. His mind was vigorous like his body, he was perplexed at no intricacy, he was daunted at no difficulty; into hidden things he searched, and what was crooked he made plain. He went forth fearlessly upon the face of the mighty deep; he surveyed the nations of the earth; he measured the distances of the stars, and called them by their names; he gloried in the extent of his knowledge, in the vigour of his understanding, and strove to search even into what the Almighty had concealed.—And when I looked on him I said, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and amiable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!"

I returned—his look was no more lofty nor his step proud; his broken frame was like some ruined tower; his hairs were white and scattered; and his eyes gazed vacantly upon what was passing around him. The vigor of his intellect was wasted, and of all that he had gained by study nothing remained. He feared when there was no danger, and when there was no sorrow he wept. His memory was decayed and treacherous, and showed him only broken images of the glory that was departed. His house was to him like a strange land, and his friends were counted as enemies; and he thought himself strong and healthful while his foot tottered on the verge of the grave. He said of his son—he is my brother; of his daughter I know her not; and enquired what was his own name. And one who supported his own steps, and ministered to his many wants, said to me, as I looked on the melancholy scene,—"Let thine heart receive instruction, for thou hast seen an end of all earthly perfection."

I have seen a beautiful female treading the first stages of youth and entering joyfully into the pleasures of life. The glance of her eye was variable and sweet, and on her cheek trembled something like the first blush of the morning; her lips moved, and there was harmony; when she floated in the dance, her light form like the aspen seemed to move with every breeze. I returned—but she was not in the dance; I sought her in the gay circle of her companions, but I found her not. Her eyes sparkled not there—the music of her voice was silent—she rejoiced on earth no more. I saw a train sable and slow paced, who bore sadly to an open grave what once was animated and beautiful. They paused as they approached, and a voice broke the awful silence:—"Mingle ashes with ashes, and dust with its original dust. To the earth, whence she was first taken, consign we the body of our sister." They covered her with the damp soil, and the solid clods of the valley: and the worms crowded into her silent abode. Yet one sad mourner lingered, to cast himself upon the grave, and as he wept he said. "There is no beauty, or grace, or loveliness that continueth in man: for this is the end of all glory and perfection."

I have seen an infant with a fair brow, and a frame like polished ivory. Its limbs were pliant in its sports; it rejoiced, and again it wept; but whether its glowing cheek dimpled with smiles, or its blue eye was brilliant with tears, still I said to my heart, 'It is beautiful.'—It was like the first pure blossom which some cherished plant has shot forth, whose cup is filled with a dew-drop, and whose head reclines upon its parent stem.

I again saw this child when the lamp of reason first dawned in its mind. Its soul was gentle and peaceful; its eye sparkled with joy, as it looked round on this good and pleasant world. It ran swiftly in the ways of knowledge—it bowed its ear to instruction—it stood like a lamb before its teachers. It was not proud, or envious, or stubborn, and it had never heard of the vices and vanities of the world. And when I looked upon it, I remembered that our Saviour had said, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

But the scene was changed, and I saw a man whom the world called honorable; and many waited for his smiles. They pointed out the fields that were his, and talked of the silver and gold that he had gathered: they admired the stateliness of his domes, and extolled the honour of his family.—And his heart answered secretly, 'By my wisdom have I gotten all this,' so he returned no thanks to God, neither did he fear or serve him. And as I passed along I heard the complaints of the laborers who had reaped down the fields, and the cries of the poor whose covering he had taken away; but the sound of feasting and revelry was in his apartments, and the unfed beggar came tottering from his door.—But he considered not that the cries of the oppressed were continually entering in the ears of the most High. And when I knew that this man was once the teachable child that I had loved—the beautiful infant I had gazed on with delight—I said in my bitterness, "I have seen an end of all perfection," and I said

From the Philadelphia Evening Post.

THE ISLE OF FLOWERS.

THERE's an Isle of Flowers in the distant seas,
Fann'd by no gale but the summer breeze—
The snow-spirit hangs not her bright wreaths there,
Nor mingles her breath with the balmy air;
Nor binds with her sparkling diamond chain,
The silver lake, nor the dark blue main—
And birds are there with plumage gay
As the western heaven at the close of day:
Shall we launch our bark, my love, and go
To this beautiful Isle? Ah no! Ah no!
Our kindred hearts, and smiling eyes,
We might not meet 'neath those sunny skies!
And wheresoever the footsteps roam,
The soul, like an exile, sighs for Home.

When the sun has set there, the stars arise
Like lamps of pearl in the azure skies—
And the birds sing sweet, in the orange bowers,
Midst golden fruit and snow-white flowers;
O'er the amber earth bright diamonds glow,
In the waters forests of coral grow;
The cinnamon groves shed rich perfume;
Can the soul meet *there*, with care or gloom?
Then love, shall we launch our bark and go,
To this fragrant clime? Ah! no! Ah! no!
We would not meet in those spicy lands,
With such generous souls, and friendly hands!
And still where'er the footsteps roam,
The exiled spirit turns to Home!

THE RUINS.

I've seen in twilight's pensive hour,
The moss-clad dome, the trembling tower
In awful ruin stand—
The dome, where grateful voices sung,
That tower whose chiming music rung,
Majestically grand!

I've seen 'mid sculpture's pride, the tomb
Where heroes slept in silent gloom,
Unconscious of their fame—
Those who with laurell'd honor's crown'd
Among their foes spread terror round,
And gain'd—an empty name!

I've seen in death's dark palace laid,
The ruins of a beauteous maid,
Cadaveous and pale!
That maiden, who while life remain'd
O'er rival charms in triumph reign'd,
The mistress of the vale.

I've seen where dungeon damps abide,
A wretch once known in youthful pride,
In moody madness rave—
He who, in Reason's happier day,
Was virtuous, elegantly gay,
Learn'd, generous and brave.

Nor dome, nor tower, in twilight shade,
Nor hero fall'n, nor beauteous maid,
To ruin all consign'd,
Can with such pathos touch my breast,
As, in that garb of misr'y drest,
THE RUINS OF A NOBLE MIND!

POETRY.

"The only Amaranthine flower on earth,
Is virtue." *Cowper*

For the Commonwealth.

STANZAS.

Rememberest thou those by-gone hours,
Hours of innocent gladness!
When oft we rov'd those verdant bowers
Free from care and sadness?

Ah! little we thought of aught amiss
Upon the dawning morrow,
Nor dream'd we that those hours of bliss
Would change for days of sorrow.

For all shone clear and bright above
Youth's unclouded morning,
A father's smile—a mother's love,
Broke in each morrow's dawning.

But ah! those days have long since fled—
To return no more?—ah! never—
Those guardian spirits are with the dead—
Free from earth forever.

Oft in night's lone silent hours
In dreams of youth's bright day,
I think of those now faded bowers
And wish like them to pass away.

CONWAY.

Of thee in fondness rise!
But it was frenzy, and it wrought
A blindness o'er my eyes;
I loved thee then with reckless love,
Which neither friends nor foes could move—
Such love is seldom wise—
But now I see thee as thou art,
And gladly throw thee from my heart.

Remember how in joy I stood,
Thy hand within my own,
Once in the green and spring-clad wood,
When we were there alone,
And there I listen'd to thy word,
And to thy vow, which angels heard,
Breathed in affection's tone,
That thou wouldst be forever mine,
Though earth against us should combine.

Remember what thy lips oft spake,
And sealed with solemn oath,
That none should tempt the e'er to break
The tie that bound us both.
Where is thy truth, thou trait'ress! where?
That oath shall haunt thee in despair,
As falsehood ever doth,
And others now shall deal with thee,
Falsely as thou has dealt with me.

Yes thine shall be a hapless way,
For every joy will fade,
Where falsehood such as thine may stray,
With plighted faith betrayed;
I shall forget, and love again,
But thine is guilt's abiding stain,
Cold-hearted, faithless maid!
Nor will I envy him his rest,
Who slumbers on thy perjured breast.

[*From Hone's Every Day Book*]

TO THE SUMMER ZEPHYR.

Zephyr, stay thy vagrant flight,
And tell me where you're going.—
Is it to sip off the dew-drop bright
That hangs on the breast of the lily white
In yonder pasture growing;
Or to revel 'mid roses and mignionette sweet;
Or wing'st thou away some fair lady to meet?
If so then hie thee away, bland boy;
Thou canst not engage is a sweeter employ.

"From kissing the blue of yon bright summer sky,
To the vine-cover'd cottage, delighted I fly,
Where Lucy the gay is shining,
To sport in the beams of her lovely eye,
While her temples with roses she's twining.
Then do not detain me, I sigh to be there,
To fan her young bosom—to play 'mid her hair!"

SUN SET

Soft o'er the mountain's purple brow,
Meek twilight draws her shadowy grey;
From tufted woods and valleys low,
Light's magic colours steal away,
Yet still, amid the spreading gloom,
Resplendent glow the western waves
That roll o'er Neptune's coral caves
A zone of light on evening's dome.

On this lone summit let me rest,
And view the forms to fancy dear,
'Till on the ocean's darkened breast,
The stars of evening tremble clear;
Or the moon's pale orb appear,
Throwing her light of radiance wide,
Far o'er the lightly curling tide.

No sounds o'er silence now prevail,
Save of the murm'ring brook below,
Or sailor's song borne on the gale,
Or oar at distance striking slow.

So sweet, so tranquil, may my evening ray,
Set to this world—and rise in future day.

LIFE

What art thou, life? Pale vanity!
Dim shadow of the things to be!
Weak as the wind, and slightless as the grave.
Thy gold but yellow dross; thy fame,
Thy pride and pomp, an idious game—
[illegible]atlings of the chains that load thee slave.

[illegible]d the scenes that round the rise,
[illegible]ye? Loose uncertainties;
Yet still we hug ourselves with rash presage
Of future days serene and long—
Of pleasures fresh, and ripe and strong—
And active youth and slow declining age.

Like a fair prospect, still we make
The future, shapes of beauty take;
First, verdant gardens raise and pansied fields,
The lofty groves and bowers appear,
Then rills and winding rivers clear,
While change of landscape still new pleasure yields.

Farther, bold castles we espy
Where lordly wealth and honors lie,
Beyond, a georgeous picture fills the stage,
Till the remoter distance shrouds
The plains with hills, the hills with clouds;
There we place Death behind old shivering Age.

Then Death, alas! perhaps too nigh,
In the next hedge does skulking lie,
There plants his engine, there lets fly his dart,
Which, while we ramble without fear,
Will meet us in our full career,
And drive the world's wild follies from our heart.

WHERE ART THOU?

The scenes are glowing brightly
On youthful Memory's view,
And Boyhood's footstep lightly
Trips o'er the scenes it knew—
The hopes, the smiles of childhood
Live in re-union now,
Here is the cot, the wild wood
But where oh! where art thou?

I've watch'd the miror'd splendor,
Bright skies around me cast,
Deep blue, carnation tender,
Have been, and now are past
The eye of ev'ning's flushing,
There's light upon her buow—
Young joys are o'er me rushing—
But where, oh! where art thou?

I've wander'd far and lonely,
One hope was mine alone.
The hope that bless'd me only
When other hopes had gone—
That thou, my own, still cherish'd,
For me youth's early glow,
That hope alas! has perish'd,
For where, oh! where art thou?

I fled, and left thee weeping,
Mine eyes too, were not dry,
And feeling ne'er was sleeping,
As memory wander'd by;
Pourtraying all those hours,
Of calm and halcyon glow,
When life reposed on flowers,
And thou—but where art thou?

I came, the hearth was blazing,
As it was wont to burn,
When through thy lattice gazing,
Thou'st watch'd for my return;
And thought, still fondly dreaming,
Beheld thy form e'en now—
I gaze—the moon is beaming,
But where, alas! art thou?

And dead are now thy flow'rs—
They're watered not by thee,
And they bloom not 'neath the show'rs
Of tears that fall from me—
There was a dream—this token
But tells its early glow—
There was a heart—'tis broken—
Oh! where, alas! art thou?

SCENE AT AN INN.

The sheet contrived a double debt to pay,
A sheet by night, a table cloth by day.

What are you about you black rascal? Twice have you roused me from a sound sleep to tell me that breakfast is ready; and now you've woke me again, by attempting to pull off the bed clothes; what do you mean?

Why, if you is'nt guang to git up, I must hab de sheet, any how, caze dey're waiten for de table cloth.

SAMPSON ON HIS LOSS OF SIGHT.

JOHN. MILTON.

——But chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind *among enemies*, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd.
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me.
They creep, yet see; I dark in light expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in *my* own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first-created Beam, and thou great word,
Let there be light, and light was over all:
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part: why was the sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confin'd,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried; but O yet more miserable!
Myself, my sepulchre, a moving grave,
Buried, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial,
From worst of other evils; pains and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.

SUNRISE.

custom'd glory bright, that morn the Sun
visiting the earth with light and heat,
sky; and seem'd as full of youth, and strong
mount the step of heaven, as when the stars
orning sang to his first dawn, and Night
from his face: the spacious sky received
blushing as a bride, when on her look'd
bridegroom: and spread out beneath his eye,
smiled. Up to his warm embrace the dews,
all night long had wept his absence, flew:
herbs and flowers, their fragrant stores un-
lock'd,
gave the wanton breeze, that, newly woke,
lied in sweets, and from its wings shook health,
usand grateful smells: the joyous woods
d in his beams their locks, wet with the drops
ght: and all the sons of music sung
r matin song: from arbour'd bower, the thrush
erting with the lark that hymned on high:
e green hill the flocks, and in the vale
herds rejoiced; and, light of heart, the kind
amorously the milk-maid as she pass'd,
needless, though she look'd another way.

SONG.

reaks on the mountain, O lily of England,
breaks on the storm, O Ladye my love,
in from the shower How fair is the sunbeam
silent and warm; Thy bower above!
ark is the hour But bright be thy blossom,
of on my soul, And reckless thy glee,
's no morn to awake it, And crossed not thy bosom
am to console. With sorrow to me.

awk's to his corrai, We have met in delight,
ove's to her nest, We have deemed ne'er to sev-
rey wolf's to greenwood, er,
ox to his rest. We have loved in despair,—
ved and morrow We have parted forever!
wakeful to me, But yet there's a rest
's no rest for my sorrow. To the mournful is given,
eep for my eye. We shall sleep on 'tis breast,
And awake in heaven.

ALLAN.

POETRY.

FROM THE CONNECTICUT MIRROR.

GREECE.

Clime of the unprotected brave!
Clime of the ancient, and the free!
Whose blood-stain'd banners boldly wave
'Mid storms that rock the Egean sea,
With arm supine, and careless thought
Why gaze we on thy conflict dire?
To win that prize our fathers bought
Why tamely see thy sons expire?
True,—we can glow at Homer's lay,
Enraptur'd hang o'er Pindar's lyre,
Start at thy pencil's deathless ray,
Thy breathing marble's force admire,
Awful Marathon can list
To catch the Persian's tone of shame,
Proud Thermopylæ assist
To bind the immortal wreath of fame,
But when from slaughter'd Scio speeds
The moslem curse, the helpless cry,
The echo of unutter'd deeds,—
We tax our pity with a *sigh!*
Oh Ye! who saw the mighty yield
On Saratoga's laurel'd plain
Or bade on Monmouth's fervid field
Your wounded bosoms flow like rain,—
Rise!—though your wasted locks be grey,
Though chill'd with want your last retreat,
Lift high the wither'd hand, and say
How strong your kindred pulses beat,—
Rise!—tell your sons what generous pain,
What warm, indignant zeal revives,
When 'gainst oppression's wreathed chain
The crush'd, yet lofty spirit strives;—
And tell their cradled babes the tale,—
How oft to wrest the tyrant's rod
Do Liberty and Truth prevail
'Clad in the panoply of God,—
Then, ere the holy tear shall cease
To dew their cheek like rose-bud fair,
Devoutly stamp the name of *Greece*
Deep, on their unpolluted prayer.

FOR THE EVENING GAZETTE.

Scotch Lady.

When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had,
Ran in my veins.***

Merchant of Venice.

But such a fall as this I grant was due
To my aspiring love; for 'twas presumptuous
Though not presumptuously pursued.

King Lear.

TO —— ——.

gloomy evening, I heedlessly wandered
n the wood from the world and its wrongs;
d o'er the scorn of my lov'd one I pondered,
he vile pride that to splendour belongs.

o in plenty or want to reside with,
ing hours wish and my nights blissful dream—
t hope of Heaven I would lose to abide with,
ven to dwell in her eyes thrilling beam.

sist to my heart's fond entreaties,
e as one, born and fostered in guilt,
ster Infamy's outline complete is,
e bright rays of wealth they're not gilt.

rewell—it shall still be my *pleasure*,
arms, though they'll never be mine—
Mercies bestow without measure
unmurm'ring, to thee I resign.

From the London "Forget me Not."

FAIRY GAMBOLS.

Night's silver lamp ascends the skies,
By myriad splendid stars impearl'd,
And bids her midnight beauties rise
To light and charm a wearied world.

Yon mouldering turret's time-worn form
Her soft and trembling beams illume;
She smiles amidst the coming storm,
And brightens from surrounding gloom.

Now the fleet footed fairies lave
Their spotless limbs in pearly dew,
Or sit beside the lucid wave,
Or deck the scene that Spencer drew.

On some gay flow'rets emerald stem
Perchance their magic feet alight,
Whose silvery sandals wear a gem,
Dropt from the starry sphere of night.

Or sprightly o'er the spiral grass,
With giddy graceful ease they glide;
A dew-drop is their looking glass,
Their mirror is the sleeping tide.

When morning opes her cloudless eye,
The fairies seek their mossy cell;
There in soft smiling slumbers lie,
Till waken'd by the evening bell.

A STRIKING CONTRAST!

"I seek not yours, but you," said PAUL,
"FREELY I preach to great and small;
Silver and gold I do not crave,
But all the world I long to save.
These hands my earthly wants supply:
My crown of glory waits on high.
As thus I follow Christ my Lord,
Walk in my steps with one accord."

POMPOUS MISSIONARY BEGGARS.

In sable robes with solemn faces,
They mount aloft the highest places:
An hour or more employ their tongues,
Weary the throng—exhaust their lungs.
"Bring forth your worldly wealth," they cry,
"And barter for the joys on high!
Treasure bestow with liberal hands,
To save the souls in heathen lands.
Support our Missionary plan;
Reverend divines this scheme began,
But all must fail if you withhold
The needful silver and the gold!"

STUDYING: AN ANECDOTE.

It is not always that Papa and Son
Take the same view of business to be done:
Thus TOM, being destined for a fag at law,
His Father fixed long deeds to learn to draw;
And in the Temple, writing much and reading,
The lad, he tho't, would fit for special pleading.

But Tom had notions of another sort,
And of all inns liked least an Inn of Court;
In coaching was a whip of desperate skill,
And loved Team-driving better far than Quill.
He scatter'd Dad's allowance o'er the land,
And had more seldom Cash than Four-in-hand.

It happen'd thus one day, that, elbowing down,
He met old Squaretoes jogging up to town;—
'Ho! what the devil are you doing there?'
The latter bellowed to his hopeful heir:
'Studying (from the coach-box, replied the Sage)
Conveyancing by the fast Reading stage.'

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

The stars that silent burn on high,
Bright gems in yonder boundless sky,
Must rise, pass o'er, and seek their rest,
Soon sinking in the distant West.

But there is *One*, whose gentle ray
Fair, changeless, passeth not away,
But fix'd forever o'er yon pole
Unfolds a lesson to the soul.

For so Earth's transient hopes arise,
And set before our gazing eyes,
But Christian Hope can never die,
Immortal beaming from yon sky.

CROSS PURPOSES: A Dialogue.

I have to inform you, that I was married since I saw you.

So much the better.

Not so much the better; for my wife proved an horrid scold.

So much the worse.

Not so much the worse; for she brought me a fortune.

So much the better.

Not so much the better; for with the money I bought a great number of sheep, which died of the rot.

So much the worse.

Not so much the worse; for I sold the wool, and with the money it produced, I built a house.

So much the better.

Not so much the better; for my house was burned.

Worse and worse.

Not so much the worse; for my wife was

T[illegible] PERISH, BUT THOU ART.

Suns and [illegible]very orb,
Speak o[illegible] shin'st forever,
Time shall que[illegible] age absorb—
These shall fade, [illegible] shalt—never!

Wealth and beauty, pride and power—
Ties which only death could sever—
Every fruit of earth, and flower—
These shall fade; but Thou shalt—never!

Emerald isles, on ocean sleeping—
Skies that seem to spread forever—
Links of life through nature creeping—
These shall fade; but Thou shalt—never!

Every grace of human art,
Time's unsparing scythe shall sever—
Dreams of fancy—spells of art—
These shall fade; but Thou shalt—never!

All the range of Nature's reign—
Sunny landscapes, smiling ever—
Silver moons and starry train—
These shall fade; but Thou shalt—never!

All shall fade, from earth and sea;
Oceans dry, and mountains sever;
Tide and time shall cease to be—
Thou, alone, remain'st for ever.

Washington Republican.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

CANZONET.

As peaceful as an infant's sleep
The ocean's glassy surface lies;
No breath disturbs the silent deep,
Save the light zephyr's gentle sighs:
With noiseless flight the sea-mew soars,
Or in the mild wave dips her wing;
No sound is heard along the shores
But surges softly murmuring.

This holy rest our bosoms prove,
Till rous'd by passion's witching numbers;
Thus sleep our hearts till wak'd by love,
As calm and waveless are their slumbers.
But, when we feel love's magic spell,
They throb as wildly as the ocean
When the hoarse winds its bosom swell,
And heave its billows in commotion.

On a beautiful Lady who was hump-backed.

From eyes like LOUISA's how sore is the smart,
Each glance gives a wound Time can never erase;
What infinite pangs doth such beauty impart,
So snowy her bosom, so lovely her face.
Look behind—O, how alter'd! no symmetry there,
No grace, but a vast ugly hump in its stead;
You would think, so well aim'd are the wounds of the fair, (head.
Cupid sat there and shot his darts over her

The Widower's Petition.

O, may my soul escape the jaws
Of gaping Hell, and Mammon's paws!
Not that the fire of Satan's breath,
Or the cold touch of bony Death,
Or choir of devil's noisy prattle,
Or heavy fetters' iron rattle,
Can pierce this stout and stubborn heart,
Or e'en a pang of woe impart,
But there,—the plague of death or life,—
(G—save me!) I shall find my wife!

To a Lady who said she would box my ears.

Firm to your threat MATILDA, stand;
The promise made, maintain it;
And fail not to *bestow your hand*
On one who won't disdain it.

Written when in a disposition to be facetious.

"I'm faint, I'm very ill," said BOB,
"I feel *dispos'd* to leave the room;"
'Are you?' said DICK, and scratch'd his nob,
'You're INDISPOS'D, then, I presume.'

The Young Indian's Song.

I'll hie to the westward, my own native home,
On the breast of the dark rolling river;
My light bark shall dance o'er its waters in foam,
With the force that a strong arm can give her.

I'll hie to the west, to the land of my birth,
And revisit the scenes of my childhood;
I will roam through the glades, where my young arrow first,
Drank the blood of the deer in the wild wood.

I will rush to the arms of my dear Indian girl,
As she comes on the path-way to meet me;
I'll deck her dark locks with the bright shining pearl,
And her young heart shall throb as she greets me.

I have been to the white world, and found that her men
Were as pale in their hearts as their faces;
Then welcome ye forests! I never again
Will abandon my home for their places.

Great Spirit, look down on thy red son in love,
Speed my bark o'er the wide lake before me!
And the smoke of my incense shall column above
The rude altar I raise to adore Thee!

TO ROMEO.

Cease, vain flatterer—thy effusions
Have no charms my heart to gain;
Nor will all thy wild *illusions*
One short hour with me remain.
Though with "*smiles*" I oft did greet thee,
With "*wild words*" thy bosom thrill;
Yet in love I ne'er could meet thee—
Why, then, wilt thou haunt me still?

Know, false youth, that "*fervent gushes*"
Prudent maidens will conceal;
Whilst their modest, crimson blushes
Will their faithful loves reveal;—
Know that man will often trifle
With their feelings, for his pride;
Their affections he will rifle,
Then their hapless fate deride.

Why then say that I'm unfeeling—
That my heart can never love—
And that through my soul are stealing
"*Icy thrills*," that nought can move?
Though thou call'st me "*falsehood's minion*"
It shall ever be my pride,
Not to worship "*beauty's pinion*,"
But have virtue for my guide.

Dost *thou* sing of "*bursts of feeling*,"
With a heart devoid of guile?
Canst thou say thou art not kneeling
Every where at beauty's smile?
Ah! shameless youth, the tales thou telleth,
Thy lips have often told before;
Within thy soul no candour dwelleth—
I scorn thy vows, nor wish for more.

[FOR THE SOUTHERN CHRONICLE.]

And what is friendship but a name.

Friendship, like every earthly thing,
Is trifling, worthless and untrue;
With adverse fortune's bitter sting,
How oft our friends deceive us too?

Who'e'er has felt misfortune's stroke,
Can well, alas! too well attest,
The promises which friends have spoke,
Like dreams—are but a dream at best.

As birds of passage leave our clime,
When wintry winds begin to blow—
So friends forsake us at a time,
When sympathy they most should show.

The friend who grasps your hand to day,
With Damon-like love in every look,
Like shooting stars, soon die away,
And leave us friendless and forsook.

Thus earthly friendship is a chain,
On which we never can depend;
Seek but your God, and then you'll gain,
A true and everlasting friend!

[FOR THE SOUTHERN CHRONICLE.]

ON SEEING MISS J— IN CHURCH.

I saw thee in church, kneeling down in devotion,
And offering up prayers to the pure throne on high
As pure as those breath'd by the Angels of Heaven,
And wafted by them on bright wings to the skies.

Oh! 'tis then lovely woman thy influence is given,
To lead men to worship, to kneel and adore;
For I felt while gazing on thee, as if Heaven
Shed an influence o'er me I ne'er felt before.

Oh, woman, thy love is the best gift to man,
The purest, the brightest, the holiest flame,
The magnet whose powerful attraction was given,
To draw him to Heaven by love's silken chain.

He who ne'er felt the magic of womans soft eye,
Sparkling in love as a Niobe in tears,
Or, melting in misery, draw forth a sigh,
And call upon Heaven when hope disappears.

Oh, if I could claim thee, and call thee but mine,
Enshrined in this bosom thy image would dwell,
For pure in my heart as the gem in the mine,
Is the love I felt for thee but never could tell.

G. A

[FOR THE SOUTHERN CHRONICLE.]

TO ——.

And we have parted now to meet no more;
Our vows are broken that were meanly false:
The heart responds not to the anxious throe,
Nor aught remains the hank'ring care to chase!

And we have parted; parted now forever!
Each joy's gone that clung once fondly to us!
And must we meet again no more? No; never;
Tho' want assail, or pleasure gladden us.

Farewell, perfidious one; the hour's past!
Our day of joy is now forever gone:
It was too full of pleasure long to last;
It vanished from us even in its dawn!

* * * *

INTEMPERANCE.

I gazed upon the tattered garb,
Of one who stood a listener by;
The hand of misery press'd him hard,
And tears of sorrow swelled his eye.

I gazed upon his pallid cheek,
And asked him how his cares begun—
He sighed, and thus essayed to speak,
"The cause of all my grief is RUM."

I watched a maniac through the gate,
Whose raving shook me to the soul,
I asked what sealed his wretched fate,
His answer was—the cursed bowl.

I asked a convict in his chains,
While tears along his cheek did roll,
What devil urged him on to crimes—
His answer was—the cursed bowl.

I asked a murderer, when the rope
Hung round his neck in death's hard roll,
Bereft of pardon—and of hope,
His answer was—the flowing bowl.

Yes—once at least you seem'd to love;
And I believ'd it then—
But nothing now my mind can move
To be deceiv'd again:
There's not a word, or look but tells
That all thy love is o'er;
Thine eye upon my aspect dwells,
For thee 'tis fair no more.

There was a time—that hour is past
When I thy vows believ'd—
But now, thou hast beside thee cast
The fondness that deceiv'd:
I see thee now all cold in look,
Thine eye has lost its beam;
I may not read that sparkling book,
It bears so chill a gleam.

And on thy fair brow is a cloud
That tells of change and slight,
The love lamp that burn'd free and pr
Is now no longer bright.—
It must be so—forever so
The heart of man grows cold,—
And woman's cheek will lose its glow,
Long ere that cheek be old.

I know not why it was thou strove,
To bind my heart to thine—
Alas! that woman's fondest love,
Should be repaid like mine!
There was no beauty on my brow,
Or eye, to win thy gaze,
And yet my soul remembers now
The whispers of thy praise.

Why didst thou love me, if thy heart
Thus quickly can forget?
Why didst thou tear those links apa
Which nature's hand had set?
For thee, I, like a simple flower,
Left the fond parent stem;
The roses droop in summer's bower
And I must fade like them.

Yes! I must wither in thy frown,
And tremble 'neath thine eye;
The heart I proudly thought mine o
Has chang'd like autumn's sky.
And what have I to do on earth—
Without thy love to bless,
Life has no gleam of hope or mirth,
This world's a wilderness!—

[FOR THE SOUTHERN CHRONICLE.]

TO MARGARET.

To gaze upon thy infants smile,
And clasp its lovely form;
Does all a mother's care beguile
And calms lifes troubled storm.

Who that has seen an infant smile,
Or felt a mother's joy
As she has hugged her darling child.
And blest her lovely boy.

Tis then that woman's feelings flow
With purest, holiest flame,
To crown her greatest bliss below,
Loves brightest purest gem.

Oh, 'tis a pictured Heaven to see
A mother with her child,
Lean o'er its form in extacy,
And bless it when it smiled!

But yet there is another bliss
That wedded life imparts,
A joy that fully equal this
When two affianced hearts

Whose lives are one blessed scene of love
Thro' each succeeding year;
And after time more clearly proves,
Their plighted love sincere.

G. A.

They tell me thou hast gone from me
O'er the wide and stormy sea;
I'll not believe the tale they tell—
Thou wouldst at least have said farewell;

They tell me that thy alter'd brow
Retains no trace of beauty now;
That sin and shame have blanch'd thee pale
I'll not believe the sland'rous tale!

Thy bloom is gone—perhaps it fled
Quench'd by the tears that thou hast shed
Thinking of her—I'll not upbraid thee—
I am, alas! what thou hast made me.

I would not weep this last adieu
Could I believe thee else than true;
If 'tis a dream, and I should wake
To know thee false, my heart would break!

My days on earth have fleeted fast,
And I have lov'd thee to the last;
Thy fatal love hath ruin'd me,
But my last thought's a prayer for thee!

THE REPRIEVED RECANTATION.

An affecting scene lately exhibited at NEWGATE.

——"*A dreadful din was wont*
To greet the sense, when entered here from groans,
And howls of slaves condemned; from clank of chains
And crash of rusty bars, and creeking of hinges!
And ever and anon the light was dash'd
With frightful faces, and the meagre locks
Of grim and ghastly executioners. HORACE.

THE tolling of the dreadful bell, summoning the miserable to pay their forfeited lives, to their country, awoke Henry from the first sleep he had fallen into since he entered the walls of a dismal prison. Henry had been a merchant and married the beautiful Eliza, in the midst of affluence: but the capture of our West India fleet, in the American war, was the first stroke his house received. His creditors from the nature of the loss, were for some time merciful; but to satisfy some partial demands, he entered into a dishonourable treaty, which being discovered, Henry was thrown into some loathsome gaol. He had offended against the laws, and was condemned to die.

Eliza possessed Roman virtues. She would not quit his side; and, with her infant son, she preferred chasing away his melancholy in a dungeon to her father's house, which was still open to receive her. The hopes of a reprieve from day to day had fled; but not before the death warrant had arrived. Grief overpowering all other senses—sleep, the balmy charmer of the woes of humanity, in pity to their miseries, extended her silken embraces over them, and beguiled the time they had appropriated for prayer; and Eliza, with her infant, still continued under her influence.

"Father of mercies," exclaimed Henry, "lend thine ear to a supplicating penitent; give attention to my short prayer. Grant me forgiveness, endue me with fortitude to appear before thee: and, O God! extend thy mercies to this injured, this best of thy servants, on whom I have entailed undeserved heartfelt woe. Close not sleep from her till I am dead."

The keeper interrupted his devotion, by warning him of his fate, "If there be mercy in you," replied Henry, "make no noise, for I would not have my dear wife and child wake till I am no more."

He wept—even he—who was inured to misery—he, who with apathy till now looked upon distress, shed tears at Henry's request—Nature for once predominated in a jailor.

At this instant the child cried! "O heavens," said Henry, "I am too guilty to have my prayer heard!" he took up his infant, and fortunately hushed it again to rest, while the jailor stood petrified with astonishment. At last he thus broke out: "This is too much, my heart bleeds for you: I would I had not seen this day." "What do I hear?" replied Henry, "Is this an angel in the garb of my keeper? Thou art indeed unfit for thy office—this is more than I was prepared to hear—hence, and let me be conducted to my fate."

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY.

I love thy sweet bewitching smile,
And darkly glancing eye;
And raven locks in glossy curls,
And mouth like rubies set in pearls.

Your sylph-like form and easy grace,
And the smile that lights thy lovely face;
And thy mind and form as soft and free,
As the wind that plays on a moonlit sea.

Thy swelling bosom's gentle sigh,
And the love that beams in thy soft dark eye;
And the thousand charms the poet feels,
His tongue could speak, but his pen conceals

[FOR THE SOUTHERN CHRONICLE.]

ADDRESS TO WOODBURN.

Oh Woodburn sweet spot,
Where in childhood I roved;
Or in youths happy hour's,
With the friends that I loved,
O'er thy daisey clad hills,
And sweet scented groves;
Or down by thy streams,
That meandering flows.

These fond recollections
Still cling to my heart,
With a strength of attachment
That never will fade,
And memory still turns,
To that green sunny spot;
Where in youth's happy hours
I have carelessly strayed.

To view thy sweet meadows,
And golden tinged grain,
And wild roses and heath bell
That blooms on the plains;
And violets that scent
With perfume the gale,
And Woodbine and myrtles
That bloom in the vale.

Thy neatly thatched cottage
Seen thro' the trees;
And the cattle that browse
On the plain at their ease,
And thy beautiful gardens
When the wild humming bees
Sips sweets from each flower,
Or floats on the breeze.

Thy churches high steeple
Sees full in the view;

HE VASSAL'S LAMENT OR THE FALLEN TREE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

t Prereton, in Cheshire, is one thing in
ly strange, but attested to by many per
and commonly believed. Before an
of this family dies, there are seen in a lak
ning, the bodies of trees swimming o
water for several days."
Camden's Brittania.

I have seen the ancient Oak
n the dark still water cast,
d it was not fell'd by the woodman's strok
r the rush of the sweeping blast;
the axe might never touch that tree,
d the air was still as a summer-sea

w it fall, as falls a chief
By an arrow in the fight,
the old woods shook, to their loftiest lea
t the crashing of its might!
d the startled deer to their coverts drew,
d the spray of the lake, like a fountain
flew!

fall'n! but think thou not I weep
or the forest's pride o'erthrown;
old man's tears lie far too deep
o be pour'd for this alone!
by that sign too well I know
at a youthful head must soon be low!

youthful head, with its shining hair,
And its quick bright flashing eye—
ll may I weep! for the boy is fair,
Too fair a thing to die!
t on his brow the mark is set—
! could *my* life redeem him yet!

e bounded by me as I gazed
Alone on the fatal sign,
d it seem'd like sunshine when he raised
His joyous glance to mine!
ith a stag's fleet step he bounded by,
o full of life!—but he must die!

e must, he must! in that deep dell,
By that dark water's side,
is known that ne'er a proud tree fell,
But an heir of his father's died!
nd he—there's laughter in his eye,
e his voice—yet *he* must die!

ve borne him in these arms, that now,
Are nerveless and unstrung,
nd must I see, on that fair brow,
The dust untimely flung?
most!—you green oak, branch and crest,
Lies floating in the dark lake's breast.

he noble boy! how proudly sprung
Fis falcon from his hand!
seem'd like youth to see *him* young,
A flower in his father's land!
t the hour of the knell and the dirge is
nigh,
r the tree hath fall'n, and the flower must
die!

y not 'tis vain!—I tell thee, some
A warned by a meteor's light,
r a pale bird flitting calls them home,
Or a voice on the winds by night.
nd they must go!—and he too, he—
o for the fall of the glorious Tree!

Oh breathe not of love,
Or breathe not to me,
If constant for aye
Must your love-motto be.
Where are the things
The fairest on earth;
Is it not in their change
hat their beauty has birth?
e neck of the peacock,
e iris' dyes,
e light in the opal,
April-day skies:—
uld they be lovely,
all of them are,
t for the chance
d the change that are there?
athe no vow to me,
ll give none of mine;
must light in an instant,
ickly decline.
nshes, his sighs,
wildering things;
way with his fetters,
ve me his wings.

L. E. L.

A RIDDLE.

he brightest and the softest thing
hat floats upon the Zephyrs wing,
move with unresisting ease
efore the breath of every breeze.
With power resistless and sublime
sweep along from clime to clime,
nd I defy all earthly force
o interrupt or check my course.
favourite with all the fair,
play with beauty's twisted hair,
nd harmless as the gentle dove
share the couch of peace and love.
'Tis mine to wield the bolts of fate,
That overwhelm the guilty great—
And aim the giant arm that brings
Dismay and death to tyrant Kings.
No throb of feeling ever prest,
The vacant chambers of my breast;
And no desire, nor thought, nor care,
Can hope to find admission there.
With love, and hope, and fear, in turn,
With all their various fires I burn,
And grief, and joy, and passion, dart
Their burning currents through my heart.
The nameless being of a day
I merely am, and pass away,—
Nor leave the slightest trace to be,
The record of my history.
When nations sink and empires fall,
I only shall survive them all,
For I have built my throne sublime,
Upon the wreck of conquered time.

FOR THE EVENING GAZETTE.

TO CATHARINE.

The crystal stream—the pearly drop,
That's seen to roll from pity's eye;
The heart that feels—has not forgot,—
The breast that heaves the plaintive sigh—
Are scenes more pleasing to behold
Than Kings arrayed in rich attire;—
Than Spain, with all her mines of gold,
Which knaves and fools so much desire.
The tear of pity—pleasing sight,
When shed for virtue in distress
The scene is viewed with fond delight—
With joy that cannot be express'd:
But there's a tear far richer still,
A tear by all not understood,
A tear the heart with joy doth fill—
I mean the tear of GRATITUDE.
Ah! lovely tear, and bless the eye,
From whence this grateful stream doth flow;
And bless the heart that heaves the sigh,
In sorrow for another's woe.
May grateful tears thy cheeks bedew,—
'Twill give to thee a look divine;
May pity ever dwell with you,
And Heaven's best blessings shall be thine.

B.

ANACREONTIC SONG.

[" Friend of my Soul," is a libel* on the Ladies —and so being 'Bacchi plenus,' and in high spirits, thus I parody Tom Moore.]

Girl of my Soul! this goblet sip,
'Twill chase thy pensive tear;
'Twill sweeten care like woman's lip,
Like it will banish fear.
Though not, alas! so sweet,
It yet will give us joy;
And gild those moments fleet
That love may not employ.
'Twine, twine a wreath to bind those brows;
Those brows so fair and bright,
That every feeling, passion, rouse
To love and joy and light,
Those flashing brows to twine
With Beauty's choicest flowers;
And thus with Love and Wine
To wile away the hours.

* *Viz.* " 'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But ah! 'tis more sincere."—*T. M.*

THE PLAID OF THE NORTH.

The following lines were addressed impromptu to a Lady who wore an elegant Plaid.

Strike the harp of the North for the Plaid of the Highlands
Till beauty and valor shall honor the strain:
Strike it up! till its glory resound o'er the Islands,
Where bosoms of rapture shall praise it again.

Let the Lowlands exult in their civilized story,
And boast their apparrel—too tame to be free!
But let mine be the mountain romantic in glory—
The Plaid of the North is the mantle for me.

'Tis the robe of all hues in variety blending,
An emblem of friendship, fidelity, worth:
But its charm is best seen when divinely descending
O'er beauty's fond bosom—the pride of the North.

I have witnessed the brave of all nations before me.
Yet felt no emotion—their vesture was art—
But the Highlander rose, and his spirit came o'er me,
While nature's wide mantle enravish'd my heart.

I have witnessed the fair robed in fanciful splendor,
And mus'd on their charms, tho' I could not approve;
But when beauty shone forth in the Plaid, I grew tender,
And worshipped the magic that taught me to love.

'Tis the garment for beauty—adorned while adorning,
The mantle for valor is Caledon's Plaid—
But when loveliness smiles in its hues, 'tis the morning,
With the rainbow of glory thrown over her head.

FOR THE STATESMAN.

...S OF THE HOSE.—By Dr. Bede.

TANTALUS.

I've read of a man of old,
Whose name was Tantalus—
Who for being a little too free and bold,
Was doomed to be punished thus:
And never was son or daughter
Of man so heavily cursed—
"To stand chin-deep in water,
Yet choke with eternal thirst."

Some say 'twas because he dared
To make free with a virgin's fame:
Or having right richly and daintily fared,
The silly fool told the name.
But we of the Hose know better—
We've nailed him up to the wall—
We've studied his fate to the letter,
And thus account for it all:

Our lives on it, this is the fact—
We've hit the wheel on the hub—
The dry-souled rogue was caught in the act!
Of forming a *temperate club!*
But Bacchus, the jolly old thumper,
Looked out from his cobweb cell,
And resolved to give him a bumper,
Of the liquor he loved so well.

So he caught the rogue by the hair
Of his head—and soused him in—
And bade him guggle and struggle there,
Till he'd wash away his sin.
But the kind-hearted God relenting—
He's the only God of love—
When he saw him with tears repenting
Left his head and his ears above.

And there to this day he remains,
As dry as a cedar post!
Just up to his chin in a million of pains,
And the liquor he loved the most.
Hence, sons of the Hose, take warning—
Remember this rule and obey: [ning,
That—"water should only be drank in the mor-
"And then—in a moderate way."

FROM LATE ENGLISH PAPERS.

SAMPLES OF SENTIMENT—LOVE SONG FROM THE EXCHANGE.

" Business and love in joint embrace commingled."—*Dryden.*

The stock of my spirits, once cheerful and bright,
Is three per cent lower than yesterday night,
For Chloe, like Rothschild (I pray you don't laugh),
Has sunk my heart's funds down to two and a half.
The Mexican bones can no more my soul move—
I'm fetter'd, instead, in the bonds of my love.
I pace, a sick broker, no longer on 'Change—
I'm broken for all but for Cupid's exchange;
E'en the bank of my health has of late had a run,
And my wits have stopp'd payment, like Whitworth and Son,
O Chloe! thy firm should be tack'd to my own,
And firmer 'twould thrive than if both stood alone;
For let us, my girl, but do business together,
And we 'll ride through the mercantile storms of this weather.
The banks like the mud-banks of Holland may shake,
And the ocean of ruin o'er Lombard Street break;
The consols of Chili may make people chilly,
And silly besides as the islands of Scilly—
We 'll bill and coo on, turning love to account,
That best of all bills, with the surest discount.
Then answer this note, set my spirits at ease,
And pay for the postage, sweet girl, if you please;
For my mind, below par by its recent attacks,
Is as heavy to raise as the property-tax:
And longs, a *gourmand*, on your rent-roll to prey,
(Like the roll that I rent at my breakfast to-day)
To see, by some clerical conjuror's fun,
Two virtuous fleshes dissolved into one,
And join'd to the rich firm of Hymen and Son.

COLLECTANEA.

SIMILIES.

I gaz'd upon the ripling stream,
The moon was clear and bright;
Across the tide a silv'ry beam
Fell on its waters white.
And life, I said, is like that stream,
Which to the ocean flows;
And Love is like that silv'ry beam,
Which lights it as it goes.

The moon is gone—the rippling stream
Still hastens to the main;
Ah! Love is but a transient gleam,
And all is dark again.
Yon clouds that do the moon enclose,
Are o'er its brightness laid;
Ah! life hath many clouds like those,
Our bright hopes thus to shade.

THE POLE'S ADIEU.

Star of my soul farewell!
I go to death and danger,
I haste to meet in conflict fell
The proud invading stranger.

I leave thee, love, to save
The land we dearly cherish,
To break the yoke that binds the brave
To rescue or to perish.

Star of my soul! thy light
No more will shine before me;
The flame of war glares redly bright
Destruction hovers o'er me.

GENEVIEVE.

BY COLERI

Her bosom heaved---she stept aside,
As conscious of my look she stept---
Then suddenly with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And bending *back her head, looked up,*
And gazed upon my face.

Twas partly love and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The beatings of her heart.

THE TARTAN PLAID.

(FOR THE LONDONDERRY SENTINE

I never see a tartan plaid
But makes me pensive, dull, and sad—
For, oh! it brings in fond review
A lovely maid which once I knew.

It clad her graceful form at eve,
And oft I caught the chequered sleeve,
Or wrapp'd me in its varied hue,
As if to screen me from the dew.

At first she seem'd a little coy—
Call'd me a rude and foolish boy,
And bade me let her garb alone,
As I was furnish'd with my own.

Meanwhile a beauteous, witching smile
Betray'd her lovely, artless guile,
For in her gentle, sly reproof,
She wish'd me not to stand aloof.

The plaid was yellow, blue, and green,
With stripes of white and red between;
And hence, our converse soon began
About the chequered life of man.

We traced it in its various tints,
And from the tartan drew our hints,
And found mankind a motley crew,
Of different character and hue.

Each colour proved a fruitful source
Of pastime, wit, and vague discourse,
Till new associations rose,
As gently as the lily blows.

The yellow is a rueful die,
That withers in a love-sick eye:
Love was but named, and thus became
A tender, sweet, and lasting theme.

'Tis vain the meaning to record
We gave to that mysterious word—
All definition love defies,
We read it in each other's eyes.

Our hearts felt but one vain regret,
To think we had not sooner met
Our listless hours should then have been
Relieved by many a happy scene.

Successive years roll'd on our view,
Our skies were cloudless, bright and blue,
And golden, clustering, blooming joys,
Seem'd fresh with every sun to rise.

At last the parting moment came,
With beating pulse and heart of flame
We vow'd to love with mutual breath,
And each received a pledge of faith.

Mine was a ring that graced her hand,
An emblem of connubial band;
Hers was a ringlet of her hair,
An amulet against despair.

We parted, but our hearts were one,
Resolved to meet next setting sun;
But, ah! before that sanguine hour,
Her knell had sounded from the tower.

How can I see a tartan plaid
And not be pensive, dull, and sad?
For, oh! it brings in fond review,
That scene "so tender, sad and true."

ON SEEING A LADY FROWN—

Knitting her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

BURI

offered my arm, she refused, and there
from her eye
A glance like lightnings red glare in the sk
And dark as the clouds by a hurricane driv
n wrath o'er the face of an angry Heaven!

he left me—we parted, but I ne'er
before
look that so deeply pierced my heart's c
Not the SImoon winds o'er the desert that fl
More blasting its power than the glance of
eyes.

have oft felt the charm of woman's soft eye
When lit up in smiles, or gazing on high;
But have ne'er seen a frown on so lovely a br
Or a look like the one she had given me no

would rather an Exile in foreign land roam
friends of my bosom, the dear ties
e,
pe to cheer me as onward I rove
such a look from the friend th

And godlike aspirations of a mind,
Whose loftiest aim was power to bless mankind.

And when thy name through all the earth was known,
When monarchs quaked before thy triple crown,
When queens beheld me, in mine hour of pride,
Thy glorious bride,
No selfish vanity my heart could swell—
I shared a throne, but would have shared a cell.

Like thine, my soul was form'd for glorious fate;
I loved thee as the eagle loves its mate;
Nor did I seek with borrow'd strength to climb
The height sublime,
Where thou hadst built thine eyry; 'twas for me
Enough that thou wert there—I follow'd thee.

And in thy toils too have I borne a part;
In scenes where might have quail'd man's sterner heart;
When dark rebellion rear'd his hydra crest,
My hand caress'd
And soothed the dreaded monster till he smil'd,
And bow'd him down submissive as a child.

Though all untaught the warrior's brand to wield,
Yet went my spirit with thee to the field
Where charging squadrons met in fierce array;
Nor, 'mid the fray,
Awoke one terror for a husband's life—
Such fear were idle in Napoleon's wife.

Alas! how has my pride become my shame!
I saw thee mount the rugged steep of fame,
And joy'd to think how soon thy mighty soul
Would reach its goal;
Nor ever dream'd, ambitious though thou art,
That thy last step would be upon my heart.

Vain sacrifice! no second of thy race
Shall wield the world's dread sceptre in thy place;
Rude nature might have taught how false must be
Such hope to thee;
For lofty minds but with like minds should wed—
Not in the dove's soft nest are eaglets bred.

Our's was the soul's high union; and the pain
That wears my spirit down, breaks not its chain;
No earthly hand such fetters could entwine:
And I am thine,
As fondly, proudly thine, in exile now,
As when thy diadem begirt my brow.

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Birds, joyous Birds of the wandering wing!
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of Spring?
—"We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

"We have swept o'er cities, in song renown'd—
Silent they lie, with the deserts round!
We have cross'd proud rivers, whose tide hath roll'd
All dark with the warrior-blood of old;
And each worn wind hath regain'd its home,
Under peasant's roof-tree, or monarch's dome."

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?
—"We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,
And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt—
—Nought looks the same, save the nest we built!"

Oh, joyous Birds, it hath still been so!
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go!
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep.
Say, what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
Since ye last parted from that sweet spot?

"A change we have found there, and many a change,
Faces and footsteps and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were, have a brow of care,
And the place is hush'd where the children play'd—
—Nought looks the same, save the nest we made!"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth!
Yet, through the wastes of the trackless air,
Ye have a guide, and shall *we* despair?
Ye over desert and deep have pass'd—
—So shall *we* reach our home at last!

ROBERT BURNS;

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

What bird in beauty, flight, or song,
Can with the Bard compare,
(Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong,)
As ever child of air.

His plume, his note, his form, could BURNS,
For whim or pleasure, change;
He was not one, but all by turns,
With transmigration strange;—

The BLACKBIRD, oracle of Spring,
When flow'd his moral lay;
The SWALLOW, wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously at play:—

The HUMMING-BIRD, from bloom to bloom,
Inhaling heavenly balm;
The RAVEN, in the tempest's gloom,
The HALCYON, in the calm.

In "auld Alloway," the OWL,
At witching time of night;
By "bonnie Doon," the earliest fowl,
That carol'd to the light.

He was the WREN amidst the grove,
When in his homely vein;
Bannock-burn, the BIRD of JOVE,

The WOODLARK, in his mournful hours;
The GOLDFINCH, in his mirth;
The THRUSH, a spendthrift of his powers,
Enrapturing heaven and earth:—

The SWAN, in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still;
But roused,—no FALCON in the chase
Could, like his satire kill:—

The LINNET, in simplicity;
In tenderness, the DOVE;
—But more than all beside, was HE
The NIGHTINGALE, in love.

Oh! had he never stoop'd to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had Devotion loved to name
That BIRD of PARADISE!

Peace to the dead—In *Scotia's* choir
Of minstrels, great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,,
The PHŒNIX of them all!

CHARITY.

By a young lady of Richmond.

When Faith shall cease, and hope no more
Around our path, her radiance pour,
Unfading in a heavenly clime,
Above the wasting power of time,
Diviner Charity shall dwell,
And loud her sacred anthems swell.

On earth 'tis her's to ease the heart,
That bleeds with sorrow's rankling dart;
Around the shivering wretch to spread
The sheltering raiment, and with bread
To feed the poor, who feebly cry,
And ask from her a kind supply.

The infant orphan's thanks shall rise,
Her pure memorials to the skies;
The widow's grateful heart shall bless
The voice that sooth'd her lone distress,
And with each prayer to Heaven shall blend,
"The orphan's guide, the sufferer's friend."

Divine Ambassadress of Heaven,
To thee, the holiest task is given,
Faith is an "anchor to the soul,"
Where raging tempests round it roll;
And Hope a heavenly light can shed
Around the drooping pilgrim's head.

But thou wert sent by pitying love,
Like righteous Noah's wandering dove,
To fly on earth, while wide below
Tumultuous rolls a sea of woe;
Then swift, on heaven directed wing,
The pledge of promis'd [illegible] with thee.

...tle tender nursling!
...e to thy grassy nest;
...ere the first flowers shall blow.
The fist pure flake of snow
Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace! peace! the little bosom
Labours with short'ning breath—
Peace! peace! that tremulous sigh
Speaks his departure nigh—
Those are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
A thing all health and glee;
But never then wert thou
So beautiful, as now,
Baby, thou seem'st to me.

Thine up-turn'd eyes glazed over,
Like hare-bells wet with dew;
Already veil'd and hid
By the convulsed lid,
Their pupils darkly blue,

Thy little mouth half open—
The soft lip quivering,
As if (like summer air
Ruffling the rose leaves) there
Thy soul were fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence!
Young spirit! haste, depart—
And is this death! Dread thing,
If such thy visiting,
How beautiful thou art!

Oh, I could gaze forever
Upon that waxen face:
So passionless! so pure!
The little shrine was sure
An angel's dwelling place.

Thou weepest, childless Mother!
Ay weep—'twill ease thine heart
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first, thine only one,
'Tis hard from him to part!

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp cold earth—
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber
His small mouth's rosy kiss;
Then, waken'd with a start
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms[illegible]

TO THE MOON.

beauteous and inconstant !—Thou who
roll'st
yver car around the realm of night,
o of soft hours ! how fanciful art thou
quipage and vesture.—Now thou com'st
slender. horn piercing the western
cloud,
st on Judah's hills, when joyous throngs
trump and festival saluted thee ;
thy waxing crescent 'mid the host
onstellations like some fairy boat
es o'er the waveless sea;—then as a
bride
bow'st thy cheek behind a fleecy veil
d and fair ;—or bright in regal robes
bid thy full-orb'd chariot proudly roll
eping with silent rein the starry path
o the highest node.—then plunging low
eek dim Nadir in his misty cell—

—Lov'st thou our Earth, that thou dost
hold thy lamp
guide and cheer her, when the wearied
Sun
rsakes her ?—Sometimes, roving on, thou
shedd'st
e eclipsing blot ungrateful, on that Sire
o feeds thy urn with light,—but sinking
deep
eath the dark shadow of the earth dost
mourn
nd find thy retribution.

—Dost thou hold
lliance with Ocean, that his mighty heart
sses at thine approach, and his mad tides
inking thy favouring glance, more rudely
lash
eir rocky bulwark ?—Do *thy* children
trace
rough crystal tube our coarser-featur'd
orb
en as we gaze on thee ?—With Euclid's
art
erchance, from pole to pole, her sphere
they span
er sun lov'd tropick's—and her spreading
seas
Rich with their myriad isles. Perchance
they mark
Where India's cliffs the trembling cloud in-
vade,
r Andes with his fiery banner floats
e empyrean,—where old Atlas towers,—
Or that rough chain whence him of Carthage
pour'd
Terrors on Rome.—Thou too, perchance,
hast nurs'd
Some bold Copernicus,—or fondly call'd
A Galileo forth.—those sun-like souls
Which shone in darkness, tho' *our* darkness
fail'd
To comprehend them.—Can'st thou boast
like earth
epler, skilful pioneer and wise ?—
sage to write his name among the stars
ke glorious Herschel ?—or a dynasty
ke great Cassini's, which from sire to son
ransmitted Science as a birthright seal'd ?
-Rose there some lunar Horrox,—to whose
glance
esplendant Venus her adventurous course
eveal'd even in his boyhood ?—some La
Place
uminous as the skies he sought to read ?—
hou deign'st no answer,—or I fain would
ask
since thy bright creation, thou hadst seen
ught like a Newton,—Whose admitted
eye
he arcana of the universe explored ?—
ight's subtle ray its mechanism disclosed
he impetuous Comet his mysterious lore
nfolded, system after system rose.
ternal wheeling thro' the immense of
space,
nd taught him of their laws.—Even angels
stood
maz'd,—as when in ancient times they saw
n Sinai's top, a mortal walk with God.—
But he to whom the secrets of the skies
here whisper'd,—in humility ador'd,
eathing with childlike reverence the
prayer,
When on yon heavens, with all their
orbs I gazed.
Selwah !—*what is man !*"

THE HINDOO BRIDE.

In the following sketch, a friend will recognize his description of that soul-appalling scene, the sacrifice of a human being ! The lady was of an honorable family, not more than sixteen years old, and had been married but a few weeks. She was burned with the corpse of her husband.

Scarce was the nuptial revel past,
Or the bridal garlands faded,
When *Death*, with desolating blast,
The bower of love invaded !

* * * * *

She came in the loveliness of youth,
With all its graces round her,
To *Die* at the shrine of wedded truth,
Where solemn vows had bound her.

The guardians of her youthful hours,
Through crouds triumphant bore her !
To music's strains—while blooming flowers
Diffused their fragrance o'er her.

As paus'd the throb—blanch'd was her cheek,
And wildly she gazed around !
And she stretched her arms as if to speak—
But words no utterance found.

Then calmly raising her mild dark eye,
She looked on the setting sun—
While she seemed to say in her lowly sigh,
Like *thee* my task is done !—

My race on *earth*—but I shall rise
In yon world of light and bloom,
The paradise, beyond the skies—
Where *Death* can never come.

She unclasp'd the pearls from her cold white
arms
And the zone that bound her waist—
All the gems that adorned her youthful charms
In the hands of her friends she placed.

Then strove to smile—but a human tear
Came o'er her death cold cheek,
As she turned to the funereal bier—
Her look ! no tongue can speak !

The faded wreath that bound her brow,
She strewed o'er her lover's breast—
Then wildly cried—oh ! take me now,
To thine own home of rest !

For what hath *Life* to do with me ;
Am I not all *thine own ?*
And can I stray unblest by thee,
Through this cold wo[illegible] *alone.*

The *sun* hath set in yon blue sky,
And *silent* is the grove—
Closed is the light of thy beaming eye !
And mute is thy voice of love.

They beckon me—those white wing'd hours
To yon celestial sphere !
There, we will deck our Bridal bowers,
Where love has nought to fear.

* * * * * * *

Oh ! it was a sight of wo, and dread,
On life's last scene she gaz'd,
Then sank with the unconscious dead ;
While high o'er her devoted head—
The death fire wildly blaz'd.

Now loud was heard the clarion's breath
Mid the frenzied groans of the dying—
When—all was still, as the sleep of death ;
And naught but the night breeze sighing

VI.

Yes, Layla, I had culled a flower
To place it in thy virgin bower ;
But then methought no flower so fair
As when thyself art blooming there.

I fain would round thy bosom twine
A string of those bright gems that shine
Where Ommán's* fondling billow curls
Around the beds of sleeping pearls.

But every thoughtful eye would see
A gem of purer light in thee,
And, lost in thy more brilliant ray,
How soon those pearls would fade away !

The Animals sick of the Plague.

A FABLE.

A scourge inspiring deepest dread,
Framed by the angry gods, 'tis said,
When blackest crimes defied the earth—
A dire disease—a monstrous birth—
Remorseless—Pitiless—abhorr'd—
The Plague—since I must speak the word—
Of power to crowd, with boundless sway,
The Stygian banks in one short day—
Fell on the animal creation,
In its severest visitation.

Though all died not, all felt the blow ;
They lost, o'ercome by pain and woe,
E'en the last faint, instinctive strife,
That seeks to fan the spark of life,
They saw unmoved the choicest food :
Nor wolves, nor foxes prowl'd the wood,
To seek the unresisting prey ;
The fondest turtles turn'd away
And coldly from each other fled—
Joy was no more, for love was dead.
His council call'd in regal state,
The Lion opened the debate :
"I apprehend, my noble friends,
That Heaven this great infliction sends
To visit some unpunish'd crime ;—
I pray you, without loss of time,
Let the most guilty of us all
A self-devoted victim fall.
Perhaps he thus may save the rest,
And many precedents attest,
Such immolation is not rare.
Let none his faults or vices spare ;
I own in many a rich repast
On sheep and lambs I've broke my fast.
Had they once injured me ? Oh no !
Nay, urged by passion's sudden glow,
I've chanc'd to eat—as 'twere by force,
The Shepherd for a second course.
If I deserve it, sirs, in me
A willing victim you shall see,
Yet since, in justice to us all,
The greatest criminal should fall,
I think, my friends, it is but fair,
Each should, like me, his faults declare."
Then rose the Fox—With gentle tone,
He, bowing low, address'd the throne.
"Your Majesty is much too good,
Let not your scruples thus intrude.
What ! eating sheep—a vulgar race—
A wretched mob—my Sovereign Lord,
Is that a crime ? No—on my word,
The day you deign'd such stuff to touch,
You honour'd them, great sire, too much.
And for the Shepherd we may state
No penalty could be too great,
For he was of that noxious crew
Who govern beasts by arts undue."
He spake—and flatterers approve—
None dared a deep discussion move
On darkest crimes recounted there,
By wolf or tiger, bull or bear.
Such mighty lords could do no wrong ;
Nor was there one of all the throng,
Possess'd of power and prone to fight,
That was not ever in the right.
Down to the mastiff all were sainted,
And in the fairest colours painted.
Thus, in his turn confess'd the Ass.
"Hunger—temptation—tender grass—
Assail'd me in that fatal hour,
As through a field I once was led,
Belonging to some monks, 'tis said,
I cropt a bite broad as my tongue ;
I own 'twas very—very wrong—
I had no right—'t was not my own !"

The culprit thus was clearly shewn,
The council all with horror groan ;
A learned wolf, with words at will,
Proved by the nicest legal skill
The sacrilegious Ass to be
The cause of all their misery.

YES, I AM GAY.

BY THE HON. MR. NORTON.

Yes, I am gay and smiling now,
But little dost thou know,
How oft a light and careless brow
Is darkened o'er by woe:
The giddy world, the laughing eye,
That would the truth disown,
Are changed for many a bitter sigh
When the world hath left me lone.

The green and flowery-blooming sod,
Where the sun is shining still,
Touched by a peasant's hazel rod
Reveals the secret rill :
A child may chance the spring to wake,
Which hath been sealed for years ;
And random words the heart will break
That hides a fount of tears.

SONG.

Love feasts, 'tis said, on smiles
And sweet *confessing* tears ;
And when with fond confiding cloy'd,
On doubts and wayward fears.

Yet think not, when *these* fail,
That love doth thrive the less ;
Still in the heart it grows and feeds,
On bitter hopelessness.

E.

Legend.—We copy the following from Lord Nugent's new work, entitled *Legends of the Library at Lilies*. It must be premised, that the youthful couple had been separated by an intrigue of an ambitious mother, which led to a mutual belief of the other's inconstancy. "On the eve of the day which was now fixed for the marriage, they walked alone together, till the moon had risen high above their heads. As they were returning to the residence of Aline, Hypolite drew her towards the church, in which, when a few hours more should have elapsed, those vows were to be exchanged between them which would unite their fates indissolubly, and for ever. They entered, and, passing up the main aisle, approached the tomb of the Belle Chanoinesse. The faint beams of the lamp, which was suspended before the high altar, fell upon the recumbent statue. Hypolite's arm was round the slender waist of his companion. "Aline," said he, you must admire the calm and melancholy beauty of the Belle Chanoinesse; you must love this monument for my sake. Aline, it was but yesterday you asked me what had soothed my spirits into patience under my affliction:—who had been my friend, my comforter? The midnight silence of this church, that steady, constant flame, shedding a glimpse like that of memory over the scene of the past day's busy turmoil,—the deep repose of this beauteous statue, so like that which she sought and found, the peace which this world cannot give, and never can disturb,—all these were long my comforters. Night after night, I have lingered here. This has been my bed, Aline, continued he, placing his spread hand on the cold stone which formed the table for the marble figure: "here have I rested whenever I could find rest; there was my kind, my constant friend;" (he touched the forehead of the figure with his lips as he spoke,) "here was the patient listener to the story of my woes, the silent monitor, even the bride who welcomed me, when, as I thought, I was abandoned by my living bride, by my Aline! Her hands are joined in prayer: look at them, dear love; they are closed upon the ring which I had prepared to wed you. Betrayed by you, as I then believed I was, I gave to this cold bride that ring, with many a vow, that, since you were false, no living one should ever claim me as her lord. It soothed my wounded heart, my wayward fancy, to lie beside her on this monumental stone; to call it my nuptial couch! You weep, Aline! Now dry your tears; I am wrong to move you thus; and tears enough have already fallen on these cold stones. But we will weep no more; and to-morrow's blessed dawn, Aline, shall begin a life of smiles for both of us." "Why did you bring me here, dear Hypolite?" said the fair girl; "why did you bring me here? Indeed, indeed, we have had our share of melancholy. My heart sickens at the remembrance of grief, it yearns for gladness: and this scene, with all that it recalls of your past sufferings, gives me a pang which you ought not to inflict. It is, at least, unnecessary now. Hypolite, 'tis strange, but I am jealous of that marble figure. You came to her for comfort, when you thought your Aline false. You came to her because she could not change. You found here a silent welcome, but it was changeless: and her bosom was to you less cold than that which had so lately cast you away. Oh! if you loved her, how you must have hated me?" "Sweet Aline," returned Hypolite, "how can I chide you for such jealousy? Oh no! It tells me of the warm, true love that lives for me within your faithful, your wronged heart. But you also must acknowledge the motives which drew me to this spot—to la Belle Chanoinesse. It was true and ardent love for you that made me forswear all other solace than what this

[illegible] distant thunder growled, and sheets faint summer lightning flickered at intervals against the purple canopy which gradually deepened along the sky. The priest was proceeding to pronounce the final benediction, and the hands of the betrothed were already joined together, when a sudden and tremendous shock of an earthquake rocked the whole edifice to its foundations. The words broke off. The congregation were panic-struck; many sunk on the pavement with fear; some rushed to the doors to escape the theatening peril; but few had time to issue forth, before a second shock came, and then a third, to which the high altar, and that part on which it stood bowed and sunk with a tremendous crash.— were heard, [illegible] the crumbling edifice; a stifling cloud of dust arose, and, for some minutes, covered all the building; and, when it cleared away nearly a one-third portion of the church lay in a mighty and confused mass of ruins. All those who had been near the altar had, at the first alarm, taken refuge in that part which still stood. As the trembling crowds assembled in the streets, all were found safe and unhurt—all but one.—The bridegroom was missing! In vain did his name pass from mouth to mouth. All search was vain. Vain were the hopes that he might yet be found alive among the lighter upper fragments of the chancl wall. He was seen no more till several days after, when the workmen, who, since that fatal morning, had incessantly labored to effect a passage to where the altar stood, found the pavement broken into the vaults, over part of which the monument of the Belle Chanoinesse had been built, and which now, together with the statue was in fragments. The body of the poor young man was discovered, uncrushed and unwounded. It appeared as though he had died from suffocation under one of the low arches of a stone grave, which had not fallen in. His body was stretched out tranquilly in death, and near it lay a small skeleton, which had been buried there probably centuries before. A plain gold ring, of modern workmanship, was on its bony hand."

SORROW'S CHILD.

Written by a young Lady.

Cold blew the wind, no gloom of light,
When Ellen left her home,
And brav'd the horrors of the night,
O'er dreary wilds to roam.
The lovely maid had late been gay,
When hope and pleasure smil'd;
But now, alas! to grief a prey,
Was Ellen, sorrow's child.

She long was William's promis'd bride,
But, ah! how sad her doom;
The gentle youth in beauty's pride,
Was summon'd to the tomb!
No more those joys shall Ellen prove,
Which many an hour beguil'd;
From morn to eve she mourns her love,—
Sweet Ellen, sorrow's child.

With faltering steps away she flies,
O'er William's grave to weep;
For Ellen there with tears and sighs
Her watch would often keep,
The pitying angel saw her woe,
And came with aspect mild;
Thy tears shall now no longer flow,
Sweet Ellen, sorrow's child.

Thy plantive notes were heard above,
Where thou shall soon find rest;
Again thou shall behold thy love,
And be forever blest.
Ah! can such bliss be mine, she cried,
With voice and looks so wild;
Then sunk upon the earth and died,
Sweet Ellen, sorrow's child.

may Love is like
Son that

SELECTED POETRY.

From the London Morning Chronicle.

TO ENGLAND.

Proud Queen of the Ocean! the land of the Free!
Once hope of the nations! What trance is on *thee!*
Why so still and so voiceless, upon thy blue wave,
While the Greek bleeds again o'er his forefath ers' grave?

Remember the land of the patriot and sage,
The lone light of mind in a barbarous age;
The ark of bright freedom that saved her for man,
When Slavery's deluge the earth overran.

The parent of heroes—the bravest and best
That e'er smote the plumage from Tyranny's crest,
And left the examples which make us believe
What miracles Virtue can dare and achieve.

The parent of all that to mind can belong—
The Orator's power—the enchantment of song—
The treasures of Science—Philosophy's plan—
And History teaching the grandeur of man.

Such, Greece, were thy glories, when grand and alone
Thou sat'st in thy beauty on Liberty's throne;
And thy brows were adorned with the chaplets almost rare,
Of in any beautiful arts which bloom'd lovingly there.

It lured me with a singing
And many a sunny glade
To a green spot of beauty
A haunt for old romance.

A dim and deeply-bosomed grove
Of many an aged tree,
Such as the shadowy violets love,
The fawn and forest-bee.

The darkness of the chestnut bough
There on the waters lay,
The bright stream reverently below
Checked its exulting play,

And bore a music all subdued,
And led a silvery sheen,
On through the breathing solitude
Of that rich leafy scene.

For something viewlessly around
Of solemn influence dwelt,
In the soft gloom, and whispery sound,
Not to be told, but felt:

While sending forth a quiet gleam
Across the wood's repose,
And o'er the twilight of the stream
A lowly chapel rose.

A pathway to that still retreat
Through many a myrtle wound.
And there a sight—how strangely sweet!
My steps in wonder bound.

For on a brilliant bed of flowers,
Even at the threshold made,
As if to sleep through sultry hours,
A young fair child was laid.

To sleep? oh! ne'er on childhood's eye,
And silken lashes pressed,
Did the warm *living* slumber lie,
With such a weight of rest!

Yet still a tender crimson glow
Its cheek's pure marble dyed—
'T'was but the light's faint streaming flow
Through roses heaped beside.

I stooped—the smooth round arm was chill,
The soft lip's breath was fled,
And the bright ringlets hung so still—
The lovely child was dead!

"Alas!" I cried, "fair faded thing!
Thou hast wrung bitter tears,
And thou hast left a wo, to cling
Round yearning hearts for years!"

But then a voice came sweet and low—
I turned, and near me sate
A woman with a mourner's brow,
Pale, yet not desolate.

And in her still, clear, matron-face,
All solemnly serene,
A shadow'd image I could trace
Of that young slumberer's mien.

"Stranger! thou pitiest me," she said
With lips that faintly smiled,
"As here I watch beside my dead,
My fair and precious child.

"But know, the time-worn heart may
By pangs in this world riven,
Keener than theirs who yield, like m
An angel thus to heaven!"

* Suggested by a scene beautifully descr
"Recollections of the Peninsula."

SONG OF THE GREEK PATRIOT.

…, best effort now—
… shall not call us slaves—
…ion necks shall never bow
…er for a hated life,
…e will tell in mortal strife,
…l wrath a freeman braves—
…short years, and we have known
…ride of joy—to live alone.

…ncient land was free—
… washed its stains in blood—
… the hymn of Liberty
…from the high Athenian shrine,
…virgin hands did often twine,
…the dark olive wood,
…r garlands for the youthful brow,
…taught the heathen Turk to bow.

…e have been glorious days—
…t come what will; our fame
…e the sun's eternal blaze,
…when they tell of Marathon,
…o all the fields our fathers won,
…ey too shall name
…aris, and the few who died,
…ms of glory, by his side.

…world has told our doom—
…s Liberty or Death—
… tree we planted must not bloom,
…Turk and Christian—all unite,
…royal hands our sentence write,
…nd yet our breath,
…en trampled by the ruffian herd,
…ll never breathe one recreant word.

…e must die—then die—
…And let the foul disgrace
…ng to their names eternally,
…ho, when they had the power to save,
…oined to a dark and bloody grave
…A high, devoted race—
…Life the sweets of life to know,
…God! and then to perish so!

…Freedom has one shore—
…Would we could shelter there
…ender ones, we value more
…an life or fame—O! generous men,
…with us, as ye long have been,
…nd we will share
…the poor fruit of toils a…
… hearts—our lives—pe…

…e, at this fatal hou…
…list of high borr…
…when the cr…

…publisher…

…me than your fountain's swell…
…flow of the Desert's lonely well.

…The wine-cup red—the wine-cup…
…May madden to guilt the soul;
…ith strength and life, and with gladn…
…Is the draught from the herdsman…
…ere chime the lute's and the cymbal's…
…And the maid of the rolling eye…
…loats in the dance with her locks unbou…
…And her white arms toss'd on high…
…And the young and the graceful minstrel…
…Wakes his light harp with a theme of jo…
…And the banquet groans with rare viands…
…An altar of pomp and of princely cheer,…

…Let me depart—let me depart,…
…From your halls that with porphyry…
…the sigh of the breeze from the tamarisk…
…Doth steal o'er each sense like a d…
…The voice of the youth, when he sings of l…
…As he doth in a soft strain now,…
…saddens my soul like the plain of the do…
…When she mourns on the Erak's bo…
…ine for the Desert's pastimes free,…
…my fawn-eyed maiden's laugh of glee…
…ain o'er the sand-hills the chase to lead…
…h my shining spear, and my bounding ste…

POETRY.

From the London Evangelical Magazine.

MORNING HYMN.

…be my God, for the light of the morning,
…chases the darkness of nature away:
…less'd for those beams which the spirit transforming
…guide to the dawn of a superior day.
…blessed be the goodness that aided my sleeping;
…more:—that bestowed his beloved repose;
…at shielded my heart from occasion of weepin…
…d waked recollection of him when I rose.
…hat though he delay his expected appearance,
…eving we joyfully enter his rest:
…morning by morning we're silently…
…bject of hope, and the joy of the b…

From the New Hampshire Spectator.

[Mr DAVID MINGE, of Charles City County, Virginia, a short time since liberated his slaves, *eighty-seven* in number, and after providing them amply with necessaries of every kind, chartered a vessel, and sent them, entirely at his own expense, to Hayti.]

SONG OF THE EMANCIPATED.

Yes, I am FREE—what glorious word!
I love to speak it o'er—
I'll ponder not on wrongs endur'd,
Nor tell my suff'rings more:
Oh! I have oft invok'd my God
To send his withering curse abroad,
And blast this lovely shore—
I will not breathe such wish again,
My hate was nurtur'd by my chain.

Yes, I am FREE—the mountain air
That sweeps so pure along,
Methinks it stoops, as glad to bear
The music of my song;
The winds and waves were ever free,
And they have oft upbraided me,
When midst the fetter'd throng
I bent a *master's* frown beneath,
And bade me rather rush on death.

Yes, I am FREE—earth, sea and sky,
What lovely things ye are!
Ye did not look thus smilingly,
When I was press'd with care!
…ere sprung no flower my path to bless,
…ere shone no gleam of happiness,
But "*slave*" was written there!
…would not bear such brand again,
…though millions should repay the pain.

Yes, I am FREE—thou blessed Sun,
How oft I've curs'd thy light,
And when the weary day was done,
Have pray'd for endless night;
And who my impious sin shall urge?
Not ye who hold the chain and scourge,
To bar me from my right—
Those rights which holy Nature gave—
She never stamp'd my brow with "slave!"

Yes, I am FREE—yet on my cheek
The glooms of midnight rest,
Nor can its changeless colour speak
The feelings of my breast;
But gaze upon my glowing eye,
And listen to the fluttering sigh
That heaves my ample chest—
'Tis joy no language could impart,
The deep, full transport of the heart.

Yes, I am FREE—and I will go
And seek some safer land,
Where men have never frown'd my foe,
Nor rais'd the hostile hand;
The soil that oft has drunk my tears,
Would still excite my slavish fears,
And I should be unmann'd;
Or else to deeds of vengeance wrought,
When former deeds came o'er my thought.

Yes, I am FREE—and may the Power
Who watcheth all below,
Upon my BENEFACTOR shower
Such joys as good men know;
May blessings on his steps attend,
And peace upon his couch descend;
And should one drop of woe
…ver mingled for *his* cup,
…that I might drink it up.

CORNELIA.

POETRY.

From the New York Morning Courier.

"HEBREW."—*Jeremiah* 10, 17.

From the hall of our fathers in anguish we flee,
Nor again will its marble re-echo our tread,
For the breath of the Siroc has blasted our name,
And the frown of Jehovah has crushed us in shame.

His robe was the whirlwind, his voice was the thunder,
And earth, at his footstep, was riven asunder;
The mantle of midnight had shrouded the sky,
But we knew where He stood by the flash of his eye.

Oh Judah! how long must thy weary ones weep,
Far, far from the land where their forefathers sleep?
How long ere the glory that brightened the mountain,
Will welcome the exile to Siloa's fountain?

NORNA.

ISABAL, THE UNDYING ONE.

…number of the Edinburg Review contains a …
…irs. Norton's poem—"ISABAL, *The Un*…
…." The Review says—"As a proof how …
…orton can paint, take the following striking …
…es a…of the Wanderer looking in at the door of …
…ttage on a Sabbath morning, while the in…
…rch."

Stood near that … 'A lowly cot
I enter'd it:—the hand consecrated spot.
Its warm bright beams a sunshine threw
Around it and within it—'twe flowers that grew
So peaceful and so bright, that place
The tranquil feelings of the dwellers might trace
There was no taint of shame, or crime, o…
On a low humble couch was softly laid …re.
A little slumberer, whose rosy head
Was guarded by a watch-dog; while I stood
In hesitating, half-repentant mood,
My glance still met his large bright watchful eye,
Wandering from me to that sweet sleeper nigh.
Yes, even to that dumb animal I seem'd
A thing of crime; the murderous death-light gleame'd
Beneath my brow; the noiseless step was mine;
I moved with conscious guilt, and his low whine
Responded to my sigh, whose echo fell
Heavily—as 'twere loath within that cot to dwell.'

[From the Newburyport Advertiser.]

TO THE SIAMESE TWINS.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Mysterious tie by the Hand above,
Which nothing below must part!
Thou visible image of faithful love—
Firm union of heart and heart—
The mind to her utmost bound may run,
And summon her light in vain
To scan the *twain* that must still be *one*—
The *one* that will still be *twain!*

The beat of this bosom forbears to reach
Where the other distinctly goes;
Yet, the stream that impurples the veins of each,
Through the breast of his brother flows!
One grief must be felt by this twofold mark
As the points of a double dart;
And the joy lit up by a single spark
Is sunshine in either heart.

O, wonder to baffle poor human skill!
In clay of the human mould!
But, a greater mystery all must still
In the union of souls behold.
Ye are living harps by your silken strings
In a heavenly concord bound;
And who o'er one but a finger flings
Awakens you both to sound.

But, what do you do when your slumbers come,
When ye've sweetly sunken to rest?
Do your spirits side by side, fly home,
Still linked, to your mother's breast?
Did ye ever dream that your bond was broke—
That ye were asunder thrown?
And how did ye feel at the severing stroke,
When both were forever alone?

No—ye would not think of yourselves apart,
…o you must come
…t that will seal your doom;
…t bright world where the angels dwell—
…s have no ending—Farewell, farewell!

[*Churchman.*

CONSCIENCE.

In these strange dread events
Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,
…at Conscience rules us e'en against our choice.
…ar inward monitress to guide or warn,
…I listened to; but if repell'd with scorn,
At length as dire Remorse she re-appears,
Works in our guilty hopes, and selfish fears!
Still bids, Remember! and still cries, Too late!
And while she scares us, goads us to our fate.

Coleridge.



My parents home is far away
My Sisters are not here
The friends we yet have
The're few but they are dear
Oh how supremely blest is he
That has one Confiding friend that can be
How dearly loved he ought to be
That will your troubles mind
Yes those that yet give tender ear
And hearken to your grief
Beloved they Cannot be to dear
For giving quick relief
For what Can sooth the aching heart
Or sooth the throbing brow
Than when we hear sympathies tear
From those that weep below

On the Death of an Infant

Rest sweet thou lovely angel rest
Thy soul to God has gone
Where it will be supremely blest
At his eternal throne
Oh the anguish of the heart

Ar 8th, sc.
Ar at Newport 2d,
Ar at Fall River 1st, schr Polly, Saco. Sailed, do.
tte, Bangor.
Ar at Nantucket 29th, schr Martha, Edwards, Kennebec.—30th, sloop Iris, Luce, do.
Ar at Salem 4th brig Jasper, Rich, Gloucester—to go on the railway. Sailed, brig Union, Johnson, Kennebunk.
Sailed from New Bedford, 4th, brig Velo, Sanborn, for Bath.
Ar at Alexandria, 2d inst. schr Rambler, Colly, Thomaston.
Ar at New Haven 30th schr President, Machias. 31st, schrs Banner, do; Lottery, Kennebec.
Ar at Newport 3d, a schr from St. Martins, which sailed next morning, said to be bound for Saco. In port, same day, schrs Fair Play, Alexander, for Bath, and Polly, Baker, for Saco, both from Fall River.

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a liberal patronage will be extended to him, and that the ...ns of Salem will avail themselves o... ...ble an opportunity of deriving much va... instruction, communicated in a most pleasing and entertaining manner.

HARVARD COLLEGE. At the late examination eighty-one pupils were admitted—71 to the Freshman class, and 10 to classes in advanced standing.

A letter from Mr HODGES, U. S. Consul at the Cape de Verd Islands, to the Editor of the *New-Bedford Mercury*, states, that it was very sickly at Sierra Leone, and that many of the Europeans were leaving. The American colony at Cape Mesurado was also said to be in a deplorable state; many of the colonists sick, and Mr Ashmun ... Agent, dangerously ill of a fev... H. Mortimer, of Philadelph... Leone June 14.

...eful semblance of death could promise me. To-morrow, Aline—to-morrow!—Hark! what noise is that? Who spoke?—Who laughed?" With a slight shudder, Aline clung to her lover, and both paused, and listened again to catch the sound. It was not repeated. "Aline," said Hypolite, pressing the trembling girl to his bosom, "Aline, we will go. We have been overheard; and what we have said has appeared fit subject for merriment to some one whose heart is free from care and kindly feeling.' "It was no laugh," replied Aline; and she clung yet closer to his breast. "Hypolite, it was no laugh! At least no merriment was there. 'Tis said, idiots will laugh when they see others weep. I could fancy such ill-timed mirth, a sound so lacking sense and sympathy, in the wild noise we heard. I tremble still. Yes; let us hasten hence dear Hypolite. It is a childish wish of mine; but would that we were to meet to-morrow in any other church than this! Once already, here, have our fond hopes been crossed. Oh! may they not again be so deceived!" And now, the morning came. The church was crowded with smiling faces, and the bride and bridegrom stood before the altar, to receive the blessing to which every bosom was eager to respond. It was a sultry September ...ning, and the gay assembly drew no sad ... from the gathering darkness of the ...re, which seemed to portend a stormy

---

...en at the threshold made,
...to sleep through sultry hours,
...oung fair child was laid.

...ep? oh! ne'er on childhood's eye,
... silken lashes pressed,
...e warm *living* slumber lie,
...h such a weight of rest!

...ill a tender crimson glow
...heck's pure marble dyed—
... but the light's faint streaming flow
...ough roses heaped beside.

...ed—the smooth round arm was chill,
... soft lip's breath was fled,
...e bright ringlets hung so still—
...lovely child was dead!

..." I cried, "fair faded thing!
... hast wrung bitter tears,
...ou hast left a wo, to cling
...d yearning hearts for years!"

...n a voice came sweet and low—
...ped, and near me sate
...an with a mourner's brow,
... yet not desolate.

... her still, clear, matron-face,
...ll solemnly serene,
A shadow'd image I could trace
Of that young slumberer's mien.

"Stranger! thou pitiest me," she said
With lips that faintly smiled,
"As here I watch beside my dead,
My fair and precious child.

"But know, the time-worn heart may
By pangs in this world riven,
Keener than theirs who yield, like m
An angel thus to heaven!"

* Suggested by a scene beautifully descr...
"Recollections of the Peninsula."

POETRY.

From the London Court Journal.

THE FAREWELL.

Though I not remember me when we are parted,
Through every moment of [illegible] day;
[illegible] art too young, too [illegible] too light hearted,
[illegible]tead thoughts [illegible] from stay.
[illegible]'rt like a fountain [illegible] strayeth,
[illegible]parkling changes 'neath [illegible] wood tree;
[illegible]in thy heart eternal music playeth,
[illegible] while no biter thought thy spirit weigheth,
Thou'lt not remember *me!*

[illegible] thou wilt think of me at times, my dearest,
[illegible] yearning hope and wild impassioned love;
[illegible]n the star-lit heaven the moon shines clearest,
[illegible]angels watch thy musings from above:
[illegible]patiently my heart its exile beareth;
[illegible]ll the prouder shall my triumph be,
[illegible]hou, whose eager soul e'en pleasure weareth,
[illegible]ves! *all* so well thy spirit shareth—
Should, more than all, love *me!*

[illegible] not remember me when, gaily dancing
[illegible] steps fly through the lighted hall;
[illegible] a thousand merry eyes are glancing,
[illegible]ith the laughter of their festival.
[illegible]n the sweet and silent evening bringeth
[illegible]quiet over land and lea,
[illegible]he young violet in the darkness springeth
[illegible] lone night-owl in the dim wood singeth,
Then, thou wilt think of *me!*

[illegible] not remember me when, crowding round thee,
[illegible]artless flatterers bid thee touch thy lute,
[illegible]pce red restless lips whose promise bound thee,
[illegible]ocking smile command them to be mute,
[illegible]en some lover (while the cold moon winketh,)
[illegible]rs his vows, unwelcome though they be;
[illegible] through his eyes his soul thy beauty drinketh,
[illegible]om *his* burning hand thine own hand shrinketh,
Then, thou wilt think *of me!*

[illegible] for all the palest shadows stealing
[illegible]iden's brow whom love hath taught to pine,
[illegible] give up the sudden gush of feeling
[illegible]e'ells to tears that merry heart of thine!
[illegible]proofs that still thy memory is keeping,
[illegible]ss and glad although thy manner be,)
[illegible]aged form of one who watched thy sleeping—
[illegible]when thou smiledst—wept when thou wert weeping,
And ever sighs for *thee!*

EDOUIN'S SONG OF HOME, IN A DISTANT LAND.

By Mrs. Coolwin.

Let me depart—let me depart
O'er the hills and plains afar;
[illegible]your halls of pride to the Desert wide,
Where the tents of my people are,
[illegible]not to me of your stately bowers,
Where the rose and the lily bloom,
[illegible]r raiment wrought with a thousand flowers
In the craftsman's curious loom.
[illegible]ot to me of your cities old,
[illegible]r harems rich with gems and gold;
[illegible]dungeons deep, 'neath the gilded dome,
[illegible]he tyrant reigns, is the Captive's home.

[illegible]earer to me—dearer to me
[illegible] the roof of my father's tent,
[illegible]l lateral fare made sumptuous there
[illegible]go, at the magic love hath lent
[illegible]eams gush from their marble urns,
[illegible]e a star that is hurl'd to earth,
[illegible]husk and the fragrant aloe burns
[illegible] the bowers of your wanton mirth.
[illegible]o me is the incense sweet
[illegible]ild herb crush'd by my camel's feet;
[illegible] to me than your fountain's swell,
[illegible]flow of the Desert's lonely well.

The wine-cup red—the wine-cup red
May madden to guilt the soul;
[illegible]ith strength and life, and with gladness rife,
[illegible]s the draught from the herdsman's bowl.
[illegible]re chime the lute's and the cymbal's sound,
And the maid of the rolling eye
[illegible]loats in the dance with her locks unbound,
And her white arms toss'd on high.
And the young and the graceful minstrel-boy
[illegible]Wakes his light harp with a theme of joy;
And the banquet groans with rare viands here,
[illegible]An altar of pomp and of princely cheer,

Let me depart—let me depart,
From your halls that with porphyry gleam—
[illegible]the sigh of the breeze from the tamarisk trees
Doth steal o'er each sense like a dream.
The voice of the youth, when he sings of love,
As he doth in a soft strain now,
[illegible]saddens my soul like the plain of the dove,
When she mourns on the Erak's bough.
[illegible]me for the Desert's pastimes free,
[illegible]r my fawn-eyed maiden's laugh of glee—
[illegible]on o'er the sand-hills the chase to lead
[illegible]h my shining spear, and my bounding steed.

POETRY.

From the London Evangelical Magazine.

MORNING HYMN.

[illegible] be my God, for the light of the morning,
[illegible]chases the darkness of nature away:
[illegible]less'd for those beams which the spirit transforming
[illegible]guile to the dawn of a superior day.
[illegible]blessed be the goodness that aided my sleeping;
[illegible]more:—that bestowed his beloved repose;
[illegible]at shielded my heart from occasion of weeping
[illegible]d waked recollection of him when I rose.
[illegible]hat though he delay his expected appearing
[illegible]eving we joyfully enter his rest:
[illegible]morning by morning we're silently learning
[illegible]bject of hope, and the joy of the blessed.

POETRY.

For the Boston Recorder.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG [illegible]IEND.—W[illegible] SUTHERLAND.

The fire of that dark eye, is dead
The flush of that hot cheek has fled
I know it is death's pallid hue
I know that thou art dead—my true
And ever gentle friend.

But yesterday the world was bright
The world was joyous in thy sight
To day the coffin holdeth thee
Heedless of mortal mirth and glee—
Silent and dumb and cold.

No more to thee shall pleasure hold
Her honied chalice, as of old
No more on earth shall sin or pain
Sickness or wo vex thee again
Or hope deferred make sick.

We hop'd to have thee many a year
Sharing with thee life's laugh and tear
And when the appointed time should come
To lay our gray hairs in the tomb
Together,—and in peace.

That hope is vain! the bell hath knoll'd
That calls thee to the earth's dull mould
Ashes to ashes is consigned
Earth claimeth all of human kind
And now earth claimeth thee!

We'll think of thee in the Spring time,
And in the fruitful summer-prime
And when the Autumn leaf is red
And when the Winter snow is spread
Above thy lonely grave.

And thy old father's heart is torn
With bitterest anguish for his son
He little dream'd how short a way
This child thro' this cold world would stray
Ere to the grave he'd pass.— M.

For the Boston Recorder.

THINGS I LOVE.

I love to see the glorious sun
Declining in the western sky;
To view when day is nearly done
The sun-tinged cloud of crimson-dye;—
I love when evening thus is fair,
To spend that solemn hour in prayer.

I love to see the awful cloud
Come rolling up the western sky;
To hear the thunders pealing loud,
And see the livid lightnings fly—
The storm, the cloud, the lightning's blaze
Show gloriously their Maker's praise.

I love to stand somewhere on high
Near by the swelling ocean's tide;
To see its whitened surges die
Close by my feet in all their pride;
For ocean in its majesty
Forever speaks of God to me.

I love to hear the tolling bell
That speaks the dying Christian free;
He wings his happy way to dwell
With Christ, where kindred spirits be.—
Then all above an anthem raise,
Which fills all heav'n with sounding praise.

I love to walk among the dead
And think how soft their slumbers are;
And think how soon my aching head
Shall sweetly rest among them there,—
Oh! 'tis a glorious thing to die,
If we may reign with Christ on high.

I love, of all the things on earth,
The holy Sabbath's glorious light,
The transports of that day are worth
A thousand days of vain delight,—
Oh! had I wings, then would I rise
To join the saints in Paradise.

November 28, 1828.

POETRY.

From the New York Morning Courier.

"HEBREW."—*Jeremiah* 10, 17.

From the hall of our fathers in anguish we flee,
Nor again will its marble re-echo our tread,
For the breath of the Siroc has blasted our name,
And the frown of Jehovah has crushed us in shame.

His robe was the whirlwind, his voice was the thunder,
And earth, at his footstep, was riven asunder;
The mantle of midnight had shrouded the sky,
But we knew where He stood by the flash of his eye.

Oh Judah! how long must thy weary ones weep,
Far, far from the land where their forefathers sleep?
How long ere the glory that brightened the mountain,
Will welcome the exile to Siloa's fountain? NORNA.

[illegible]E CUP OF CRIME.

On Israel's head a crown was bound
Her God was Israel's pride;
She trod the desert's fiery ground;
She passed the ocean's tid
Unhurt the pestilence she p[illegible]ed,
Unwounded met the swor[illegible]
Met toil and agony unscath[illegible]
Her angel was the Lord.

And while she to herself was true,
The might of earth was vain;
Her footsteps scattered like the dew,
The spear, the shield, the chain;
Still flamed before her holy eyes
The presence of her King;
Still o'er her holy sacrifice
Stoop'd Heaven's eternal wing.

That guiding star, that holy light,
Long saved her from the blow—
Still mightiest in her Maker's might,—
She sinn'd—where is she now?
An outcast through earth's widest range,
Struck from the roll of Time,
Beyond the power of chance or change,
She drinks her Cup of Crime.

Europe, too, the Cup of Crime
[illegible]s to her hot lip come;
[illegible]s there yet no hand sublime
To save thee from the tomb!
Must perish; too, the laure[illegible]ath
That round thy helme[illegible]
Thy sword be rusted in i[illegible]
Thy garment be thy shroud!

Ambition, Folly, Frenzy, Guile,
Are stalking through the land;
And unbelief, with traiter smile,
And with the traitor hand.
[illegible]ing of the Heavens! God, Father, Friend,
To thee we lift the eye;
[illegible] thee the trembling knee we bend!
[illegible]ord! save us, or we die! *Forget-Me-Not.*

THE PARTING YEAR.

[illegible]well! I go to that shadowy land,
[illegible] my fathers slumber—a mighty band;
[illegible]he years that have passed away,
[illegible]es that sleep in their silent decay,
[illegible]ried joys, to the hopes and the fears,
[illegible]e smil'd on, or darkened, the vanished years
[illegible]ll to thee dreary earth,
[illegible]here's a tear in thy mirth;
[illegible]anniest day,
[illegible]ll fade away,
[illegible] and the festal, are o'er,
[illegible] heard no more.
[illegible] my infancy's bloom,
[illegible]he silent tomb;
[illegible]herished son,
[illegible]or her nursling gone;
[illegible]n the briny wave,
[illegible]und an early grave.
[illegible] for the summer hours
[illegible]y like the dewy flowers;
[illegible]yn to a warmer clime;
[illegible]tten her favorite thyme,
[illegible] with his snow-wreath'd brow—
[illegible]t abide with ye now.
[illegible]at shadowy land
[illegible]'s slumber—a mighty band;
[illegible]per, to you must come
[illegible] that will seal your doom;
[illegible]t bright world where the angels dwell—
[illegible]s have no ending—Farewell, farewell!

Churchman.

CONSCIENCE.

In these strange dread events
Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,
[illegible]at Conscience rules us e'en against our choice.
[illegible]ur inward monitress to guide or warn,
[illegible] listened to; but if repell'd with scorn,
At length as dire Remorse she re-appears,
Works in our guilty hopes, and selfish fears!
Still bids, Remember! and still cries, Too late!
And while she scares us, goads us to our fate.

Coleridge.

...stance sixteen persons were scalded. ...d, among them Mr. Moore, the ...

Marri...

...this city, Mr. Jo... A... Andrew J. Cha... ...rdner ...

Remembrances.

"There was a time when hope was young,
And fancy's sunny brow was shaded
By wreaths of fondly imaged thoughts—
But they are faded.

There was a time when love was light,
And vows of holiness were spoken
With the true fervour of young hearts—
But they are broken.

There was a time when looks were gems,
That in the heart-depths long were cherished,
And treasured up within their shrine—
But they are perished.

There was a time when life was bright,
And friendship into fondness started,
Gilding with sunshine doubts and fears—
But that is parted.

There was a time when the loud laugh,
Marking the mind from care long banished,
Was heard from many a joyous breast—
But that is vanished.

There was a time when our fair heaven
Of happiness was seldom clouded,
And glorious were our summer days—
But now they're shrouded.

No more for me the sweet, kind look,
The dear embrace so long and clinging,
The nameless fondnesses of love—
The laughter ringing

Around the walls, while echo raised
The sound again, as if unwilling
To lose a single note of glee,
So sweet and thrilling

All these are gone—yet I am here,
Without a tie on earth to bind me—
Yet not a spot on which I gaze
Fails to remind me

Of bye-gone days and golden hopes,
Which in my bosom deep were nourished;
Now there is but the broken vase,
To tell they flourished.

Yet there is still to me a joy,
A quiet ray of bliss still gleaming,
That when this mortal coil is cast,
And life is gleaming

Faintly and fitfully from out
Its prison-house, so dark and dreary,
That there exists a home above.
To rest the weary,

Where broken hearts and cares are not,
And pain and trouble fled forever,
And the mourning throng of friends are met,
No more to sever."

LOVE SONG FROM ALMACK'S.

"'Tis so like sense—'twill serve the turn as well."—*Pope.*

Hark, a voice like the voice of a cherub above—
Only look how Diana bespangles the grove
...Wits full as bright as the eyes of my charmer—
...O a great brute must he be that could harm her
...Noe sits by a fountain close under a hill,
...And ho repeats her sweet voice to the rill;
...Whthe rill, as if proud to be told of the lay,
...Like race horse, leaps over each rock in its way;
...Nor sts on the journey its strength to renew
...(Exept to jump down from a mountain or two),
...But hrries through mead, and through moorland, an heath,
...To encore the sweet song in the valleys beneath.

O my heart, how it throbs! I'm convinced it wil burst!
I shall die—I shall die; but I am not the first,
For Phyllis already has sent to their grave
Seven lovers, o'er whom seven buttercups wave;
And I am the eighth—O ye winds! as ye rove,
I be greatly obliged if you'd say to my love,
That her faithful Alexis is dead or is dying;
And if, as I hope, the talk sets her a-crying,
The very next time that I dine with the king—
The king, O ye zephyrs! your praises shall sing.

Is there nought that can heal such a passion as mine?
Sure the arrows of Cupid are aught but divine.
Jove woo'd his Europa, and Diana her boy,
(I forget the lad's name) in the meadows of Troy:
Thrice fortunate couple! your loves knew no Lent—
But I am alone in the meadows of Kent,
A-plucking its posies in summer winds sighing—
But what are its posies to one that is dying!
They droop ere I place them for warmth in my breast;
And this is the case with myself, I protest.
But away with complaint,—soon beneath the green grove
I shall moulder (excuse the expression) by Jove!
For a rock soars above me full twenty feet high—
I jump from the summit—I tumble—I die!
Ye juries of Kent, whoe'er you may be,
When you bring in your verdict of *felo de se*,
O say I was found like a saint on my knees,
At the foot of a rock, for my cold Heloise;
That I smiled, notwithstanding the bruise in my side,
Breathed her name, grew exceedingly nervous, and

...but ...suffered all for me,
...peace and pardon to procure;
The lighter cross I bear for thee,
Help me with patience to endure.

The storm of loud repining hush;
I would in humble silence mourn;
Why should the unburnt, though burning bush,
Be angry at the crackling thorn?

Perhaps some golden wedge supress'd
Some secret sin offends my God;
Perhaps that Babylonish vest,
Self righteousness, provokes the rod.

Ah! were I buffeted all day,
...Mock'd, crown'd with thorns, and spit upon,
I yet should have no right to say,
My great distress is mine alone,

Let me not angrily declare,
No pain was ever sharp like mine;
No murmur at the cross I bear,
But rather weep, rememb'ring thine."

From the New York Mirror,

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF DE WITT CLINTON.

We own the fulness of our heart and eyes,
When all of Genius which can perish dies.
A mighty Spirit is eclipsed—a Power
Hath passed from day to darkness.—*Byron.*

Again hath the "Angel of death" spread his wings,
And CLINTON lies low in the sepulchre's gloom,
But memory will hallow the anguish that springs,
As the requiem numbers are breathed o'er his tomb:
The destroyer hath swept, in his wrath, o'er our land,
And long shall a nation bewail his dark flight;
The victim was mighty where mightiest s'and,
But the sun of his splendor is shaded in night.

Fair Science unfolded to him her bright page,
And welcomed his offering as gems to her store;
His mind was enriched with the treasures of age,
And Wisdom had yielded the depths of her lore:
Philanthropy hailed him her noblest and best,
And Truth shall record that his zeal was her own,
The precepts of Virtue came warm from his breast,
For Religion had reared in his bosom her throne.

The insignia of greatness was stamped on his brow,
And the light of his genius resplendently shone;
But the halls which he honoured are desolate now,
For the Spirit that gave them their lustre is gone:
He is laid to his rest with the good and the great,
But the Winter of life is the Spring of his fame;
While learning is cherished, its leaf shall re-late
The deeds that encircle with glory his name.

The wreaths of the warrior in splendour may twine,
And the lofty of earth may be proud of his fame;
But the bosom of Mercy will often repine,
As she sigh's o'er the deeds that have gilded his name:
But thine, honoured CLINTON! were laurels of Peace,
And long shall they cluster in freshness and bloom;
Thou art gone! and the note of detraction shall cease,
And foes to thee, *living*, will mourn o'er thy tomb!

THE WEATHER.

The season 'tis granted, is not very gay,
But we cannot, in justice, complain of the weather;
For if changes delight us, we have, in one day,
Spring, summer, and autumn, and winter together.
Messrs. Farmer & Brown.

The melancholy death of Mr. HENRY BEAL, of this town, brought to my mind the following stanzas to the memory of *H. K. White:* two or three verses are omitted.

Oh! lost too soon! accept the tear
Which friendship to thy memory pays,
Dear to thy friends, to science dear
In the young morning of thy days.

When o'er thy dawn, the darkness spread,
And deeper every moment grew
When rudely round thy youthful head
The chilling blasts of sickness blew;

Religion heard no 'plainings loud,
The sigh in secret stole from thee,
And pity from the 'dropping cloud,'
Shed tears of holy sympathy.

Oh! partial grief, to mourn the day,
So suddenly o'erclouded here,
To rise with unextinguished ray,
To shine in a superior sphere.

Oft genius early quits this sod,
Impatient of a robe of clay,
Spreads the light pinion, spurns the clod,
And smiles, and soars, and steals away.

But more than genius wing'd thy flight
And mark'd the way, dear youth for thee,
Henry sprang up to worlds of light
On wings of immortality.

POETRY.

For the Boston Recorder.

THE BAPTISM.

She stood up in the meekness of a heart
Resting on God, and held her fair young child
Upon her bosom, with its gentle eyes
Folded in sleep, as if its soul were gone
To whisper the baptismal vow in Heaven.
The prayer went up devoutly, and the lips
Of the good man glow'd fervently with faith,
That it would be, even as he had pray'd;
And the sweet child be gather'd to the fold
Of Jesus. As the holy words went on,
Her lips mov'd silently, and tears, fast tears
Stole from beneath her lashes, and upon
The forehead of her beautiful child lay soft
With the baptismal water. Then I thought
That to the eye of God that mother's tears
Would be a deeper covenant, which sin
And the temptations of the world, and death,
Would leave unbroken, and that she would know
In the clear light of Heaven, how very strong
The prayer which press'd them from her heart had been,
In leading its young spirit up to God. ROY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Boston Recorder.

POLLOK'S COURSE OF TIME.

It is happy for the Reviewer that when criticism, as in the present instance, is disarmed by affecting circumstances, the excellencies of the book under consideration are so striking as not to need the contrast of its blemishes. The author of the Course of Time is dead—and were the monument which he has left behind him less likely to perpetuate his name as a poet and a Christian, we could not find it in our hearts to speak harshly of one who has died so early and made, in this day of vain literature, an effort so decided to purify the perverted "wells of poetry."

The Course of Time is a "Poem of Ten Books." It opens with an invocation to the "Eternal Spirit," disavowing all desire for ornament of style, and asking only for power "to utter as it is the essential truth." It then takes for its time a period subsequent to the judgment and represents two celestial beings walking "on the hills of immortality," when a stranger arrives in heaven. After greetings have been exchanged, he accounts for the agitation of his manner by a description of his journey in which he had passed hell. A description of the "worm that never dies," terribly graphic, and some other of the phases of misery conclude his narration. He then asks for an explanation, and is referred by them to an "ancient bard of earth," who was better competent to inform him.

The description of their flight over heaven in search of him is very beautiful:

So saying, they linked hand in hand, spread out
Their golden wings by living breezes fanned,
And over heaven's broad champaign sailed serene.
O'er hill and valley, clothed with verdure green
That never fades; and tree, and herb, and flower,
That never fades; and many a river, rich
With nectar, winding pleasantly, they passed;
And mansion of celestial mould, and work
Divine. And oft delicious music, sung
By saint and angel bands that walked the vales,
Or mountain tops, and harped upon their harps,
Their ear inclined, and held by sweet constraint
Their wing;

The story is now transferred with a fine poetical invention to the "ancient bard," who goes on with the main subject of the book—the Course of Time. Among the passions which prevailed after the fall, he dwells much upon fame, and his gives the author an opportunity to speak of himself, which he does in a way at once touching and modest.

The following passage in the description of a christian mother's death, we think one of the most exquisitely beautiful we have ever seen:

She made a sign
To bring her babe—'twas brought, and by her placed.
She looked upon its face, that neither smiled
Nor wept, nor knew who gazed upon't, and laid
Her hand upon its little breast, and sought
For it, with look that seemed to penetrate
The heavens—unutterable blessings—such
As God to dying parents only granted,
For infants left behind them in the world.
"God keep my child," we heard her say, and heard
No more: the Angel of the Covenant
Was come, and faithful to his promise stood
Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.
And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused
With many tears, and closed without a cloud.
They set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.

There is a fine description of Byron—too long for insertion, and an apostrophe to the sea,

"Th' eternal bass
Of nature's anthem," which is full of sublimity.

We close our extracts with the following origin extract from the description of the resurrection

Now starting up among the living changed,
Appeared innumerous the risen dead.
Each particle of dust was claimed: the turf,
For ages trod beneath the careless foot
Of men, rose organized in human form;
The monumental stones were rolled away;
The doors of death were opened; and in the dark
And loathsome vault, and silent charnel house,
Moving were heard the mouldered bones that sought
Their proper place. Instinctive every soul
Flew to its clayey part: from grass-grown mould,
The nameless spirit took its ashes up,
Reanimate: and merging from beneath
The flattered marble, undistinguished rose
The great—nor heeded once the lavish rhyme,
And costly pomp of sculptured garnish vain.
The Memphian mummy, that from age to age
Descending, bought and sold a thousand times,
In hall of curious antiquary, stowed,
Wrapt in mysterious weeds, the wondrous theme
Of many an erring tale, shook off its rags;
And the brown son of Egypt stood beside
The European, his last purchaser.
In vale remote the hermit rose, surprised
At crowds that rose around him, where he thought
His slumbers had been single: and the bard,
Who fondly covenanted with his friend
To lay his bones beneath the sighing bough
Of some old lonely tree, rising was pressed
By multitudes, that claimed their proper dust
From the same spot: and he, that richly hearsed,
With gloomy garniture of purchased wo,
Embalmed in princely sepulchre was laid,
Apart from vulgar men, built nicely round
And round by the proud heir who blushed to think
His father's lordly clay should ever mix
With peasant dust—saw by his side awake
The clown, that long had slumbered in his arms.

As we said before we have no disposition criticise this book. The occasional lameness a line, the unmusical inversion of the style, e cept where his ardor carries him above it, an one or two instances of bad taste and familiarit in figures, are defects that might be dwelt upo but it would be no satisfaction to us, and a pro anation certainly, to the feelings of every reade

It is written in a spirit of the most pure a fervent piety, and must and does leave a salut ry impression. We cannot, indeed, go so far some who prefer it to Paradise Lost; but we think that with the exception of one or two the "great lights of poetry," it is the finest sp cimen of contemporary poetical genius.

The Charleston Observer states that the chur lately under the pastoral care of Rev. T. Henry, deceased, have invited Rev. Profess Church, of Franklin College, Georgia, to becor their pastor.

POETRY.

For the Boston Recorder

THE CHRISTIAN PASTOR.

PART I.

The hallowed hour, of Sabbath's early dawn,
Approaches now, and ushers in the day
Sacred to God; more highly privileg'd,
More blessings in its train, than other days;
Immortal hopes inspiring:
Dear to the Christian, dearer far, to *him*,
Who, heav'n-commission'd, pleads with guilty men.
The Sabbath dawns a day of anxious hopes
To him; yet more desir'd and priz'd; more lov'd
Than others; 'tis God's own day and sacred.
And he, whose soul, the hand divine, has touch'd.
And fir'd with holy zeal, does welcome it.—
And joys, more pure, play round his throbbing hear
Than *his*, whose coronation-day announc'd,
In bold perspective, sees the diadem
And crown of royalty, and princely robe,
Shining with bright'ning hues and gems of gold;—
Of purer joy, than youth's fair bridal morn,
With all its promis'd bliss, shall ever bring.
The sun beams seem more bright
And every object of creative power,
Is cloth'd in fairer, holier loveliness;
The early song, that warbles from the grove,
Seems tun'd accordant to the good man's heart,
And wakes the plaintive music of his soul.
The breath of Sabbath's morn invigorates
And strengthens all his powers; a sacred calm
And beauteous sun-shine, wakes pure devotion's
Humble, ardent and enrapturing strains.—
This hour is *his*; the joys are all his own.—
But now, the church-bell strikes upon his ear;
His much-lov'd charge, with all their various wants,
Demand attendance at the house of God.—
Oh, he has pray'd with holy violence,
And urg'd his suit, and cloth'd his fervent pray'r
With arguments, drawn from the word of God
That *his own* presence might His temple fill.
He knows full well, that this request denied,
Nor warmth, nor zeal, nor eloquence, can break
The dead-like slumber of the sinners soul,
Or reach the "dull cold ear" or languid hope
Of those, who ill at "ease, in Zion" sleep. W.

POETRY.

The Carriers of the Boston Recorder & Teleg presented the Patrons of the paper in the city the following Address, from the pen of a young tleman, who kindly furnished it at their request

JANUARY 1, 1828.

Fleetly hath passed the year. The seasons came
Duly as they are wont,—the gentle Spring,
And the delicious Summer, and the cool,
Rich Autumn with the nodding of the grain,
And Winter like an old and hoary man
Frosty and stiff—and so are chronicled.
We have read gladness in the new green leaf,
And in the first-blown violets; we have drank
Cool water of the rock, and in the shade
Sunk to the noon-tide slumber; we have eat
The mellow fruitage of the bending tree,
And girded to our pleasant wanderings
When the cool wind came freshly from the hills;
And when the tinting of the Autumn leaves
Had faded from its glory, we have sat
By the good fires of winter, and rejoic'd
Over the fulness of the gather'd sheaf.
"GOD hath been very good!" 'Tis He whose hand
Moulded the sunny hills, and hollowed out
The shelter of the valleys, and doth keep
The fountains in their secret places cool;
And it is He who leadeth up the sun,
And ordereth the starry influences,
And tempereth the keenness of the frost—
And therefore, in the plenty of the feast,
And in the lifting of the cup, let HIM
Have praises for the well-completed year. ROY.

For the Boston

THE TEAR.

"*Man was made to Mourn.*"

I saw it in the youthful eye,
When hopes and fears were young,
It told of grief and boding gloom,
That arch the passage to the tomb—
The ills of sad mortality
That o'er life's entrance clung;—
E'en when the mother's lips were near
To blot it out I saw a tear.

And mid the joy of youthful sport,
When Pleasure's pulse was high,—
When years, half-pierced by Fancy's glance,
Were joyful with the merry dance,
And Beauty deigned to pay her court
Virtue might ne'er deny
E'en in the eye of that fair boy
There was a tear to taint his joy.

Beauty I saw, in holiest hour,
In more than loveliness,
She knelt upon the mossy stone
Where slept her sire, and sad and lone,
She cherished there the sickly flower
Her culture sought to bless;
Yet sunk that floweret of the grave—
I saw a tear its blossom lave.

Again I saw her—and her hand
Was in her lover's prest;
The virtuous hopes and holy vow
Of their pure hearts were sanctioned now,
And ardent prayers to bless the band,
That bound their souls and blest,
Were fondly uttered o'er the fair,—
I saw her eye—a tear was there.

Manhood I saw—his golden store,
The fruit of many a care
That rent his soul, while Fortune's smiles
Laughed on its course from distant isles,
Before him spread its tempting lore;
Yet, with a sight so fair,
A cloud was on the worldling's brow—
A tear—he knew not why nor how.

And when the glow of youth was fled,
And manhood's vigor gone;
When fancy's wand had lost the power
To raise the joys of youthful hour—
When time's cold wintry hand had shed
Its frosts his head upon—
His eye, like what he saw, was drear;
Rayless but for the sparkling tear.

One form I saw—the hand of death
Held o'er his threatening wand,
And the fair scenes and dreams of earth
Were worthless as the songs of mirth,
Yet joyed she with her faultering breath,
Bursting the bonds of earthly band;—
Death only hushed the song of prayer—
I closed her eye—NO TEAR was there. AUBERT.

"For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end."

FOR THE STATESMAN.

ROSABELLE.

hen go, gallant knight, said the fair Rosabelle,
And my heart shall eternally cherish the sigh,
hat breathed the last accents of Edward's farewell,
And dimmed, for a moment, the glance of his eye.

o'er the trump of renown, when thy deeds it discloses,
Shall love its gay myrtle exultingly throw;
nd a garland all bright with hope's loveliest roses
Shall blend with the laurel that circles thy brow.

ntil thy returning, the rosebud I'll nourish,
And the delicate plant of affection will rear;
s if wet with the rich dews of Spring, it shall nourish,
Beneath the kind moisture of memory's tear.

hen go, knight, and bright be the wreath of thy glory,
And dear and revered by all ages thy name;
May it gild with new lustre the patriot story,
That tells of the deeds of thy ancestors' fame.

He has gone, he has gone, from his own highland borders,
To meet his rude foeman the warrior flies;
But the thought that shall cheer him in war's wild disorders,
e soul-beaming glance of Rosabelle's eyes. R.

The original lines were these:

"Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave, where our hero, *we* buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moon beam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin *enclosed* his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers, we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we stedfastly gaz'd on the face *that was* dead
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we *hollowed* his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow.
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far-away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But *little* he'll reck if they'll let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock told the hour of retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was *sullenly* firing.

Slowly and sad we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But left him alone with his glory."

MUSIC

SONG—*By Thomas H. Bayly.*

She never blamed him, never!
But received him when he came,
With a welcome kind as ever,
And she tried to look the same:
But vainly she dissembled,
For whenever she tried to smile,
A tear unbidden trembled
In her blue eye all the while.

She knew that she was dying,
And she dreaded not her doom—
She never thought of sighing
O'er her beauty's blighted bloom.
She knew her cheek was altered,
And she knew her eye was dim,
But her sweet voice only faltered
When she spoke of losing him.

'Tis true that he had lured her
From the Isle where she was born—
'Tis true he had inured her
To the cold world's cruel scorn.
But yet she never blamed him
For the anguish she had known,
And though she seldom named him,
She thought of him alone.

She sighed when he caressed her,
For she knew that they must part—
She spoke not when he pressed her
To his young and panting heart.
The banners waved around her,
And she heard the bugle's sound—
They passed—and strangers found her
Cold and lifeless on the ground.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER SON.

For Music.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

My child was beautiful and brave!
An opening flower of Spring—
He moulders in a distant grave,
A cold, forgotten thing—
Forgotten, by, by all but me,
As e'en the best beloved must be—
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

Methinks 't had been a comfort now
To have caught his parting breath,
Had I been near, from his damp brow
To wipe the dews of death—
With one long, lingering kiss, to close
His eyelids for the last repose—
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

I little thought such wish to prove,
When cradled on my breast,
With all a mother's cautious love,
His sleeping lids I prest—
Alas! alas! his dying head
Was pillow'd on a colder bed—
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

They told me victory's laurels wreathed
His youthful temples round;
That "Victory!" from his lips was breathed
The last exulting sound—
Cold comfort to a mother's ear
Who long'd his living voice to hear!—
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

E'en so thy gallant father died,
When thou, poor orphan child!
A helpless prattler at my side,
My widow'd grief beguiled—
But now, bereaved of all in thee,
What earthly voice shall [illegible]

THEY SHALL PERISH, BUT THOU REMAINEST.

Suns and planets—every orb,
Speak of thee, who shin'st forever,
Time shall quench, and age absorb—
These shall fade; but thou shalt—never!

Wealth and beauty, pride and power—
Ties which only death could sever—
Every fruit of earth, and flower—
These shall fade; but Thou shalt—never!

Emerald isles, on ocean sleeping—
Skies that seem to spread forever—
Links of life through nature creeping—
These shall fade; but Thou shalt—never!

Every grace of human art,
Time's unsparing scythe shall sever—
Dreams of fancy—spells of art—
These shall fade; but Thou shalt—never!

All the range of Nature's reign—
Sunny landscapes, smiling ever—
Silver moons and starry train—
These shall fade; but Thou shalt—never!

All shall fade, from earth and sea;
Oceans dry, and mountains sever;
Tide and time shall cease to be—
Thou, alone, remain'st for ever.

PULASKI'S ADIEU TO POLAND.

Farewell to thee, Poland, forever farewell!
The sun of thy glory obscurely has set;
In each blast of wind sounds thy funeral knell,
But the days of thy triumph I ne'er shall forget.

Then floated thystreamers on Warsaw's proud heights,
Nor the step of the Russian polluted thy shore,
Ah! to dream of thy glory my soul still delights;
But she weeps for the freedom that greets thee no more.

It sickens my heart to behold thy lost power,
And to view the dark cloud that o'ershadows thy fate;
While the sky of misfortune around thee doth lower,
Ah! fain would I perish thy pangs to abate.

But I go to a clime where the ruthless invader,
Aims the stroke of destruction at liberty's tree—
To strike at the heart of her foe; and to aid her,
To parry the blows which have overwhelm'd thee.

But if on a far foreign shore I should perish,
And live not to see thee my country again;
The remembrance of thee e'en in death will cherish,
And my last dying breath shall thy glory maintain.

NEW CONUNDRUM.—Why are the ladies like stage drivers?—Because their first object is to secure the *mails*.

TIME AND LOVE.

An artist painted Time and Love:
Time with two pinions spread above,
And Love without a feather:
Sir Harry patronized the plan,
And soon Sir Hal and Lady Anne
In wedlock came together.

Copies of each the dame bespoke:
The artist, ere he drew a stoke,
Reversed his old opinions,
And straightway to the fair one brings
Time in his turn devoid of wings,
And Cupid with two pinions.

"What blunder's this?" the lady cries,
"No blunder, Madam," he replies,
"I hope I'm not so stupid.
Each has his pinions, in his day,
Time, before marriage, flies away,
And, after marriage, Cupid."

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

By Miss Landon, author of the Improvisatrice

And the muffled drum rose on the air,
Warriors with stately step were there;
On every arm was the black crape bound,
Every carbine was turned to the ground:
Solemn the sound of their measured tread,
As silent and slow they follow'd the dead.
The riderless horse was led in the rear,
There were white plumes waving over the bier;
Helmet and sword was laid on the pall,
For it was a soldier's funeral.

That soldier had stood on the battle-plain,
Where every step was over the slain;
But the brand and the ball had pass'd him by,
And he came to his native land to die.
'T was hard to come to that native land,
And not clasp one familiar hand!
'T was hard to be numbered amid the dead,
Or ere he could hear his welcome said!
But 't was something to see its cliffs once more,
And to lay his bones on his own lov'd shore;
To think that the friends of his youth might weep
O'er the green grass turf of the soldier's sleep.

The bugles ceased their wailing sound,
As the coffin was lowered into the ground;
A volley was fired, a blessing said,
One moment's pause—and they left the dead!
—I saw a poor and an aged man,
His step was feeble, his lip was wan:
He knelt him down on the new-rais'd mound,
His face was bowed on the cold damp ground,
He raised his head, his tears were done,—
The father had prayed o'er his only son.

[From the New York Courier.]

A PLEDGE TO THE DYING YEAR.

Fill to the brim! one pledge to the past,
As it sinks on its shadowy bier—
Fill to the brim! 'tis the saddest and last
We pour to the grave of the year.
Wake, the light phantoms of beauty that won us
To linger a while in these bowers,
And flash, the bright day-beam of promise upon us,
That gilded life's earliest hours.

Here's to the love—tho' it flitted away,
We can never—no never forget;
Through the gathering darkness of many a day,
One pledge will we pour to it yet.
Oh, frail as the vision, that witching and tender,
And bright on the wanderer broke,
When Irem's own beauty in shadowless splendor,
Along the wild desert awoke.

Fill to the brim! one pledge to the glow
Of the heart in its purity warm!
Ere sorrow had sullied the fountain below,
Or darkness envelop'd the form;
Fill! to that life-tide—oh warm was its rushing
Through Adens of arrowy light—
And yet, like the wave in the wilderness gushing,
'Twill gladden the wine cup to night.

Fill! to the past—from its dim distant sphere
Wild voices in melody come;
The strains of the by-gone—deep echoing here,
We pledge to their shadowy tomb,
And like the bright orb, that in sinking flings back
One gleam o'er the cloud-cover'd dome,
May the dreams of the past, on futurity track
The hope of a holier home.

NORNA.

* Irem, one of the gardens described by Mahomed planted, as the commentators of the Koran say, by a King named Shedad, once seen by an Arabian, who wandered very far into the desert in search of a lost camel. A garden no less celebrated (says Sir W. Jones) by the Asiatic poets, than that of the Hesperides by the Greeks.

THE LAMP.

Brightly the stars shed their light,
Like love on the bosom of night,
Each rolls on eis course, like a king
Come in pride and in triumphing.
But brighter the lamp that shines
Through yonder lattice of vines.

Thrice glorious that sunstar above,
Bright Jove; and the fair Queen of Love
And Beauty yet holdeth her reign
O'er a glad and a lovely domain;
And their rays, like the shivering of spears,
Glance in silvery light thro' the spheres.
But give me the lamp that shines
Through yonder lattice of vines.

By that lamp bends a Maiden fair,
Shading off the fresh night air,
Lest the gentle flame should decay,
Nor brighten her wanderer's way.
Around stream her locks in their light,
And the rose-cheek and blue eye are bright,
Of the Maid by the lamp that shines
Through yonder casement of vines.

I am near to the casement now,
I can look on her graceful brow,
I can feel the light of her eye
As she smiles when her love is ni

POETRY.

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

BY THE LATE BP. HEBER.

Our task is done! on Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest;
And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbor now,
With furled sail, and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride.
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslem's savoury supper steams,
While all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.

Come, walk with me the jungle through;
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off, in desert dark and rude,
The tyger holds his solitude;
Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun,)
A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.
Come boldly on! no venom'd snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake;
Child of the sun! he loves to lie
Mid Nature's embers, parched and dry,
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade;
Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,
Fit warden in the gate of death!
Come on! Yet pause! behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,
Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom,*
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower:
The ceiba's crimson pomp display'd
O'er the broad plaintain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly blade;
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
The betel waves his crest in air;
With pendent train and rushing wings,
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod;
Yet who in Indian bow'r has stood,
But thought on England's "good green wood?"
And bless'd, beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazle and her hawthorn glade,
And breath'd a pray'r, (how oft in vain)
To gaze upon her oaks again?

A truce to thought! the jackall's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry;
And through the trees, yon failing ray
Will scantly serve to guide our way.
Yet mark! as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes;
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love;
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring;
While to this cooler air confest,
The broad Dhatura bares her breast,
Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night!
Still as we pass, in softened hum,
Along the breezy allies come
The village song, the horn, the drum;
Still as we pass, from bush and briar,
The shrill cigala strikes his lyre;
And what is she whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane?
I know that soul entrancing swell!
It is—it must be—Philomel!

Enough, enough, the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze,—
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
And we must early sleep, to find
Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
But oh! with thankful hearts confess
Ev'n here there may be happiness;
And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
His peace on earth—his hope of heaven!

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* A shrub whose deep scarlet flowers very much resemble the geranium, and thence called the Indian geranium.

POETRY.

SABBATH EVENING.

Closing Sabbath! Ah, how soon
Have thy sacred moments pass'd!
Scarcely shines the morn, the noon,
Ere the evening brings thy last;
And another Sabbath flies,—
Solemn witness!—to the skies.
What is the report it bears
To the secret place of God?
Does it speak of worldly cares,
Thoughts which cling to earth's low sod?
Or has sweet communion shone
Through its hours from God alone?
Could we hope the day was spent
Holily, with constant heart,
We might yield it up content,—
Knowing, though so soon it part
We should see a better day,
Which could never pass away.
God of Sabbaths! Oh forgive,
That we use thy gifts so ill;
Teach us daily how to live,
That we ever may fulfill
All thy gracious love designed,
In Sabbaths to mankind. JAMES EDMESTON.

POETRY.

For the Boston Recorder.

ADDRESSED TO DEATH.

We, sons of earth, all gay with beauty,
And all bright with glory,
Ne'er wish to see thy countenance,
Thou dark browed haggard monster!
Or hear the moans which tremble in thy hollow voice,
Or feel thy icy touch!
Were our arm nerv'd with strength
Quite equal to a conflict,
We'd snap thy bow in twain,
And dip thy deadly shaft,
Which oft has quiver'd in a gentle bosom,
In endless life. But ah!
Threats will ne'er disarm thee! Can flattery?
Then speed thy sable pinions
To an orb unlovely, and unbless'd,
Where, beings, stung by the ills of life,
Would hail thee as a friend,
For their release adventuring.
Or dost thou choose, bend thy dark course
To where thou ne'er hast had domain;
Thou might'st be a form so novel,
That with promise of a world
Of sweets unwithering, and hopes unblighted,
Many would yield in gladness to thy chill embrace.
We beg thou would'st depart;
For pleasure's bower is reared,
And joys unfelt, untasted,
Wait to bless us. This bower,
With aim insidious we've seen thee enter,
And fling a bitter dreg,
In a pure draught of bliss,
And in a moment quell the notes
Of sportive mirth, and frantic revelry.
And honor's crown too,
Bestudded thick with divers gems,
Solicits our acceptance;
And fame, with lifted pen
Would write our name
With things immortal;
Therefore, away, away! stern foe!
For we have seen thee crush
The aspiring hope, and ardent wish,
To leave a name with glory brilliant.
And *we*, whose shrivelled hearts
Ne'er strayed in thought beyond us,
But who with eager toil
Have grasped the shining ore,—or *we*,
Whom wealth has wrapped in costly covering,
Or strew'd with hand prolific,
Scenes, with art and nature beauteous,
Or gathered from the earth or ocean,
Delights to charm, or comforts to sustain,
Ne'er wish thee, bold Intruder!
For with a tyrant rod we've seen thee
Sever gold and man, and thrust him
In the deep *damp* prison!
We've heard thee call at hour untimely
On him, whose lofty dome, whose splendid retinue,
Whose sumptuous table, and whose gorgeous robes,
But added *treble* poignancy to pangs
Which twine themselves with thy embrace.
And *we*, whom soft and gentle bands
Have bound in one, ne'er wish thee,
For with a rude unfeeling touch,
We've seen thee cut the tenderest tie,
And hurry from the embrace,
One *precious* and *beloved*.
But oh! Destroyer rueful! if the suit
Which we in concert bring is spurned,
And still thou wilt delight
To satiate and gorge on human victims,
Then play thy shafts on those
Who say they're pilgrims,
And seek a "better land."—Yes,
We, Sons of God, do bid thee hail!
For from this "better land," a glorious ray
Has formed a pathway bright, of living faith
Unto our bosoms; therefore,
With strong desire we beg
Thou wouldst dissolve our day,
That we with angel wing,
May spring from hence, and view
In vision clear, the Country
Whence it emanates.
Death! greedy Death! we know thee,
And thy attendants grim!
We've seen thy gloomy pomp,
We've heard thy awful tread, and ghostly music,
But we ne'er fear thee!
For thy sting is pointless,
And victory is ours,
Through Him who died! M.

POETRY

The following lines accompany an engraving in the "Remember-Me," a religious Annual lately published in Philadelphia.

CONTEMPLATION.—BY N. P. WILLIS.

"They are all up—the innumerable stars—
"And hold their place in Heaven. My eyes have been
"Searching the pearly depths thro' which they spring
"Like beautiful creations, till I feel
"As if it were a new and perfect world,
"Waiting in silence for the word of God
"To breathe it into motion. There they stand
"Shining in order, like a living hymn
"Written in light, awaking at the breath
"Of the celestial dawn, and praising Him
"Who made them, with the harmony of spheres.
"I would I had an angel's ear to list
"That melody! I would that I might float
"Up in that boundless element, and feel
"Its ravishing vibrations, like a pulse
"Beating in Heaven! My spirit is athirst
"For music—rarer music! I would bathe
"My soul in a serener atmosphere
"Than this; I long, to mingle with the flock
"Led by the 'living waters,' and lie down
"In the 'green pastures' of the better land!
"When wilt thou break, dull fetter! When shall I
"Gather my wings, and like a rushing thought
"Stretch onward, star by star, up into Heaven!"

Thus mused Alethe. She was one to whom
Life had been like the witching of a dream,
Of an untroubled sweetness. She was born
Of a high race, and laid upon the knee
With her soft eye perusing listlessly
The fretted roof, or on Mosaic floors,
Grasped at the tesselated squares inwrought
With metals curiously. Her childhood passed
Like faery—amid fountains and green haunts—
Trying her little feet upon a lawn
Of velvet evenness, and hiding flowers
In her sweet bosom, as if it were a fair
And pearly altar to crush incense on.
Her youth—oh! that was queenly! She was like
A dream of poetry that may not be
Written or told—exceeding beautiful!
And so came worshippers; and rank bow'd down
And breath'd upon her heart as with a breath
Of pride; and bound her forehead gorgeously
With dazzling scorn, and gave unto her step
A majesty as if she trod the sea,
And the proud waves, unbidden, lifted her.
And so she grew to woman—her mere look
Strong as a monarch's signet, and her hand
Th' ambition of a kingdom.

From all this
Turn'd her high heart away! She had a mind,
Deep and immortal, and it would not feed
On pageantry. She thirsted for a spring
Of a serener element, and drank
Philosophy, and for a little while
She was allayed,—till, presently, it turn'd
Bitter within her, and her spirit grew
Faint for undying waters.

Then she came
To the pure fount of God, and is athirst
No more—save, when the fever of the world
Falleth upon her, she will go, sometimes,
Out in the star-light quietness, and breathe
A holy aspiration after Heaven.

Parnassus.

FROM A LATE EUROPEAN PRINT.

THE CHILD OF SORROW'S TALE.

Deny, but do not taunt a maid
  Who never scorn with scorn repays;
Proud man, though now I ask your aid,
  Mine alas, were happier days.
But sorrow mark'd me for her own
  Before I told my twentieth year—
Yet when my friends began to frown,
  I but reproach'd them with—A TEAR.

I ne'er could frame the harsh reply,
  The look unkind by feeling fear'd;
E'en when I meet disdains cold eye,
  E'en when I cruel language heard.
I've seen my friend, my earliest friend,
  Refuse my tale of woe to hear;
Yet still unwilling to offend,
  All my remembrance was—A TEAR.

And I have known the sland'rer's tongue
  My fame with vile dishonor taint,
Yet on my lips no curses hung,
  The *mournful mind* was my complaint.
And I was forced by cruel pow'r
  To leave the scenes I held most dear;
O! 'twas indeed a trying hour!
  Yet all my language was—A TEAR.

And I have known the youth I lov'd
  Retract the vows he swore to me;
Behold my pallid cheek unmov'd,
  And smiling, boast that he was free!
Yet I was calm—and (hour of dread!)
  I saw him woo a maid more dear;
But I was mute, I only shed—
  No—no!—I COULD *not shed*—A TEAR.

Ah! full was then my cup of grief—
  Friends, fortune, lover, fame, all lost—
A beggar now, I ask relief,
  A finall, a *trifling* boon at most.
Still can you chide me from the door?
  Ah, no!—your looks compassion wear—
So large a gift!—Oh!—*words* were poor—
  I thank, I bless you, in—A TEAR.

ADAPTED TO THE AIR OF "AS PENSIVE I THOUGHT OF MY LOVE."

AS twilight grew pale in the West,
  I pensively watch'd its decline;
I thought on the friend I love best,
  And wish'd that his virtues were mine:
Whilst fancy delighted to dwell,
  On scenes that to mem'ry were dear,
I knew not alas! that they fell,
  Till I felt on my bosom a tear.

A dusky shade stole o'er the scene,
  The landscape was hid from my view,
Its vernal and beautiful green,
  Was rapt in dim Evening's hue.
The Moon her faint crescent displayed,
  Yet visible scarce to the eye,
It seem'd to my fancy it said
  So brief are the moments of joy:

And few, are the joys I require;
  And few, are the wishes that rife,
Yet I own I do fondly desire
  The respect of the good and the wise.
Oh grant me kind Heaven but this,
  I would not to many be known;
And to fill up my measure of bliss,
  I ask the esteem of but ONE.

She 's gone, she 's gone, that artless child,
  That dandled on the knee,
That blessed its parents when it smiled,
  And many a weary hour beguiled,
  In early infancy.

She 's gone. she 's gone, that sister kind,
  Affectionate, and true;
In hope eternal bliss to find,
  She left a brother's smiles behind,
  To sisters, bade adieu.

She 's gone, she 's gone, that faithful friend,
  Through life in weal or woe,
Her aid eternally to lend,
  Where acts of friendship never end,
  Nor change as here below.

She 's gone, she 's gone, the christian 's fled,
  No more we hear her voice;
She 's gone, but O! she is not dead,
  She lives with Jesus Christ her head,
  Forever to rejoice!

SAVAGE, Aug. 17. N.

A SKETCH.

I saw a youth—on his fair brow no cloud
Of anguish or of discontent appeared,
But all was fresh and glowing life and health
Delightful.—Laughing joy appeared to reign
And riot in his bosom: Southern suns
Had o'er his birth presided, and infused
Into his bosom, and through all his frame,
An ardent temperament, and feelings warm.

A letter came, with eager haste he seized
And gazed upon it—'t was in his father's hand—
A black seal closed the fearful sheet, and looked
Like the foreboding messenger of death.
The warm life-blood forsook the youth's fair cheek,
And o'er his face expressive mantled fast
A deadly paleness. Sick at heart he felt,
And o'er his nerves crept feelings undefined,
But sinister, betokening sure some dire event.
Trembling with wild anxiety, he broke
The fatal seal—when met his seeking eye,
Glancing with slow intense along the lines,
The sad intelligence of his mother's death.
He read not to the end—the letter dropped—
"My mother, Oh! my mother!" he exclaimed,
"Dead! no, no, it cannot, must not be—
It is not so—a week—'t is but a week,
I parted from her well—yes, she was well,
And now a corpse!—good heavens! can it be!
Oh! my poor mother, little did I think
At that kind parting scarce a week ago,
That never more I should behold her face.
She cast her arms around me, called me her boy,
Her darling boy—prayed God to bless, preserve
And prosper me—and then she said, that we
Should shortly meet again—and smiled thro' tears,
And O! so fondly smiled. But is it so?
And will my mother never smile again?
Oh! do not leave me—do not yet desert
Your Edward—stay—I cannot, will not live
Without you—'t is too much—mother, come back,
And pity me.

"But she is gone," he said,
After a moment's pause, "and never more
Will she return. Where, mother, shall I find
Another such as thou hast been to me?
So kind—so tender—she would not even let
The winds of heaven too roughly visit me.
Yes, she was too kind—how oft I 've pained
Her gentle bosom by my wantonness.
Yet her reproof was always mild, and soon
She 'd pardon me. Oh! curses on my head,
That I should ever offend her."

Thus went he on—his tones were thrilling wild,
Reaching the inmost sympathies, and the soul
Were hard indeed, that were not touched and grieved
By grief so frenzied. All around were mute,
Save one. A man of God stood near, and strove
Into his bosom, sorrow-tost, to pour
The balm of consolation. All in vain—
His was a grief that mocked at sympathy—
And when the venerable man of patience spoke
Of trust reposing in the king of heaven,
His words unheeded were; and still he raved,
And cried convulsed, till nature overpowered,
He sunk exhausted in forgetfulness. Q.

SELECTIONS.

Learning shall here her wonted vigils keep,
Or gentle eyes o'er some fond story weep,
Or the proud statesman, to his country true,
Some theme of national importance view.

FROM A VOLUME OF POETRY.

By Emily Taylor.

Try—and perhaps thou may'st not err
  To sound the depths of ocean caves.
Where, long and late the mariner
  Impels his bark o'er unknown waves;
But think not with thine utmost art
To fathom all thy brother's heart.

There is an evil, and a good,
  In every soul unknown to thee—
A darker or a brighter mood,
  Than aught thine eye can ever see:
Words, actions, faintly mark the whole
That lies within a human soul.

Perhaps thy sterner mind condemns,
  Some brother mind, that reasoning less,
The tide of error slowly stems
  In pain, in love—in weariness,
Thou call'st him weak; he may be so;
What made him weak thou can'st not know.

Perhaps thy spirit's calm repose
  No evil dream hath come to spoil,
A firm, resistless, front it shows
  Amid the passions' fiercest broil!
'Tis well—enjoy and bless thy lot,
Still pitying him who shares it not.

The pure, the holy—they, perchance,
  About thy path have still been seen;
Nor could thy feet a step advance,
  But there their pious aid hath been!
Ah! happy in that better state!
Yet pray for hearts more desolate.

WASHING WEEK.

[BY A SEAMAN.]

IN this, dear George, we both agree,
(You bred in camp—I bred at sea,)
  That cleanliness is oft
A dreadful plague about a house,
And always met our warm abuse
  When boys with Mrs. Croft.

But to the beggar and the king,
Clean linen's a reviving thing,
  Though both those plagues don't reach me
The beggar strips at jocund morn
In some clear stream, and on the thorn
  Spreads out his rags to bleach.

The king—great man!—sends his away
(No Palace sees a Washing Day)
  But what's more happy still.
He's not obliged to count the rags,
Nor stuff them into canvass bags,
  O no!—nor write the bill.

But, Lord, have mercy on us all!
Whene'er we wash, all hands must fall
  To something or another;
For madam scolds, and flies about,
Now up, now down, now in, now out,
  Dabbing thro' wet and smother.

This cursed time all comfort flies;
At six she starts, "Come Ned; come rise
  "And get the lines hung out."
"Yes, to be sure, my dear"—I cry;
I dare as well be hang'd as lie,
  For fear my dove should pout.

Breakfast is got, and whipp'd away,
Because the washers want their tea,
  Before I half have done;
The doors all open—linen's spread—
The sky looks black—"Come hither
  "Shall we have rain or sun?"

My dear, you need not be in pain,
"I think it *does not look like rain.*"
  "O then we'll hang out more."
When lo! the words have hardly past,
But puff—there comes a heavy blast,
  And all must be rins'd o'er.

Then tenfold falls the peal on me;
"You ass—to be ten years at sea;
  "See!—see the linen!—do!"
I sneak away to have a smile
Snug—*while* I hear her all the while
  Calling me *black and blue.*

But what still troubles more my mind
Amidst such plagues, at once to find
  The washer, as she wrings,
Cracking some jest—then o'er the tub
Pauses awhile—and every rub
  With pleasure sweats and sings.

I hate, I must confess, all dirt,
And truly love a well-wash'd shirt;
  But once a month this reck
Is more than flesh and blood can bear
And him I hate—oh, make his share
  A washing every week!

HYMN.

For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

When we move at duty's call,
He is with us by the way;
He is ever with us all,
Those who go, and those who stay.

From his holy mercy-seat
Nothing can our *souls confine;*
Still in *spirit we may* meet,
And in sweet communion join.

Father hear our humble prayer!
Tender shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

In thy strength may we be strong;
Guided by thy light and love;
Till we join the assembled throng
In our Father's house above.

THE KHAR-I-JARD, OR YELLOW THORN.

Sweet Thorn of the desert,
  Thy blossom appears
Like some lonely planet
  That lightens the spheres;
The rose is less lovely,
  Though fairer her flower,
Though morning has hailed her
  The queen of the bower.

She blooms where the lillies
  Are blooming beside her,
She blows where no shadow
  Hangs over to hide her,
But thou, where sad Nature
  For ever has frown'd,
Where all things are gloomy
  And desolate round.

Farewell! when thy beautiful
  Blossoms I see,
Bright shrub, I shall borrow
  This lesson from thee;
As thy flowers smile out
  Thro' the thorns that entwine
So our pleasures arise
  From the sorrows that shrine

TIDE OF LIFE.

I saw, while the earth was at rest,
  And the curtains of heav'n were g
A breeze full of balm from the west,
  O'er the face of a sleepy lake blow
It ruffled a wave on its shore,
  And the stillness to billows was br
The gale left it calm as before;
  It slept as if never awoken.

Not thus with the dull tide of life;
  One cheek may be sorrow'd by we
While free from the breezes of strife
  Another in peace may be sleeping
The wave once disturbed by the br
  Can tranquilly sleep again

POETRY.

From the Christian Mirro

THE VICTIM OF INTEMPERANCE.

I knew him, long ere the bright glow of youth
Had left his cheek, and when the light laughter
Sparkled in his eye. We were classmates, and
Many a time, when straying far away
Amid the noiseless woods, he'd speak of days
To come, and trace the path, he meant through life
To follow. A stranger then was guile to him,
nd nought his bosom knew of care, all then
Was peace and happiness and joy; and oft,
hen speaking of vice, pointing out its snares,
e would friendly counsel me, to beware
f them. He feared not for himself. "I know,"
aid he, "their evil far too well to fear."
We parted; and but few short years flew by
Before we met—and sad indeed that hour
To me! Ah why kept he not *his* counsels!
Where then the glow of youth—the sparkling eye?
All, all had fled!—the sunken eye, the cheek,
Once so fair and flushed with manly beauty—
Now bloated and disfigured—too plainly
Told "Intemperance deadly work was there!"—
We met—oh God that hour—the wasted form—
The trembling hand and fault'ring step—the voice
When greeting, so hollow and unearthly!
Too sadly spoke "the wreck of man"—while the
Heavy long drawn sigh, and the deep throbbings
Of his breast betrayed his rooted anguish!
Death was in his countenance—the deadly
Shafts of Intemperance had crushed the bud of life
He died an early victim to its power.

P

POETRY.

From the Toke

A CONNECTICUT CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY JOSEPH H. NICHOLS.

How beautiful upon the hill-top shines
The white, illuminated house of God!
A thousand lights, that burn in graceful lines,
Mild radiance send from each arched window broad
And chrystal icicles, like gems in mines,
Flash on the eaves, and a soft halo flood
Gilds the tall steeple, which, at this bright hour,
Points to the skies like some fair ivory tower.

They enter, and oh! what a lovely scene
Dazzles the vision! Garlands of spruce pine,
Wreathes of dark ivy, stars of evergreen,
Adorn the walls and round the pillars twine.
Faces on faces piled, with smiles serene,
Watch the wreathed chancel's galaxy divine,
Where, meek, with linen robe and silver hair,
The patriarch priest turns o'er the book of prayer

He speaks. At once, with solemn rush, all stand,
And the kind accent of his lips repeat,
Or listen, while, with fervent gesturing hand,
He reads, how once a radiant angel, sweet
Of voice, escorted by a harping band,
Judea's shepherds came by night to greet
With tidings, as he shook his wings impearled,
Of Mary's babe, the Saviour of the world!

The village maids, *in spotless* raiment dressed,
Then strike the anthem of enchanting praise;
When closed, the pastor, now in sable vest,
Ascends the pulpit, and, discoursing, sways
With tender words the soul-fixed *hearer's* breast.
And, as the gorgeous candlestick's clear blaze
Beams on *his* face, *his* up-raised eyes oft swell
With tears of love for good Emmanuel.

The parting hymn and parting benison
Soon follow, and the holy duties close.
How pour the people out! Again the tune
Of bells resounds, as each one homeward goes,
Led by the spangled sky's unclouded moon,
That now, methinks, unusual lustre throws
Yards the east, as if it saw the Star
Bethlehem, through the purple depths afar.

POETRY.

From the Connecticut Observer

"And when the hour of sleep comes, and I wrap mys
o in the drapery of my couch, I am almost ready to w
that the sleep of the grave had come, that I might ne
wake again."—*Wilcox's Memoirs.*

And it *has* come—the last long sleep of death
Has eased that aching brow: the lyre is mute
Whose mournful notes once echoed to the song
Of earthly hopes and fears—and weeps unstrung.
No sound is heard, save the light winds of heaven,
Whose plaintive melody comes stealing round
The sepulchre of death.

But there are sun-beams resting on the clods
Which press thy wearied form, and write upon
The charnel house, "thrice blessed are the dead
Who rest in humble hope"—Mid seraphs bright,
And in seraphic strains, that heaven-taught lyre
Now breathes again.—Oh! that its tones might break
Upon this slumbering world. Once it aroused
Listeners from the lethargy of sin,
And many in their nightly orisons
Have blest this "servant of the living God."

His wish is granted. On his lowly couch
"Wrapt in its drapery," lies in quiet sleep
That faded form:—but for the active *mind*
Earth has no resting place.—Oh! I can see
That spirit mounting to the highest heaven,
Welcomed by kindred spirits, and at last
Take refuge in the bosom of its God—
Its "drapery" the Saviour's righteousness,
Itself employed in ceaseless adoration:—
There shall our thoughts ascend, and leave the dust
With dust to mingle, till th' archangel's trump
Shall wake us all.

X.

POETRY.

THE END OF ALL THINGS.

The following extract is from the close of a poem lately published in London, by *Robert Montgomery*, on the Omnipresence of the Deity. The Sheffield *Montgomery*, who is a distinguished poet, and one of the most amiable of men must not be confounded with our present author.

"Ages has awful Time been travelling on,
And all his children to one tomb have gone;
The varied wonders of the peopled earth,
In equal turn, have gloried in their birth:
We live, and toil—we triumph, and decay.—
Thus age on age rolls unperceived away;
And thus 'twill be, till Heaven's last thunder, roar,
And Time and Nature shall exist no more!

O! say, what Fancy, though endow'd sublime,
Can picture truly that tremendous time,
When the last sun shall blaze upon the sea,
And earth be dash'd into eternity!
A cloudy mantle will enwrap that sun
Whose face so many worlds have gazed upon!
The placid moon, beneath whose pensive beam
We all have loved to wander and to dream,
Dyed into blood shall glare from pole to pole,
And light the airy tempests as they roll!
And those sweet stars, that, like familiar eyes,
Are wont to smile a welcome from the skies,
Thick as the hail drops, from their depths will bound,
And far terrific meteors flash around!—
But while the skies are shatter'd by the war
Of planet, moon, rent cloud, and down shot star,—
Stupendous wreck below!—a burning world!
As if the flames of hell were on the winds unfurl'd!

Around the horison wheels one furnace blaze,
Streaking the black heavens with gigantic rays:
Now bursting into wizard phantoms bright,
And now immingled in a sea of light!
Till ramping hurricanes unroll on high,
And whirl the fire clouds quivering through the sky;
Like sea foam dash'd upon a mountain side,
When the mad winds upon the surges ride.

And, lo! the Sea, along her ruin'd shore
The white waves gallop with delirious roar!
Till Ocean, in her agonizing throe,
Bounds, swells and sinks like leaping hills of snow!
While downward tumbling crags and torrents sweep,
And wildly mingle with the blaze lit deep.

And now, while shadowy worlds career around,
While mountains tremble, and while earthquakes sound,
While waves and winds rush roaring to the fray,
Who shall abide the horrors of the day?
How shall we turn our terror stricken eye,
To gaze upon the fire throned *Deity*?

Hark! from the deep of heaven, a trumpet sound!
Thunders the dizzy universe around!
From north to south, from east to west it rolls,
A blast that summons all created souls!
And swift as ripples rise upon the deep,
The dead awaken from their dismal sleep:
The sea has heard it!—coiling up with dread,
Myriads of mortals flash from out her bed!
The graves fly open, and, with awful strife,
The dust of ages startles into life!

All who have breath'd, or moved, or seen, or felt;
All they around whose cradles kingdoms knelt;
Tyrants and warriors, who career'd in blood;
The great and mean, the glorious and the good,
Are pluck'd from every isle, and land, and tomb,
To hear the changeless and eternal doom!

Now, while the universe is wrapt in fire,
Ere yet the splendid ruin shall expire,
Beneath a canopy of flame behold,
With glitt'ring banners at His feet unroll'd
Earth's Judge!—around seraphic minstrels throng,
Breathing o'er golden harps celestial song;
While melodies aerial and sublime
Weave a wild death dirge o'er departing Time!

Imagination! furl thy wings of fire,
And on Eternity's dread brink expire;
Vain would thy red and raging eye behold
Visions of immortality unroll'd!
The last, the fiery chaos hath begun,
Quench'd is the moon! and blacken'd is the sun!
The stars have bounded 'mid the airy roar;
Crush'd lie the rocks, and mountains are no more;
The deep unbosom'd, with tremendous gloom
Yawns on the ruin, like creation's tomb!

And lo! the living harvest of the earth,
Leap'd from the grave to share a second birth
Millions of eyes, with one deep dreadful stare,
Gaze upward through the burning realms of air;
While shapes, and shrouds, and ghastly features gleam,
Like lurid snow flakes in the moonlight beam.

And see! amid the skies' terrific glare,
Like a wild planet wheeling through the air,
The Eternal Spirit, on a fiery car,
Cleaves through the clouds and blazes from afar!
And, like an ocean vollied from his throne,
Roars the deep thunder of His judgment tone!—
Wing'd on the wind, and warbling hymns of love,
Behold the blessed soar to realms above;
The cursed with hell uncover'd to their eye,
Shake, shriek, and vanish in a whirlwind cry!
Creation shudders with sublime dismay,
And in a blazing tempest whirls away!"

POETRY.

For the Boston Recorder.

THE CHRISTIAN PASTOR.

PART II.

"With measur'd steps and slow," in thought profound,
He treads the path-way, to the sacred ground;
To meet the well-known flock; with shepherd care,
To watch, and feed, and give instruction there.—
His laboring bosom heaves, with anxious sighs,
As hope and fear, alternate, now arise;
He views his flock; he hears His high commands,
Again: be faithful; feed my sheep, my lambs;
Feed them with living bread; direct them where
The purest streams and richest pastures are.
These souls are precious;—when in the tomb I laid,
Or rising, left the precincts of the dead,
Or nail'd, or pierc'd, upon the cross I bled,
The full-sought ransom then, I freely gave,
And deep I sank beneath the o'erwhelming wave.
To them, commission'd, bear my strict command,
Sound in their ears, the trump within thy hand;
Let Sinners hear the Gospel's "joyful sound,"
Nor blood of souls be on thy garments found:—
The watchman trembled, at his charge renew'd,
And trembled more as he his life review'd.
With heart uplifted, to the Saviour, said,
The burden's great, that's on thy servant laid;
An angel's powers, a seraph's flame and zeal,
A solemn charge, like this, could scarce fulfil;
How then, can dust and ashes, feeble clay,
This heav'nly mandate, of his Lord, obey?
Sink not, I'm with you always, always near;
Blest with *my* presence, canst thou yield to fear?
My all-sufficiency is pledg'd, is given;
Distrust *thy own;* rise in the strength of heav'n;
The cause thou plead'st, is *mine;* 'tis *mine* to give
Success; if not; yet thy own soul shall live,
If faithful found:—Hope brightens in his eye;
His voice, once more, in pray'r, ascends on high;
For that all-conquering Spirit, now he pleads;
Before the throne, his people's wants, he spreads;
With wrestling Jacob, still his suit he moves,
An anxious suppliant, for the souls he loves.
He humbly leaves his cause, with Him, who hears,
Submissive bows, and casts away his fears;—
Prepar'd by faith divine, in God's own name,
The warrior stands; the *sinner's heart*, his aim;
As Israel's king, whose proud, unhumbled breast,
In glitt'ring steel, and warlike armour drest
Defies the archer's aim; the arrow driv'n,
Advent'rous flies, directed now, by Heav'n,
Infix'd by Him, whose hand the lightning hurls;
Pierc'd the proud victim; low in death he falls;—
So flies the arrow from the sacred word,
Pointed with Sinai's fire and dipp'd in blood.
God's flaming law, to wound the rebel's heart,
And Calvary's blood, to draw the rankling dart.

W.

POETRY.

For the Boston Recorder.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

At night, when all around is hush'd
In still and calm repose,
I wander forth unconsciously,
Where scented clover grows,
To shed the tear—to pour the prayer—
For ah! my mother's slumbering there.

Her rest is sweet. In earth's cold arms,
She mingles dust with dust;
On Jesus' breast she leans her head
In firm, unshaken trust.
Quickly she'll burst the bolted tomb,
And rise in full, unfading bloom.

Mother! I would not call thee back
From yonder blissful heav'n!
Oh 'twas a happy, happy hour,
In which our souls were riv'n!
I bless the Pow'r that bade thee rise
To join the ransom'd in the skies.

It was a fair and peerless night,
The stars lit up the blue;
The moon pour'd out her purest light,
As if to lead thee through.
And then we pray'd that Christ would guide
Thy soul across cold Jordan's tide.

That prayer, methinks, was heard—so still
Thy spirit sunk to rest,
As fades the light of summer's eve
On noiseless night's cold breast.
Our tears we shed, as Jesus wept,
Where Mary's buried brother slept.

"Sleep, mother, sleep." For in the tomb
Thy Saviour laid his head,
And the damp earth he bow'd him down,
[illegible]ess'd the narrow bed.
[illegible]p is short—thy bliss is near—
[illegible]e will reach thy sepulchre.

To an aged Oak by the way side, near the dwelling of man and the river's brink.

O Prince of the forest, majestic in form?
Where, where are thy subjects? thy courtiers where fled?
Why liftest on high to the scath of the storm
Unshielded and lonely thy silvery head?

The peers of thy youth—its wild scenes—where are they?
The raven, that built in thy branches her nest?
The wolf that around thee oft prowled for his prey?
The savage that 'neath thee composed him to rest?

Thy equals are fallen—those rude scenes no more,
Unheard is the wild bird—the savages yell,
Fair landscapes now greet thee with fruits covered o'er
And weekly salutes thee the church tolling bell.

A stranger thou seemest all pensive and lone
Exclaiming "How transient are all things below!"
The scenes of my youth as bright visions, are gone,
All round me is changed save that river's dull flow.

I saw hopeful man, in the height of his prime,
That mansion erect, and his offspring there bloom,
With God he communed 'till in process of time,
His faith became vision—he sunk to the tomb.

I saw yonder locust now fading away,
The germs of its youth full of promise unfold,
The maiden—once fair as the flower of May
Here bloom for a season—now withered and cold.

All, all is unlike the wild scenes of my youth,
Generations have glided of man, beast, and tree,
And Time has left nothing, to tell of his rush,
Of all that erst bloomed here—O nothing but me!

O silent, yet eloquent Monitor, say
Is the date of all earthly so painfully brief?
Must we, like the vapor, pass quickly away?
Must fade, as in autumn thy frost bitten leaf?

"Yes, brief is thy stay here," thou seem'st to proclaim
And liftest thy head all triumphant on high,
Like some haughty monarch, still panting for fame,
Forgetful that even a monarch may die.

Yet thou too shalt perish; nor last shalt thou fail,
These hills everlasting shall see thee decay,
That river flow smoothly along the green vale,
When thou so aspiring, hast mouldered to clay.

Nor ever frail man shalt thou always rejoice,
When once thou art fallen no more wilt thou bloom;
But soon will be heard the Archangel's shrill voice,
And man all immortal come forth from the tomb.

O then shall he flourish in regions more bright,
Where spring, ever blooming, invites to repose.
The swift wing of time leaves no trace of his flight,
And life's crystal river perennial flows.

Then stand there, thou lone one, thy duties perform;
The heedless of time's peerless motion apprize,
The aged admonish of death's gath'ring storm,
And bid young immortals prepare for the skies.

Yes, bid thoughtless youth, as he gaily goes by,
Revere his Creator while healthful and young,
O tell him how oft thou hast seen the youth die,
Hast seen his bier pass thee, and heard his knell rung!

Bid too, the young Christian be steadfast like thee,
While storms of temptation vehemently blow;
Then, caught to the skies, he shall shout, *Victory*,
While mountains melt down, and the elements glow.

ALVARO.

TO DEATH.

Monarch of the gloomy pall!
Fell king of terrors! thou
Before whose awful shrine
Submissive nations bow!
All shrouded as thou art in night,
And clad in horrors dire,
I shrink not at thy fearful call,
Nor dread thy fatal ire.

Leave to the joys of love and life
The beautiful and bright,
Nor blast the flower just springing forth
In loveliness and light.
Strew not the blossoms of the spring,
Waste not the vernal bloom,—
Young hopes, young hearts, are fitting not
The silence of the tomb.

Fly from the joyous crowd, for there
Thy frown is darker yet,
Nor on the brow elate with hope
Thy chilling signet set,
And spare, O spare that smiling youth,
And pass that blooming bride,
He is his father's only hope,
And she, her mother's pride.

Yet vain all human prayer to thee,
Lone Regent of the dead!
The bridegroom and the bride, the young
And beautiful are fled.
Why wilt thou deign to send thy shafts
Amid the blythe and free?
Come to this heart, I long to tread
The narrow grave with thee.

Come in consumption's pallid hue,
Or flushed with fever's heat,
bid thy agents quick destroy;—
wn I fear to meet:
this world is nought to me,
nd hopes decay;

BOLIVAR.

Weave, weave the Patriot's crown,
Weave the wreath!
Blow the trumpet of renown,
Give it breath!
Thou hast earn'd them in the fight—
Thou sword of Freedom's war,
Thou combatant for right,
Bolivar.

There's a glory all thine own,—
Can the light
That glitters round a throne
Shine so bright?
Can the crown or regal name,
The sceptre or the star,
Gain hearts, like thy pure fame,
Bolivar?

Has ambition led thee on?
'Tis a sway
That mighty hearts have known
In their day.
For the victor's laurell'd meed
Didst thou dare the battle's scar,
Or for riches didst thou bleed,
Bolivar?

No, no!—a holier cause
Claim'd thy sword—
'Twas Freedom, Country, Laws,
Gave the word.
And when thy sabre's gleam,
Call'd freemen from afar,
It was honour's purest beam,
Bolivar!

If Oronoco's waves
Wash no land
Of Helots and of slaves,
'Twas thy hand
That rent the leaden chain,
Which dragg'd them at the car
Of fierce and sullen Spain,
Bolivar!

The Andes speak thy fame,
And the shore
Of the Ocean tells thy name,
Librador!
While all hearts are turn'd to thee,
Their glorious guiding star,
In the world thou hast made free.—

JUDEA.

No more, Judea, on thy hills
The suppliant Hebrew bends,
No more along thy flowing rills
The voice of music wends;
Prostrate thy temples in the dust,
Thy palaces o'erthrown,
Thy people by their God accurst
To other lands are flown.

On Sinai's lofty rugged height,
Where, robed in fire and flame,
His glory veiled in clouds and night,
Thy God in terror came:
No voice of prayer—no hymn of praise
Is heard along its steep,
Dead are thy minstrels' mighty lays,
They with their father's sleep.

No more to lute, or harp, or lyre,
Thy dark-eyed maidens dance,
For dead is love and young desire,
Her whisper and her glance;
A cruel race profanes thy land,
Pollutes thy hallowed earth,
The Moslem with his blood-dyed hand
Now holds thee for his mirth.

Yet HE shall sweep the Paynim's power
Like chaff before the wind,
Thy sons again shall hail the hour
When they their God shall find;
Amid thy halls so desolate,
Those walls deserted now,
Shall Israel rear her fallen state,
And at thy altars bow.

Thy valleys then shall ring to tones
Of heartfelt mirth and pleasure,
And music breathe her sweetest strains,
And wake her boldest measure.
With tabret and with minstrelsy
Shall move thy lightsome daughters,
While hymns of joy shall rise to thee,
Above thy moonlight waters.

PERSIAN MELODY.

Ah, what is the voice of the bulbul to me,
And what are the roses that hang o'er the strea
When the form I hold dearest no longer I see,
Nor the smile of my Layla's the light of my dream
Then wish me not, lady, to dream of those roses,
Nor the bulbul that warbles their branches among;
But of her in whose bosom my spirit reposes,
For whom I pour out my soul in my song.

Yet were Layla and I, gentle lady to meet
As the bulbul and rose tree that blooms in the bower,
With its blushes so modest, its perfumes so sweet
When it breathes out its love in the scent of its flower—
Oh then let me dream when my weary eye closes,
And sleep o'er the thoughts her enchantment has thrown—
Oh then let me dream of the bulbul and roses
And sing till those roses are withered & strewn

ORIGINAL POETRY.

JULY.

Oh Saratoga, Lebanon, Niagara, and Ballston!
The heart that does'nt sigh for you this weather,
must be all stone—
The fashionable girls are off, and so are all the fellows,
And I am puffing like a pair of apoplectic bellows.

The pavements all are hissing hot, the sky above
is brazen,
And every head's as good as dead the sun can lay
his rays on;
The market smells most horribly—It's death to go
to dinner,
And I expect to melt away—I do—as I'm a sinner

The lean, like walking skeletons, go stalking pale
and gloomy,
And the fat, like red hot warming pans, send hotter
fancies thro' me,
I wake from dreams of Polar ice, on which I was
a slider,
Like fishes dreaming of the sea and waking in the
spider.

Ye steam boats upon Hudson river—15—20 milers—
It makes my fancy cool to hear the hissing of your
boilers,
Your 150 passengers, all cool as Holland skaiters,
And the punches iced so thrillingly by your white-apron'd waiters.

I sigh to think of all these things, I wish that I was
able
To "cut" the thousand manuscripts that lie upon
my table—
If I could coin the *flesh I've lost*, or make a horse
of sorrow,
I'd be upon the road to Saratoga Springs tomorrow

EXTRAORDINARY [illegible] COMBAT.

Aubry de Mondidier, travelling alone through the forest of Bondy, in France, was assassinated, and buried at the foot of a tree. His dog remained for several days upon his grave, and quitted it only through the force of hunger. It returned at length to Paris, where it went to the house of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubry, and, by its melancholy howlings, appeared desirous of communicating the loss it had sustained. After eating, it recommenced its cries went to the door, turned its head to see whether any one followed, returned to his master's friend, and pulled him by the coat, as if inviting him to follow it. The singularity of these actions of the dog, its returning without its master, whom it never had been known to quit, and the sudden disappearance of that master, altogether determined the friend to follow the dog.

As soon as the dog reached the foot of the tree, it began to scratch up the earth, at the same time redoubling its cries. The friend immediately dug, and found the body of the murdered Aubry.

Some time after, it accidentally met the assassin, who is *unanimously* called by historians the chevalier Macaire. It seized him by the throat, and could with difficulty be made to let go its hold; and, every time it saw him, it attacked and pursued him with the same fury. The ferocity of this dog, who was mild to every one else, began to be thought extraordinary; its attachment to its master was called to mind, together with symptoms of hatred which Macaire had often manifested toward Aubry. Other circumstances strengthened the suspicion.

The king, informed of what was said on the subject, caused the dog to be brought into his presence, where it was tranquil till the appearance of Macaire, among twenty other courtiers. Immediately, it turned upon him, barked, and endeavoured to seize him. In those times, when the proofs of a crime were not sufficiently convincing, a combat was ordained between an accuser and accused: this species of combat was called the *judgment of God*, because it was believed that heaven would rather work a miracle, than allow innocence to suffer. The king, struck with all the particulars which united themselves against Macaire, thought proper to command a single combat between the chevalier and the dog.

The lists were prepared in the isle of *Notre-Dame* which was then a waste and uninhabited spot. Macaire was armed with a large club, and the dog had an empty cask allowed it for a retreat. It was loose, and it immediately sprang upon its adversary, ran round him, avoided his blows, threatened him now on this side and now on that, wore away his strength, and at length seized him by the throat, and threw him down. In this situation, and in the presence of the king and all his court, the chevalier confessed the murder. There is a picture of this battle, which took place on the 8th of October 1382, in the great hall of the castle of Montargis.

* *Boscan, a celebrated Spanish Poet, has a thought so similar.*

"Sweet is evening's tranquil time,
When the day of storms is done,
Sweet the clear cold hour of prime,
Night just scattered by the Sun;
—Sweet—but sweeter far to me,
The dawn of hope diffused by thee."

POETRY.

From the Episcopal Watchman.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

How calm comes on this holy day!—
  Morning unfolds the eastern sky,
And upward takes her lofty way
  Triumphant to her throne on high.
Earth glorious wakes, as o'er her breast
  The morning flings her rosy ray,
And blushing from her dreamless rest
  Unveils her to the gaze of day:
So still the scene, each wakeful sound
Seems hallowed music breathing round.

The night-winds to their mountain caves,
  The morning mists to heaven's blue steep,
And to their ocean depths the waves
  Are gone, their holy rest to keep.
'Tis tranquil all—around—above—
  The forests far which bound the scene
Are peaceful as their Maker's love,
  Like hills of everlasting green.
And clouds like earthly barriers stand
Or bulwarks of some viewless land.

Each tree that lifts its arm in air,
  Or hangs its pensive head from high,
Seems bending at its morning prayer,
  Or whispering with the hours gone by;—
This holy morning, Lord, is thine!
  Let silence sanctify thy praise—
Let heaven and earth in love combine,
  And morning stars their music raise!
For 'tis the day—joy—joy—ye dead—
  When death and hell were captive led! P.

(By Mrs. Sigourney.)

As thy day is, so shall thy strength be."—Deut. xxxii, 25.

When adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs,
When life her throng of care reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

When with sad footsteps memory roves
Mid smitten joys and buried loves,
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs
Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

One trial more must yet be past,
One pang—the keenest and the last—
And when with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer! grant my soul to see
That "as her day, her strength shall be."

POETRY.

For the Boston Recorder.

Tribute to the memory of Miss Elizabeth Ann Judson, *daughter of the Rev. Samuel Judson, of Uxbridge, Mass.*

She has fled from the earth! And a spirit more kind,
More gentle, or pure, never rested below:
She has put off the mortal, and, Heav'n-ward inclin'd,
Forever has quitted this mansion of woe.

Her spirit has risen!—And, henceforth, no more
Shall she strive in the race that the living must run;
Her trials,—her tears,—and her sufferings are o'er;
Her warfare is ended,—her victory won!

No more shall she linger, unwilling to part
With those whose affections with hers were entwin'd;
She has yielded *the cherished and loved of her heart*
And parents,—and sisters,—and brothers resigned.

Let the poor, mortal clay, that envelop'd its trust,
Absolv'd of its duty,—go mingle with clay:
In the night of the grave let it sleep in the dust,
Till the Archangel's trump shall call it away.

Dust to dust we resign! Yet oh, Father, we bless
The infinite mercy that prompted to save,
Through Him whom all nations and tongues shall confess,
Who died to redeem us from death and the grave.

Then weep not for her who shall never weep more;
She has gone to her home, where all tears shall be dried;
Where spirits immortal shall love and adore
The God who created,—the Saviour, who died!

With "the voice of the harpers" she mingles her own
In the "new song" of gladness, ascribing, each hour,
Of praise to the *Lamb!* and to *Him* on the *Throne*
Of Alleluia—Salvation—and Glory—and Power!

November, 1827.

TRUTH.

Behold'st thou yonder, on the crystal sea,
Beneath the throne of God an image fair,
And in its hand a mirror large and bright!
'Tis truth; immutable, eternal truth,
In figure emblematical expressed.
Before it Virtue stands, and smiling sees,
Well pleased, in her reflected soul, no spot;
The sons of heaven, archangel, seraph, saint,
Here daily read their own essential worth;
And as they read take place among the just;
Or high, or low, each as his value seems.
Here each his certain interest learns, his true
Capacity; and going thence, pursues,
Unerringly through all the tracts of thought,
As God ordains, best ends by wisest means."

Pollok.

POETRY.

From the Boston Courier.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

Soldier, go—but not to claim
  Mould'ring spoils of earth-born treasure,
Not to build a vaunting name,
  Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.
Dream not that the way is smooth,
  Hope not that the thorns are roses,
Turn no wishful eye of youth,
  Where the sunny beam reposes;
    Thou hast sterner work to do,
    Hosts to cut thy passage through:
Close behind thee gulfs are burning—
Forward;—there is no returning.

Soldiers rest—but not for thee
  Spreads the world her downy pillow;
On the rock thy couch must be,
  While around thee chafes the billow:
Thine must be a watchful sleep,
  Wearier than another's waking;
Such a charge as thou dost keep,
  Brooks no moment of forsaking,
    Sleep as on the battle field,
    Girded—grasping sword and shield;
Those thou canst not name nor number,
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise—the war is done:
  Lo, the hosts of hell are flying;
'Twas the Lord the battle won;
  Jesus vanquished them by dying.
Pass the stream; before thee lies
  All the conquered land of glory.
Hark!—what songs of rapture rise,
  These proclaim the victor's story.
    Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
    Quit the sword and take the crown;
Triumph! all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain, and earth has vanished.

POETRY.

For the Boston Recorder.

To an aged Oak by the way side, near the dwelling man and the river's brink.

O Prince of the forest, majestic in form?
Where, where are thy subjects? thy courtiers where fled
Why liftest on high to the scath of the storm
Unshielded and lonely thy silvery head?

The peers of thy youth—its wild scenes—where are they
The raven, that built in thy branches her nest?
The wolf that around thee oft prowled for his prey?
The savage that 'neath thee composed him to rest?

Thy equals are fallen—those rude scenes no more,
Unheard is the wild bird—the savages yell,
Fair landscapes now greet thee with fruits covered o'er
And weekly salutes thee the church tolling bell.

A stranger thou seemest all pensive and lone
Exclaiming "How transient are all things below!"
The scenes of my youth as bright visions, are gone,
All round me is changed save that river's dull flow.

I saw hopeful man, in the height of his prime,
That mansion erect, and his offspring there bloom,
With God he communed 'till in process of time,
His faith became vision—he sunk to the tomb.

I saw yonder locust now fading away,
The germs of its youth full of promise unfold,
The maiden—once fair as the flower of May
Here bloom for a season—now withered and cold.

All, all is unlike the wild scenes of my youth,
Generations have glided of man, beast, and tree,
And Time has left nothing, to tell of his rush,
Of all that erst bloomed here—O nothing but me!

O silent, yet eloquent Monitor, say
Is the date of all earthly so painfully brief?
Must we, like the vapor, pass quickly away?
Must fade, as in autumn thy frost bitten leaf?

"Yes, brief is thy stay here," thou seem'st to proclaim
And liftest thy head all triumphant on high,
Like some haughty monarch, still panting for fame,
Forgetful that even a monarch may die.

Yet thou too shalt perish; nor last shalt thou fail,
These hills everlasting shall see thee decay,
That river flow smoothly along the green vale,
When thou so aspiring, hast mouldered to clay.

Nor ever frail man shalt thou always rejoice,
When once thou art fallen no more wilt thou bloom;
But soon will be heard the Archangel's shrill voice,
And man all immortal come forth from the tomb.

O then shall he flourish in regions more bright,
Where spring, ever blooming, invites to repose,
The swift wing of time leaves no trace of his flight,
And life's crystal river perennial flows.

Then stand there, thou lone one, thy duties perform;
The heedless of time's peerless motion apprize,
The aged admonish of death's gath'ring storm,
And bid young immortals prepare for the skies.

Yes, bid thoughtless youth, as he gaily goes by,
Revere his Creator while healthful and young,
O tell him how oft thou hast seen the youth die,
Hast seen his bier pass thee, and heard his knell rung!

Bid too, the young Christian be steadfast like thee,
While storms of temptation vehemently blow;
Then, caught to the skies, he shall shout, *Victory*,
While mountains melt down, and the elements glow.

Alvaro.

THE ROCK OF REFUGE.

Oh thou art the Rock of our refuge, the Tower
Of our safety, great God! in adversity's hour.
Sorrow must have its season, "the days of our years
Are evil and few" in this valley of tears.
Then oh, give us wisdom and teach us to flee
"Ere the evil days come" for salvation to thee!

For when Hope's gay illusions forever are fled,
When the flowers of affection are blighted and dead;
When youth with its dreams of romance has gone o'er,
And Fancy's false coloring can cheat us no more,
Then Father of mercies! to whom can we flee
For relief, consolation and succour, but Thee!

When thy bountiful hand scatters blessings around,
When most in the wealth of this world we abound,
Though pleasure allures with her flattering smile,
And the false light of Fortune should dazzle awhile;
Still however distinguish'd our destiny be,
The best of thy gifts is an int'rest in thee.

For the joys of religion are hallow'd and pure,
And, when earth's deep foundations are shaken, endure
In seasons of trial, temptation and ill,
Her high consolations abide with us still.
Lord! when earthly friends fail us, ador'd may'st thou be
That there is not the shadow of changing in Thee!

Oh thou art the Rock of our refuge, the Tower
Of our safety, great God! in adversity's hour;
Then oh, ere the blessings of life pass away;
Ere sorrow assails us, and every stay
We most fondly recline on shall perish, may we been
Find grace and acceptance and safety witness for the pl

Newport, R. I.

FATHER AND SON:
OR—DICK OUTWITTED.

REMOTE from splendour, liv'd of late,
In humble, but in decent state,
An honest Farmer, known to many,
Well skill'd to save and turn a penny.—
His wife, as frugal as himself,
Increas'd the little store of wealth,
And, bless'd with children, pigs and geese,
Nought could, it seem'd, disturb his peace.
But aged grown, the charms of life
Had faded, with his blooming wife,
And much he wish'd his latter days,
To pass in ease, and prayer, and praise:
And therefore told his favorite, Dick,
That he of care and toil was sick,
As business almost craz'd his pate,
He meant to give him the estate;
Provided he would fully prove
His gratitude and filial love,
Support his parents, and engage
To sooth the pillow of their age.
Dick thank'd his Sire; with grateful heart,
He promis'd to perform his part,
And him with reverence to obey,
'Till death should summon him away.
Now scenes of plenty and delight,
First open'd to his eager sight,
Hope promis'd fair, that pleasure's rays
Would gild the evening of his days.
But, anxious, he determin'd soon,
Completely to secure the boon.
Quoth Dick, 'tis folly to delay,
We'll close the bargain, Sir, to-day,
And soon to Justice ——'s repair,
Decrepit, you shall ride the Mare.
Well mounted now, the aged Don
Rides slowly on, beside his son,
Who, trudging merrily along,
Regales his father with a song
Arriv'd at house of Justice, quick,
The Sire dismounts, by help of Dick;
His Honor found, they state the case,
He hears them, with a sober face,
And soon, with help of usual fee,
Completes a Bond and Warrantee.
Forms now compli'd with, business done
To suit the Sire, as well as Son,
They homeward jog; a certain pride
Whisper'd to Dick, he ought to ride,
'Twas clownish thus to trudge along,
Despis'd by all the gaping throng.
On which, with magisterial air,
He bids the Father quit the Mare,
Affirming, now the Farm was his,
He'd do, in future, what he plea's'd.
Surpris'd, the Sire rebuk'd his son,
Thus saucy and imperious grown.
But all in vain, Dick roundly swore
He'd be his Father's slave no more.
The Sire dismounts, and hobbles on,
The Mare bears off the hopeful Son,
At length the Father reaches home,
Extremely lame and weary grown.

When Night came on, by evening fire,
Dick met again his injur'd Sire,
Who, quite good-natur'd, told his Son,
"There was a flaw in what was done,
And had he took the slightest heed,
He'd found an error in the Deed;
The lately purchas'd turnip-lot,
The Squire, I apprehend, forgot.
Go, fetch the Deed, we'll now insert it,
Assuredly, it cannot hurt it."

Dick brings the Deed, the careful Sire,
Throws all the writings in the fire,
Then turns to Dick, with cheerful air,
Who now, my Son, shall ride the *Mare?*

SIMON M'QUILLDRIVER.

N. Yarmouth, Dec. 26, [illegible]

"THAT'S HIS OWN."

A pleasant version of an old joke, from a little volume just published in England entitled "*Conrad and other poems*: by R. A. Templeton."

To pass a tedious winter's morn away,
Grim to a house of worship went one day;
—— appear'd high mounted on his chair;
He named his text, and then he quoted Blair:
Nor gave he Blair the credit, (cheating elf,)
But modestly he took it to himself.
Grim mark'd it—with a scrutinizing air
He eyed the preacher, and exclaim'd, 'that's Blair.'
Nor yet abash'd, the minister went on,
Quoted again; says Grim, 'that's Tillotson.'
The preacher redden'd, hamm'd but mustering strength,
He brought another passage out at length,
'Cooper!' said Grim; the man of God no longer
Could hold his passions, which being held grew stronger;
He boil'd with rage; then with an angry air,
'Sexton,' said he, 'turn out that fellow there!
Said Grim, (retaining gravity of tone,
And an unalter'd visage,) 'That's his *own*."

The following lines, from the Statesman, brea a truth and tenderness, which render them, our opinion, worthy of being republished.

TO ——

My lorn heart still yearns to meet thee
In th' embrace of wedded bliss;
Every wish is still to greet thee
With a husband's fondest kiss.

Every day moves on with sorrows;
Hours in lingering sadness flee;
While no sunset speaks a morrow's
Sweet return to peace and thee.

All my dreams are dark and dreary;
Fitful troubles break my rest;
Sunrise makes me sick and weary,
With a chill and cheerless breast:—

But that breast should be thy pillow,
And these arms should fold thee round;
While each pulse's gladdening billow,
True to thee should ever bound;—

[illegible] these eyes should watch thee sleeping,
[illegible]azing with affection's care;
[illegible]le no vision-fancies, creeping,
[illegible]hould disturb a feature there.

Yet, alas! the wish *is* vainer,
Than to check the changing moon,
Or, on high forever chain her,
Making night eternal noon.

I could see thee dead, reposing
Placidly in virtue's sleep;
I could see the shroud enclosing
Thy *pure* form, and only weep;—

And my tears would fall refreshing,
Like heaven's dew on Sinai's mount;
Agony is now compressing
Fire without the desert fount;

For thou movest near me, wearing
Vilest passions' horrid shroud,
And thy once so noble bearing,
Sinks in sin's obscuring cloud.

Would to God! oblivion round me
Might its shades of darkness fling;
Would that duty had not bound me,
Where of thee the echoes sing.

Yet, oh! yet I would not leave thee,
Though our meetings here are o'er;
For our children—oh! 'twould grieve me
To behold their joys no more.

And to them, oh! be a mother;
Purely teach their thoughts to flee;
Thou can'st not—oh! let no other—
Teach them gloomy hate for me.

A CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

By Bishop Heber.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid

MADRIGAL,

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.
(Strangford's Translation.)

DEAR is the blush of early light,
To him who ploughs the pathless deep,
When winds have raved throughout the night,
And roaring tempests banished sleep—
Dear is the dawn which springs at last,
And shows him all his peril past.
Dearer to me the break of day,
Which thus thy bended eye illumes;
And chasing fear and doubt away,
Scatters the night of mental glooms,
And bids my spirit hope at last,
A rich reward for peril past!"

NEW WAY OF RAISING THE WIND.

A man dressed like a gentleman, goes into a barber's shop. Barber do I want shaving? Yes, sir—set down if you please; down he sets and is shaved by the barber; after dressing, throws the barber half a dollar: here is your change, sir; never mind, never mind I never carry carry such trifles about me; after he is gone, the barber says to his journeymen and apprentices, what a gentlemen! if all my customers were so *liberal*, I should soon get rich. In a few days, he calls again at the shop, gets shaved, and tells the barber he has no change. *Never mind*, sir, it makes not the least difference. A day or two afterwards, calls again and gets shaved, in going out he throws the barber a dollar—your change, sir; never mind it, *keep* it. He must be rich! Oh, *what a liberal gentleman*, &c. all hands exclaim. A short time afterwards calls again; while he is getting shaved, a servant girl calls at the door, is Mr. P—— in? Yes, come in—Mrs. desired me to ask for twenty dollars. Why did not your mistress ask for it before I left home? I don't know, sir! It is impossible for me to go home again before three o'clock, and your mistress knew I did not bring more than sufficient to pay my carriage hire with me this morning. Barber have you twenty dollars that you can spare till the evening? Yes, sir, it is at your service—calls again the next day, I am sorry I was detained by company at dinner, that I could not call yesterday evening as I promised. *Never mind sir, I was not afraid of it.* Have you any blank checks on the United States' Bank? No, sir, but I'll step next door and get one—while writing the check, Oh! Barber, have you thirty dollars by you? Yes, sir—well then I'll write the check for fifty, as I do not want to draw such a *small sum as twenty dollars.* The poor unsuspecting barber gives him the thirty dollars: On presenting the check, the teller looks astonished, first at the check and then at the barber—*is it not good, sir?* Yes, the check is good enough but the drawer has *made no deposites.* The poor barber tries in vain to get sight of the "*gentleman*" he is never to have the honor again of shaving him.

It is said (but I do not say it) that the above actually took a place in the good city of New-Orleans not long since.

SHAVER.

THE FORSAKEN.—*By Montgomery.*

Fare thee well—we part in peace;
For I shall lay my aching breast
In that repose where sorrows cease,
And where the weary rest.
There, no cold heart shall mock the pain
Of the believing and betrayed;
No cruel eye view with disdain
The wronged and ruined maid.

Thou found'st me in the bloom of Spring,
Gay as the morning song of May;
Thou leave'st me a forsaken thing,
To sigh my hours away.
But secretly my woes I'll weep;
Concealed—thy joys they shall not check,
And if *thy* heart its silence keep,
In silence mine shall break.

Love, wealth, ambition, still to thee
Their varied pleasures will impart;
And what through life remains for me
To hush my aching heart?
Till from the joys I cannot share,
From scenes whose every voice of mirth,
But mocks the bosom of despair—
Hide me, my mother Earth.

Literary

POETRY.

PRIZE POEM,

Designated by the Judges of Original Poetry in the Boston Recorder for 1827.

SOLITUDE.

Deep solitude I sought. There was a dell
Where woven shades shut out the eye of day,
While towering near the rugged mountains made
Dark back-ground 'gainst the sky.—Thither I went
And bade my spirit drink that lonely draught
For which it long had languish'd 'mid the strife
And fever of the world. I thought to be
There without witness. But the violet's eye
Look'd up upon me,—the fresh wild-rose smil'd,
And the young pendant vine-flower kiss'd my cheek.
And there were voices too. The garrulous brook
Untiring to the patient pebbles told
Its history;—up came the singing breeze
And the broad leaves of the cool poplar spake
Responsive, every one. Even busy life
Woke in that dell, the tireless spider threw
From spray to spray her silver-tissued snare.
The wary ant whose curving pincers pierc'd
The treasur'd grain, toil'd toward her citadel.
To the sweet hive went forth the loaded bee,
And from the wind-rock'd nest, the mother-bird
Sang to her nurslings.

Yet I strangely thought
To be *alone and silent in thy realm,*
Spirit of Life and Love! It might not be!
There is no solitude in thy domains
Save what Man makes, when in his selfish breast
He locks his joys, and bars out others' grief.
Thou hast not left thyself to Nature's round
Without a witness. Trees and flowers and streams
Are social and benevolent, and he
Who oft communeth in their language pure,
Roaming among them at the cool of day,
Shall find like him who Eden's garden drest,
His Maker there, to teach his listening heart.

For the Boston Recorder.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. PAYSON.

You cannot mourn your much-lov'd Pastor gone;
His peaceful end, and hopes of Heav'n forbid.
His own commands would chide your falling tears
His dying smile, (when power of speech had fail'd)
Beam'd on his weeping son, with heav'nly rays,
And calm'd the storm of filial grief, which seem'd
Already bursting, from his bleeding heart.
He, like his own rever'd and gracious Lord,
When bound to Calvary's awful mount, to die,
Instructed them to weep, (if weep they must,)
Not for their dying Friend, but for themselves.

Yet mourn you must, disconsolate, whene'er
The sad remembrance, of such worth as *his*,
Steals on your musing, melancholy hours,
And prompts the rising sigh, and deep regret,
That so much genius, piety and zeal,
Should, all, in one short moment, take its flight
From earth to brighter worlds.

——————To him who own'd
The gift of Heaven, the immortal pinions,
Already at his side, and long'd to stretch
Them, wide-expanding, (like the tow'ring eagle
Tow'ds the bright sun,) to reach that glorious rest
Where *Faith*, had long since taught his soul to rise,
To *him* whose crown of glory, bright in Immanuel's hands
He saw, would soon his humble brow surround,
Nor grief, nor tears, but joy ineffable,
Thrill'd through his holy soul, when once he spoke
Of that full tide of bliss, which flowing deep,
And wide, encircling every angel form,
And ransom'd soul, of blood-bought, guilty man.

Yet, *where*, you ask, (th' inquiry justly made)
Where shall we find the man, whose godlike zeal
Untir'd, unbroken, mid life's sharpest pangs,
Still urg'd him on, to life's last moment
To speak for God, and plead with dying men?
When shall the voice of *Prayer* again be heard,
Those deep-ton'd notes, thrill'd through the soul,
Wak'd e'en the *slumb'ring sinner* from his dreams,
And made him feel, that there *must be a God*,
Whose spirit *then* breath'd from those hallow'd lips,
In strains of humble, penitential prayer?
Who *could but hear*, and list'ning *could but join*
In praise and adoration, pure like his.

Speak we of eloquence divine, in man?
'Twas *him* it thundered, to the guilty soul,
Which shook the "baseless fabric" of his hopes;
Like the lightning's keen and vivid flash,
Shiver'd the midnight darkness of the soul;
Then clos'd the vain refuge, and turn'd his eye
Inward upon himself, to see the ruins,
Sin had made; ruin'd and lost forever,
Unless restor'd, by that Almighty hand,
Which rear'd from chaos wide, creation's dome.

And wast thou *proud* of this bequest of Heav'n,
The bright "ascension-gift" the Saviour sent?
Oh, check such thoughts; his *living* voice forbade;
And stretch'd in *death's* embrace, a voice is heard,
"Behold your idol;" "Cease ye now from *man*,"
Unconscious of his rare and splendid gifts,
His high pre-eminence, he could not be;
'Twere but a *false humility* to feel,
That God had not distinguish'd him above
His fellows, in all that forms the Christian,
Or constitutes the "messenger of grace
To guilty men." Yet who, that knew him best,
But saw the veil of modesty and meekness,
Cast with a careful hand, o'er all his works,
O'er all his words. He knew his place in *God's* account
And low in dust, before th' Eternal Throne,
His soul, its centre found; his joy and rest.

Not list'ning crowds, not Fame's loud trumpet blast,
Which sent his name to nations far remote, ‡
Shook the firm hold, which Heavn's superior gift
Humility, had fasten'd on his soul.
He knew himself; he knew that *God* had made
Him *all he was:*—to God, the glory gave;
Dependence, guilt, and mis'ry, all his own.
When some high chieftain of illustrious name,
A nation's pride, the splendid boast of fame,
Bows low in death, amid the storm of war,
How mourn the brave; how sad the tidings are.
So science mourns, when falls her fav'rite son,
And sculptur'd marble tells the deeds he's done:—
Now, Zion mourns; the church in sable weeds,
Points to his urn, and lifts her eye and bleeds.
Her watchman's voice, no longer guards her walls;
Faithful 'till death, nor *then inglorious falls.*
He sought not praise from men, a splendid name,
His was a nobler end, a *holier flame,*
A *seraph's* fervor, and an *angel's* aim.
Yes, angels lov'd, and claim'd him for their own,
Watch'd the glad hour, to bear his spirit home:
No longer, now, a mourning exile, driv'n,
He finds his everlasting home, in Heaven.

* *The last day of his life, he was unable to speak; his son was in the chamber, weeping; the father seeing him turned, and smil'd upon him, to convince his son that he was exceedingly happy, and that his beloved child had no reason to weep.*

† *In allusion to his dying remark, that he felt as if he had a pair of new wings to his departing soul.*

‡ *Some of his works have been translated into different languages, and are now read in foreign lands.*

The Ministry.—To relinquish or intermit parochial labor, because it is not attended with success, would be terribly inexcusable. Labor on; commit the matter to God; wait patiently; get a feeling of the love of Christ; and di[illegible]

POETRY.

SELF EXAMINATION.

A HYMN FOR NIGHT—*by a Lady.*

Retire within thy secret cell
Thou wondrous power of thought,
With holy meditation dwell
On what the Lord has taught.

Expel the world, and all its train
Of soul perplexing themes!
They are as profitless and vain
As slumber's wildest dreams.

With contemplation's deepest skill
Arrest thy wand'ring powers!
And let devotion's tribute fill
The fast receding hours.

Time's ceaseless flight is hast'ning through
Thy fleeting earthly span,
What have thy busy hands to do?
What have thy thoughts to scan?

Perhaps some scheme of earthly bliss
Is floating through thy brain!
E'en though some hope as wild as this,
Has caused thee present pain.

Restless, perturbed, and full of care
Thy homeward course is trod;
Yet should thy thoughts be bright and fair
While hast'ning to thy God!

Where is thy Faith in Jesus gone?
It once was all thy boast!
Is it with other blessings flown,
And wreck'd on Passion's coast?

Oh if this treasure still was thine
In all its fullest sway!
Thou couldst not at thy lot repine
Though joy had past away.

That passport to a world of rest
Would check intruding fear[illegible]
[illegible] with anticipation bles[illegible]
[illegible]ou wouldst be tr[illegible]

POETRY.

For the Boston Recorder.

GEORGE DUNCAN REYNOLDS, *Obt. Jan.* 7, *aged two years,* 11 *months.*

Thy little life was fresh and full of charms,
And those who lov'd essay'd to keep thee here.
But 'twas ordained on high where wisdom reigns,
That thy sweet breathings quickly should be spent—
That all thy endearing looks and movements
Which stole upon the heart enchantingly,
Should be put to stillness; thus evincing
How all in life that's bright and fascinating,
Is evanescent as the morning vapor,
Seen on the border of the rivulet,
And soon as seen, "it vanisheth away."
A beauteous tenement was given to thee
Passing description. Through it we beheld
The beamings of the mind's intelligence,
In clear and living lines.
Thy infant apprehensions, hopes, and joys
Were fitly, and attractively express'd.
But whither, darling, hast thou bent thy course?
Sure thou hadst not learn'd the *way* to glory,
Nor understood that mansions were prepar'd
By him, who is 'the way, the truth, and life.'
Hope is, some angel took thee on his wing
And bore thee upward, gently, yet swiftly
Through etherial regions, till thou reach'd
The throne of him who sits in heaven.
And hast thou not a brilliant crown receiv'd,
Nicely fitted to thy new-form'd spirit?
A harp for thy first song of rapt'rous praise?
Art thou not amaz'd to hear such music
In sweet accordance from the myriads
"Who cease not day or night" to worship God?
To see such glories shining all around?
To feel thy powers so suddenly expanded?
To receive knowledge like a flood of light?
It seems a moment since thou wast mere babe,
In nurs'ry and in school, cherish'd and taught—
Quickly hast taken a flight so far above
All those who car'd for thee below—a flight,
To thee like freedom to a captive—
Nay more, far more, like change from earth to heaven—
From death to life and bliss.
Farewell, happy spirit, we'll not forget
Or cease to love thee. We'll wait to see thee
In a brighter, better world than this is—
It may be thou wilt meet and teach us there,
And direct us to resplendent beauties,
Conceiv'd not here in our mortality.

LENOR[illegible]

POETRY.

For the Boston Recorder.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

There was a harp whose tone could charm my soul
From all its sorrow.—Childhood's frequent tear
Vanish'd before it, like the moody frown
Of him who on the throne of Israel heard
The lyre of Jesse's son —It was my wealth;
And I was rich, though the world call'd me poor.
But in my trembling hand that harp was crush'd,
And down I laid me on the earth to mourn,
Struggling in bitterness.—I had not learnt
Then,—in my wayward years 'twas good for Man
To bear his Father's yoke.

There was a bower
Where from the noon-tide heat, or evening blast
I oft found shelter. Through its woven leaves
Such mingled incense breath'd, and the pale moon
Cast her clear beam so pleasantly, it seem'd
A spot for holiest musing, where the shafts
Of care or of unkindness pointless fell.
There came a storm, and where the bower *had been*
Was desolation.

So I sat and wept,
Like him who o'er his lov'd and smitten gourd,
The daughter of a night, made wild complaint,
Thinking it well to hold his grief, till Death
Should blot its semblance from his murmuring heart.
There was a plant, whose root was in my breast,
Its fragrance cheer'd me, and I hop'd to pluck
Its fruit in heaven.—There came a fearful blight,
And its fair leaflets wither'd, one by one.
I breath'd upon them with a sleepless prayer,
And tears by agony, distill'd, fell down
Into the bosom of those fading buds:
In vain!—for by a viewless Hand 'twas torn
With all its rootings forth. Throughout my soul
Each fibre bled.—That wound can never heal.
It rankles still, although in crowds I wear
A smiling brow.

Yet blessed be the Power
Who dealt such anguish to me. It hath check'd
The vanity of hope,—and from the dust
Where in deep thought my lowly lip was laid
Call'd forth in meek sincerity the prayer,
"*Thy will be done.*"

Monday, June 16th, 1828.

THE DOCTOR IN TROUBLE.

A doctor there lived in the county of Fife,
Physic em, tisic em ho!
And he had a wife, was the plague of his life,
With her sqaallery, bawlery, ho!
She worried and teased the unfortunate elf,—
If his patients were few, he was *Patient* himself.
But at last she fell sick, and was laid on the shelf,
With her sigh away, die away, ho!

Now in sables the doctor had often rehearsed,
Whine away, groan away, ho!
And he always wore mourning for fear of the worst,
With his seem to grieve, laugh in sleeve, ho!
So a coffin he bought of a friend in the trade,
And ma'am under ground very snugly was laid;
And the very next night Bolus married his maid,
With her fie for shame! change her name ho!

Now it happened that night that a gentleman bred,
Dig away in the clay ho!
To the *grave* occupation of raising the *dead*,
With his coffin crack, spade and sack, ho!
Rang at one in the *morning* the doctor's *night* bell,
And said—"Sir, I've brought you a *subject* to sell:
But the watchman is near, so be quick—or he'll *tell;*
With your cut and slash—pay the cash—ho,

The doctor had scarcely refastened the door,
With his bolt and chain, look again, ho!
When he thought in the sack he heard some body snore,
With their snoozle 'em foozle 'em, ho!
But who shall describe the poor doctor's surprize,
When he opened the sack to examine his prize,
For his wife was come back! and she opened her eyes,
With her squallery, bawlery, ho!
And the doctor,—he dropped her, and ran away,—oh! *London Paper.*

HOW lovely in the arch of Heaven
Appears yon sinking orb of light.
As parting through the clouds of even,
It gilds the rising shades of night!
Yet brighter, fairer, shines the tear,
That trickles o'er misfortune's bier!

Sweet is the murmur of the gale
That whispers through the summer's grove;
Soft is the tone of friendship's tale,
And softer still the voice of love;
Yet softer far the tears that flow,
To mourn, to soothe, another's wo!

Richer than richest diadem
That glitters on the monarch's brow;
Purer than ocean's purest gem,
Or all that wealth or art can show—
The drop that swells in Pity's eye,
The pearl of sensibility?

Is there a spark in earthly mould,
Franght with one ray of heavenly fire?
Does man one trait of virtue hold,
That even angels must admire?
That spark is Pity's radient glow;
That trait, the tear for others' wo!

Let false philosophy decry
The noblest feelings of the mind;
Let wretched sophists madly try
To prove a pleasure most refin'd—
They only strive in vain to steal
The tenderness they cannot feel!

To sink in nature's last decay,
Without a friend to mourn the fall—
To mark its embers die away,
Deplor'd by none—unwept by all—
This—this is sorrow's deadliest curse,
Nor hate, nor hell can form a worse!

Take wealth—I know its paltry worth;
Take honor—it will pass away;
[illegible] pow'r—I scorn the bounded earth;
[illegible]ke pomp—its trappings soon decay;
[illegible]pare me, grant me Pity's tear,
[illegible]pothe my woe—and mourn my

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

On sunny slope and beachen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And when the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down;
The glory that the wood receives
At sunset in its golden leaves.

Far upwards in the mellow light,
Rose the blue hills—one cloud of white
Around a far uplifted cone
In the warm blush of evening shone;
An image of the silver lakes
By which the Indian soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard,
Where the soft breath of evening stirr'd
The tall grey forrest—and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sung—that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
Thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head:—
But as the summer fruit decays—
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior—and within
Its heavy folds the weapons made
For the hard toils of war were laid;—
The cuirass woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark haired virgin train
Chaunted the death-dirge of the slain:
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame—
With heavy hearts—and eyes of grief—
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stript of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined and riderless—
With darting eye, and nostril spread—
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came—and oft that eye so proud,
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief—they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed—
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart:—One piercing neigh
Arose—and on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[illegible]ght,
wrought.

[illegible] a minute
[illegible]t unroll'd,
[illegible]sorrow in it,
[illegible]ight we behold,
[illegible]ry's broadest page
[illegible] of an age.

[illegible]ear the revelation?
[illegible]ne sudden test?
[illegible]tive consternation,
[illegible]d cover every breast,
[illegible]gues at once be hush'd,
[illegible] its writhings crush'd.

[illegible]er malign exploring,
[illegible]bour's shame durst look?
[illegible]ach, intensely pering
[illegible]rd in the book,
[illegible]ls most soul reveal'd,
[illegible]es for ever seal'd?

[illegible]are for years, and ages,
[illegible]arth's last circuit run,
[illegible]nged through all its stages,
[illegible]set the latest sun,—
[illegible] and on the land,
[illegible]dnight Angel stand:—

[illegible]nd, while the abyss tremble,
[illegible]e time shall be no more:
[illegible]d Dead shall then assemble
Men and Demons range before
That tremendous judgment seat,
Where both worlds at issue meet.

Time himself, with all his legions,
Days, Months, Years, since Nature's birth,
Shall revive,—and from all regions,
Singling out the sons of earth,
With their glory or disgrace,
Charge their spenders face to face.

Every moment of my being
Then shall pass before mine eyes:
God, all-searching! God, all-seeing!
Oh! appease them, ere they rise:
Warn'd I fly, I fly to Thee
God, be merciful to me!

NIGHT.

BY MONTGOMERY.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet when labours close;
To gather round our aching breast
The curtain of repose:
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by day light are.

Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
'Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young like things of earth!

Night is the time to watch;
On ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the home-sick mind
All we loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the Spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwarth ghost.

Night is the time to muse;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away,
So will his followers do;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease:
Think of Heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine!

DISCRETION THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

One day as I was strutting, with my customary swagger,
A puppy cried out,—'Pistol! you are a coward, though a bragger;'
Now, this was an indignity no gentleman could take, Sir!
So I told him pat and plump—'you lie——under a mistake, Sir!'
Fools may be fool-hardy still, but men like me are wiser,
And if we get a fighting fame, it is for fighting shy, Sir!

Said I, 'Sir, if you take the wall, you take it to your ruin;'
Then forth he popp'd his knuckles, and he gave my nose a screwing:
'Zounds and fury!' bellows I, 'there's no bearing this at all, Sir!'
So I lifted up my cane, and I gave the rogue ——the wall, Sir!
Fools may be fool-hardy still, &c.

I told him for his insolence I must have satisfaction:
When he gave me such a kick that it drove me to distraction:
My patience now was overcome, so nobody will wonder
That I doubled up my fist, and immediately knocked——under!
Fools may be fool-hardy still, &c.

POETRY.

For the Boston Recorder.

SACRIFICE OF ELIJAH.

arth was parched—and its fair face
s dry and withered;—every tree
hrub and plant had lost its trace
eauty;—and the wonted glee
st and bird had long since ceased,
famine raged within the land,
eath and mourning had increased,
d sore distress.—In wrath His hand
hut heaven's win'ows that the sky
ured down no rain, nor shed its dew;
sparkling fountains all were dry—
e limpid streams that murmured through
verdant vales, and the clear brook
here Elijah drank had ceased to flow.
d Ahab had long dared provoke
e God of Israel, and this wo
dgment came, yet Israel knew
not, but bowed to idols still.
altars reared to Baal grew,
d prophets multiplied until
y were a host to the lonely one
God. Yet firm he stood before
m all, for he was not alone,—
he King of Kings whose arms he bore
s his almighty shield,—and forth
e came, the champion of Heaven,
inst the mighty of the earth—
rophets of Baal, who had driven
e Lord's anointed out, or slain
Them save himself. All Israel came
Carmel's mount, and the long train
Of Jezebel. And Baal's name
echoed through the groves when morn
Awoke and poured its golden light
on the hills. But there were none
That dared acknowledge then the right
the Eternal God.—And when
The prophet said, whoe'er be God,
e Lord or Baal, follow—then
The people answered not a word.
ey listened tremblingly, and fears
Came rushing o'er them, when they thought
w oft the Lord in former years
Had glorified his power, and brought
eir fathers to this promised land;
And how in deep rebellion they
d slighted his most just command,
And turned to other gods away.
e prophet spake again—The God
Who answereth this day by fire
s servants call, to drink the blood,
The sacrifice consume, inspire
r souls to worship him alone;—
Let him be God! we will adore,
d bow obedient at his throne,
Nor sacrifice to others more.
d all the people said, 'tis well.
Then Baal's prophets rose, and cried
rom morn till night, but yet there fell
For them no fire, no voice replied.
o smoke of incense curled around
Their altar for a savour sweet.
e signet came not, for the sound
Of their loud cries could never meet
eir lifeless idol god. When came
he hours of evening sacrifice
h called upon the name
f Him who sits above, whose eyes
re as a flame of fire—whose word
pon the everlasting deep,
en all was dark and void, earth heard
nd quick obeyed, and from the sleep
uncreated ages came
dorned with beauty, life and light.—
ah prayed—and lo! the flame
f Heaven all glorious and bright,
wn from th' Eternal's fiery throne
s grandeur fell—witness of Him
o dwells in light unseen, unknown
y mortal eyes, on earth so dim.

o-York. OSCAR.

POETRY.

THE DRUNKARD.

saw him, 'twas at dawn of day,
Before a Grog-shop door;
is eyes were sunk, his lips were parch'd,
I view'd him o'er and o'er,
is infant boy clung to his side,
And lisping to him, said
Come, father—mother's sick at home,
And sister cries for bread."

is trembling rose, and stagger'd in,
As oft he'd done before,
nd to the landlord faultering said,
"Come, give us one glass more."
The host complies— his purple lips
Now press the venom'd bowl;
He drinks—whilst wife and children starve—
To ruin sends his soul.

year elaps'd—I passed that way—
A crowd stood at the door—
k'd the cause, when one replied,
Ned Hawkins is no more."
w his fun'ral move along!
No wife nor child was there—
y, too, had joined their mother earth,
And left this world of care.

ollect ye vot'ries of the bowl—
know ye, tis Heaven's decree,
e ne'er shall taste eternal life,
Lest from the bowl you flee,"
ollect, ere wife and children mourn;
y from the Grog-shop, fly!
ou'll, Like Ned, neglected live,
ke him, neglected die.

POETRY.

For the Boston Recorder.

THE DEATH OF SAUL AND JONATHAN.

The shades were past, the morning sun sublime,
Roll'd high his chariot, o'er the scenes of time;
Never had Nature smil'd in brighter green,
Her dewy robes, shining o'er every scene,
Seem'd like the radiance of some fairy land,
Where crystal waters lave the golden sand.

Slowly the king arose, his fever'd brow,
Once firm and bold, was mark'd by sorrow now;
And many a look of sadness from his eye,
Like folding clouds, shading the western sky,
The signal seem'd of brighter days, gone by.
Sad was the prophet's message and the rush
Of fearful horrors through the monarch's breast,
The soothing charm of hope could no more hush,
Than storms could lull the ocean into rest.
The sky was light and clear, but on that soul,
It could not stamp its image, nor the charm
Of morning dews and flowerets, could controul
Those troubled spirits to a peaceful calm.

But now the storm approaches, distant sounds
Of warrior bands and glare of dazzling shields,
Soon to be merg'd in strife and blood and wounds,
Float on the winds and lighten all the fields,
Heroes are there and swiftly to their place,
Move the bright ranks, the flower of Judah's race—
And now the king appears, the storm of woe
Heaving no more its surges, seems awhile
To cease its raging, and to passions vile
Courage succeeds and fires of vengeance glow.

Bright in the circling ranks, a prince appears
Of fairer promise and more blooming years,
Far in the foremost throng in battle days.
The fleeting arrow, shot its fearful rays,
From the dread bow of Jonathan, mortal arm
Ne'er flung a swifter dart,—softer charm
Ne'er decks the silver moon at evening's calm,
Than in that eye of love, serenely glow'd;
Never had friendship fix'd such firm abode
In any mortal bosom,—its brightness shone
Across the shepherd's path and in its rays,
He grasp'd the honors of the kingly throne,
And blest the chosen tribes to latest days.

Oh prince belov'd, if ever human tears
Could save one victim from the realms below,
Methinks the cloud, shading thy early years,
Would form a deeper tide of human woe
Than ever flow'd from man;--but ah, 'tis vain,
The battle fire now blazes o'er the plain;
Fast by his father's side, the warrior stands,
And calls around him, Israel's chosen bands
To meet the foe, in the Lord alone
His willing hope confides—to him unknown
The sad distractions of his father's soul,
He sought no demon, read no wizard's scroll,
But in the heavens he left the humble prayer,
Oh, God, preserve me and my country spare.

The fight is o'er and Israel's glory lies,
Dishonor'd in the dust, as the sunbeam flies
When clouds and darkness mingle in the skies,
So from her mountains now, her beauty fades,
So, on her pleasant skies, the deep'ning shades
Have drawn a dark eclipse, oh, let the tale,
Die in the sadness of Judea's wail.

Weep, oh ye virgins, for your mighty ones slain,
For the scarlet and gold on your robes, shall now fade,
No gems can now shine on the blood-sprinkled plain,
Save the tears that may fall where your heroes are laid.

Oh, tell not the sound where the water-brook flows,
Lest the murmur be borne to the Philistine's land,
Oh, lisp not the tale, where the mountain pine grows,
Lest the echo be heard by the Philistine band.

Ye hills of Gilboa, on your summits no more,
Let the sun shine unfold the clear arches of blue,
Nor thy pastures, though lovely and verdant before,
Be shaded with flowers or water'd with dew.

Long, long shall the friend, while the fast-rolling years,
Shall mingle these relics with darkness and clay,
Still trace the cold spot, with his love and his tears,
Where the shield of the brave was cast vilely away.

And oh, ye lov'd strains, that in soft, plaintive lays,
Rose sweetly and sadly where the valiant ones died,
Still tell of their love to the world's latest days,
Where the sky spreads its blue, or the sea rolls its tide.

WILSON.

For the Boston Recorder.

THE CHRISTIAN PASTOR.

PART III.

His duty done, the message promptly giv'n,
His pray'r ascends, to Him who rules in Heav'n;
Thy truth, O Saviour, let the sinner feel,
Let fire celestial melt the heart of steel;
When low in dust, the humble suppliant lies,
Hear and accept his penitential sighs,
And bid the trembling mourner now arise.

The sabbath's sun, descending down the west,
Still finds the watchman, anxious and distress'd;
Not e'en Elijah's hope, does he descry,
The *cloud of promise*, in the distant sky;
Nor his, who saw the *whiten'd vale of death*
Move at his word, and catch th' inspiring breath;
No sign of life, but Death, in all his power;
The gloomy scene, still "darker every hour;"
Egyptian darkness, o'er the prospect lies,
And hope's desponding expectation dies.

The Saviour speaks;—think not your efforts vain,
Be patient; *wait;* the clouds return again;
The clouds full-fraught, their treasures shall distill,
As Hermon's dews, on Zion's favor'd hill;
God shall revive this long-neglected field,
The *new creation* all its fruits shall yield;
The tears thou shedd'st, o'er all the furrow'd plain,
Are not forgotten; when thou com'st again,
The whiten'd fields, by showers and sunshine blest,
In summer's pride, shall wave their beauteous crest.
Or, if to sow the seed, to watch and weep,
Were only thine, then in the dust to sleep;
'Tis well; thy service done, behold thy God
Accounts thee faithful; thou, to thy reward
Shalt come; and Heav'n its rapt'rous joys shall yield
Alike to him, who *till'd* or *reap'd* the field. W.

For the Boston Recorder.

MEMORIAL.

The name of ABDOOL MESSEEH, is familiar to those who have been conversant with Christian efforts in India, as a converted native preacher of the gospel. The subject of this brief notice was a Mussulman, descended from a respectable family, and born at Lucknow in the year 1772; his early life it is not necessary here to describe. In the year 1810 he visited Cawnpore; this place was at that time the residence of HENRY MARTYN; here it was that this faithful missionary lived and labored, forming himself and others, it may be hoped, for glory, honor and immortality. An exposition of the ten commandments from the lips of Martyn made, upon the mind of Abdool, an impression deep and abiding; he embraced Christianity and was baptized in 1811, at Calcutta, by the late Rev. David Brown; and for about eight years was employed as a catechist; during this period he wrote a commentary on the Gospel by Matthew, on the epistle to the Hebrews, and on the epistle to the Romans. In 1825, he was ordained by the late Bishop HEBER, and continued to reside at Lucknow, which place was agreed upon as his permanent abode by the Committee of the Church Missionary Society. About the month of February 1827, he was afflicted with a disease, which was terminated by a mortification. On the 12th March, 1827, at evening, he perceived the sands of life to be ebbing fast; and after joining in a hymn composed by himself in Hindostanee, he breathed away his spirit, at the age of fifty-five years.

PARAPHRASE OF THE HYMN

written by Abdool Messeeh, a short time before his death, and sung by him in Hindoostanee, while he was dying.

Dear Saviour of the world! who art
Beloved supremely still by me
Now, in thy ever-loving heart,
O, let me not forgotten be!

Of all that blooms in earthly bower
Or in etherial field that grows,
Of every sweet and fragrant flow'r
Thou art the fairest,—Sharon's rose!

Long passed away youth's cheerful morn,
And age's closing hours come on—
These grieve me not—my soul is torn
By mem'ry of my sins alone.

Dear Saviour of the world! who art
Beloved supremely still by me,
Now, in thy ever-loving heart,
O, let me not forgotten be! A.

OBITUARY.*

Died in the Hospital at Charlestown, Ms. Nov. 20, 1827, Mr. WILLIAM EAMES, a merchant of Wells River, Newbury, Vt. aged 31. He went to Boston the last of October on mercantile business, in good health and prosperity.—There he was seized by a fever, and confined at a public house two weeks. He was then removed to the hospital, and expired on the third day after.

☞ The relatives of Mr. Eames tender their grateful acknowledgments to those gentlemen, both from the city and the country, who visited him in his sickness, and who saw his body interred; especially to Messrs. Skinner and

*A more extended notice was received; but it has been so long delayed, that we deem it most proper to omit the remainder.

POETRY.

For the Boston Recorder.

NIGHT.

When night spreads her pinions o'er earth and o'er ocean
And silence sits brooding on mountain and sea,
'Tis the hour, mighty God, that most favours devotion,
When our thoughts undisturb'd hold communion with thee!

It is sweet when at midnight from slumber I waken,
To know in its darkness Thou'rt present with me;
In its deep solemn stillness when lone and forsaken,
To feel myself safe in depending on Thee!

'Tis at night when undazzled by earth's empty splendor
Our spirits unfetter'd soar ardent and free;
It is then that our noblest devotion we render,
And our thoughts, Holy God! ascend purest to Thee!

Still when night spreads her pinions o'er earth & o'er ocean
In its silence, my God! be thou present with me;
In my breast to rekindle the flame of devotion,
And refine ev'ry thought ere it rises to Thee! S.

Newport, R. I.

THE LAST OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They buried the dead, by the side of the dead—
  By the side of his fathers is he!
And brothers and sisters whose spirits are fled,
  All slumber beneath the same tree.
They all had been joyous through many a day,
But they fell one by one and withered away!

I saw the crowd as they passed him by,
  While shrouded he lay on his bier;—
With a stealing step, and a wavering eye,
  And a shuddering glance of fear!
The last of a numerous household was he,
And they gathered and laid him beneath the green
  tree!

And they sang a wailing song for his loss
  While they cautiously lowered him down;—
"That they who had borne, upon earth, the cross,
  In Heaven should wear the crown!"
Then cried, as the clods in his grave they thrust,
Cried, "earth unto earth, and dust to dust!"

Then moved away with a solemn step,
  And arms folded mournfully;—
And left him to sleep where his fathers slept,
  All silent beneath the same tree!
Together they rest, where the rank grass sighs,
Together—Oh, when shall they wake and rise!

C.—

From the [illegible] Herald.

VERY REMARKABLE FACT

On the passage of Gen. LA FAYETTE to York, an *Eagle*, the bird of Jove, flew from the bluff about two miles below this town, and hovered over the steam-boat "Petersburg" which the general was on board of. It followed him to Mount Vernon—and, we are told, continued *flying over the tomb of Washington*, to which the general was devoting his soul with the holy feelings of grief. It seemed to have an inspiration in its actions. It displayed those feelings which would seem to indicate that it was a special messenger, sent to welcome our illustrious Guest on his visit to the sacred repose of the first of men—his friend and the friend of mankind. After the general had fulfilled his pious devotions, this bird, representing the gratitude of the nation and emblematically the spirit of Washington, took its final departure from that spot which contains the relics of La Fayette's dear companion.

There is no doubt whatever of the fact which we communicate above. We could give the testimony of hundreds of the most respectable names for its correctness. Besides it would be too palpable a story to invent almost in the very face of Fayette himself.

To comfort and cheer Grief's mourning daughter;
When raising her gently from pain and woe,
She'd offer a cup of Joy's sparkling water.
I thought as my heart was burned by that glance,
And so tenderly healed by that smiling,
I'd follow thee, love, as my only chance
Of life's deep grief with pleasure beguiling
I thought I could wish for no other light
Than breaks from thine eye to cheer me ever;
I thought that one kiss from thy lips so bright,
Would banish all care and pain forever.
But the smile must be beamed for me alone
That would comfort my desolate bosom;
And if your kisses on others be thrown,
I can well be contented to lose 'em.
Farewell! then, thou angel, I'll love thee well
Though as fickle as still will be woman;
How glad would my heart be, no tongue can tell
If I only could think thee a true one.

C.

From the Hallowell Advocate.

RIEGO.

I saw him—on his prancing steed,
  The warrior chief came gaily by,
Crown'd with the never failing meed
  And laurel'd wreaths of victory.
And all that's bright, and all that's fair
Of Spanish chivalry was there.

And flowery wreaths were twining then
  By fairy hands to grace his brow,
And countless crowds of armed men
  Were shouting in the court below:
And swearing to maintain till death,
Their laws, their freedom, and their Faith.

I gaz'd upon that warrior's brow,
  And tho' the furrow'd marks of care,
And all the dark and fiery glow
  Of Spanish pride was written there;
I mark'd in that exalted one
The eagle glance of Freedom's son.

I look'd again—and lo, where first
  The ardent flash of Freedom's flame
In glorious brilliancy had burst,
  To welcome her Riego's name;
In place of joy's triumphant wreath,
Arose the scaffolding of death!

And there alone the warrior stood,
  Fetter'd by manacles and chains,
About to spill the noblest blood
  That ever thrill'd a hero's veins—
A martyr to the sacred cause
Of Liberty and equal laws.

And still his soul remained unchanged
  At the appalling panoply
Of ignominy, which was rang'd
  In dread display before his eye;
And the full lustre of his brow,
Bright and untarnish'd, chang'd not now.

The headsman's axe has fallen—and where
  Is now the spirit of the brave?
Does the dark shadow of despair
  Rest on the region of the grave?
Ah no, hope views that spirit's flight
To re[illegible] everlasting light.

[illegible]n's eternal rest,
[illegible]r earthly sphere;
[illegible] glory blest
[illegible]hop'd for here;

[illegible]ton!

ALBERT.

Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

'The church-yard bears an added stone,
The fire-side shows a vacant chair;
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,
And death displays his banner there:
The life has gone, the breath has fled,
And what has been no more shall be;
The well-known form, the welcome tread—
Ah! where are they, and where is he?'

REPLY.

And would'st thou know? consult that book
Whose precious page he lov'd so well;
And every recollected look,
And word, and deed, his change shall tell.
'Father I will,' the Saviour cried,
'That where I am my friends may be;'
That pray'r to heav'n his hopes convey'd;
His Lord is there—and 'there is he.'

Where dwelt those saints, whose humble ways
He traced this tearful valley through?
Where pray'r is turn'd to endless praise,
And faith to vision's cloudless view:
Where oft his thoughts were wont to soar,
From earthly cares divinely free;
Where sin and death are known no more:
In life and glory—'there is he.'

Though now beneath yon grassy mound
That much-lov'd form is laid to rest,
To wait the trumpet's waking sound,
The great Redeemer's high behest:
Think not the spirit lingers there;
Let faith his brighter mansion see,
Look up thro' memory's starting tear,
Look up to Heav'n—for 'there is he.'

POETRY.

TO ROSINE.

I know thee not, sweet Lady, but I know
(At least they know who say so) that thou art
Lovely of form, and innocent of heart,
A creature of meek tho'ts, and tears that flow
From quiet love, and happy smiles, that throw
A moonlight round them. And thou art the bride,
Of one by faith and goodness sanctified,
High-hearted, gentle, wise, and firm in woe.
Ah! wherefore such transcendent gifts bestow'd
On one, so rich already? Why not given
To one, whose soul more needed such sweet stay;
Some hapless wight, like me, at ra[illegible]n driv'n,
Lonely and sad, along life's rugge[illegible] road,
Without a breeze of love to cheer me on the way?

THE BLIND MOTH[illegible]

I saw a mother! in her arms [illegible]
Her infant child was sleepin[illegible]
The mother while the infant sle[illegible]
Her guardian watch was keep[illegible]

Around its little tender form
Her snow white arms were flung
And o'er its little infant head
Her bending tresses hung.

"Sleep sweetly on my darling babe,
My own, my only child;"
And as she spoke the infant woke,
And on its mother smil'd.

But oh! no fondly answering smile
The mother's visage grac'd,
For she was blind and could not see
The infant she embrac'd.

But now he lisped his mother's name,
And now the mother press'd
Her darling much lov'd baby boy,
Unto her widow'd breast.

But sudden anguish seiz'd her mind,
Her voice was sweetly wild;
"My God," she cried, "but grant me sight
One hour! to see my child.

"To look upon its cherub face,
And see its father's there;
But pardon, if the wish be wrong;
A widow'd mother's prayer!"

And as she spoke, her anguish grew
More loud and still more wild;
And closer to her aching breast
She clasp'd her orphan child.